FEB. 5,
1938

Liberty

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OF CAROLE
LOMBARD
A New
Hollywood
Problem

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CASE
by Former
Governor
HOFFMAN

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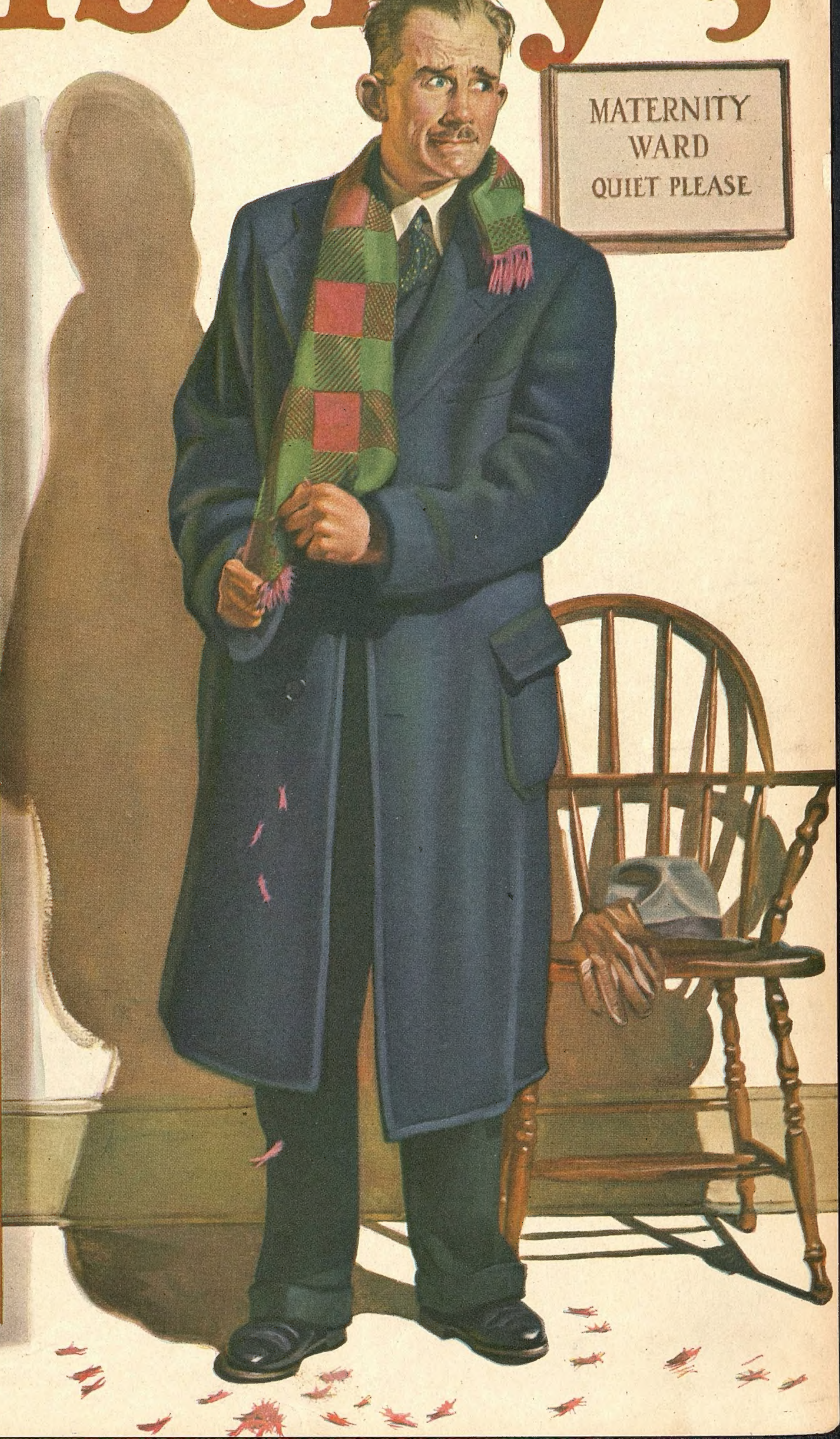
VILL HITLER
and
MUSSOLINI
START
ALIN'S WAR?
by "Envoy"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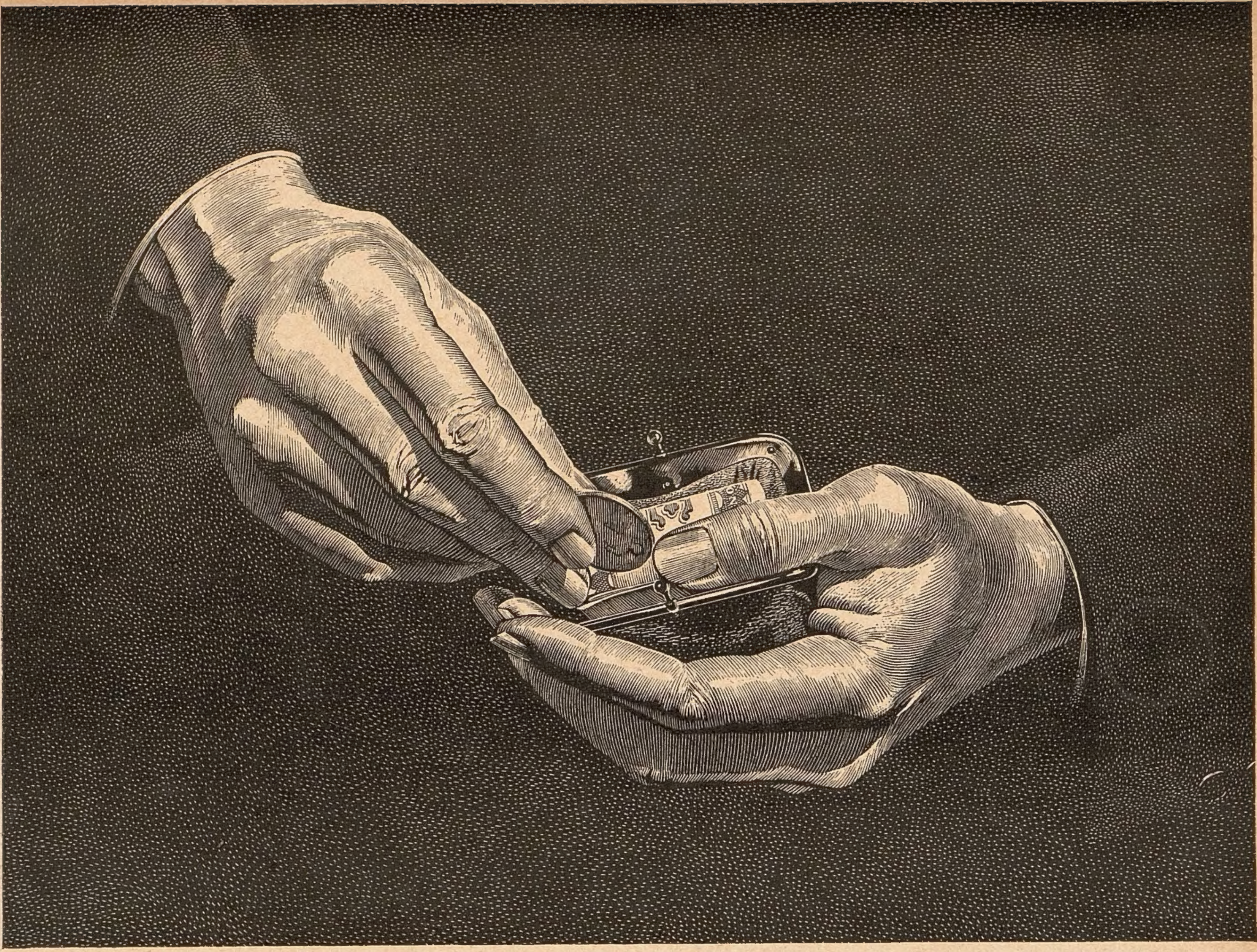

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FEBRUARY 5, 1938

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
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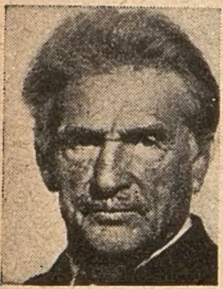
CAPITAL AND LABOR SHOULD BE PARTNERS



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The present administration, in its endeavors to help the forgotten man, has made every possible endeavor to separate capital and labor into two fighting units.

The employer and employee, natural partners, have been made in many instances to recognize each other as enemies. This is indeed a sad situation.

When a house is divided against itself, disaster can be predicted.

Any business organization that is not strengthened by loyal employees cannot long exist, and there can be no loyalty when the workers look upon their employer as an enemy.

Capital may have been harsh and unfair in former years, but many years before the New Deal was ever heard of, great organizations saw the importance of doing everything they could to make their employees healthy and happy.

In fact, most of the labor troubles we have had recently have been due not to a contest about wages but about who is to control the business, the employer or the employees.

No intelligent, self-respecting employer would long continue in his executive position if he were to receive orders from the ranks of the employees. It would be not unlike a general in the army being given orders by his lieutenants.

There can never be two generals in an army, and there can never be two bosses in a business without facing insolvency, the ultimate end of such a foolish policy.

To be sure, in business organizations there are many advisers, but one controlling head must make final decisions.

Workers everywhere are already beginning to realize that the friendship of this administration may have ulterior objects. It may desire labor to help get the power to control business, and then it can turn about and control labor, as was done in Italy, Germany, and Russia.

There is only one method of saving the liberties for our individual citizens guaranteed by the Constitution, whether employer or employee, and that is for capital and labor to get together and work together against what may be their common enemy, which is gradually emerging from the hectic fervor of this administration in the form of a dictator.

The interests of employer and employee are identical. Automatically in nearly every instance wages are raised with increased profits. The boom previous to '29 proves this.

And the representatives of capital today have had so many hard knocks recently that almost as a unit they are ready and willing to join with the workers in any reasonable plan that would save the business principles that have guided this country from the beginning of our national life.

Surely our workers are not envious of the laboring classes in Communistic and Fascist governments; but they might just as well realize that the policy they are pursuing at the present time, unless changed radically, will lead directly to one of these two forms of government.

It cannot be otherwise.

War is costly. There were really no winners in the World War and it cost millions in lives and billions in money.

Every strike in this country has been costly . . . hundreds, millions, even billions of dollars have been lost because of them, and labor in the end will have to pay this loss.

It will come out of their wages either in the form of layoffs for their fellow workers or ultimately in lessened wages.

The one unbeatable combination that will bring government officials to their knees . . . that will compel discontinuance of their efforts to control activities of which they know little or nothing . . . is a combination between labor and capital. A union of these mighty forces is the one desirable move at this particular time.

It will save our nation from a chaotic situation.

It will make investors realize their money is safe.

It will take out of hiding, in frozen securities, or otherwise, billions upon billions of dollars, and instead of going backward, we will be plunging forward with headlong speed.

The high standard of living which our workers have been enjoying in the recent past will then go still higher, and the prosperity they have enjoyed in years gone by, when workers everywhere were investing in Wall Street, will again flood our lives with financial sunshine.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Will Hitler and Mussolini

An amazing revelation of rivalries and super-strategy behind the scenes that may bring chaos to the world!

BY "ENVOY"

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

TWO dictators menace the peace of the world: Hitler and Mussolini. This does not mean that the third one of the gang, Stalin, is any better. But Russia does not want provinces, colonies. Instead, the Kremlin is preparing for the conquest of mankind by boring from within. Once Europeans have no more to eat, this goal will be nearly achieved. Then the individualism of the American alone will stand in the way. For Red conquest of the world can become a fact only after the American workingman has traded his love of his home and car and his right to raise his own children for the theories of comrades Marx, Lenin, and Stalin.

Will the time ever come for this choice between American liberty and Bolshevist dictatorship? It depends entirely on whether or not Europe becomes embroiled in a new war. This war is the hope of those who want to elevate Moscow to be the capital of the world. For, they argue, history has taught us that revolution follows war. But of course it must not be a Russian war of conquest; it must be a war of bloody imperialism. Accordingly—so far as one can prophesy—Stalin will not be in a hurry to begin. Have you noticed how calmly Russia sits by and watches the Japanese invasion of China? Moscow has no desire to fire the first shot. Moscow can afford to wait quietly until Hitler and Mussolini start Stalin's war.

That war will not be like any war that the world has ever seen. Its four chief weapons will be propaganda, incendiary bombs, poison gas, and deadly bacilli. And it will be fought not only in the trenches but also in the air, under the earth, and behind the lines.

Nevertheless, there are three prophecies that one can safely risk. First, it will be a long-drawn-out struggle. The military experts have learned one lesson from the fighting in Spain: that in a modern war, defense is a more favorable position than attack. This is especially true of France. She could hold out for years. For she is protected by the Maginot Line, a girdle of secret fortifications composed of underground cities and fortresses of steel.

Secondly, it will be a war not of nations but of political systems. If Nazism and Fascism lose, the shattered world will hardly be safe for democracy. It is much more likely that Communism would follow. But if Communism should come to grief, let no one believe that Czarism would be restored in Russia. Instead, there could follow only a headlong crash into unimaginable depths. Fascism is the second-from-last, Bolshevism the next-to-last stop on the downward grade. At the bottom is anarchy, cannibalism, the end of human society.

Thirdly, it looks as though the odds will be against the Nazi and Fascist dictatorships. The smaller neighbors of the Third Reich are frightened by the rearming of the strongest war machine in the world. Each is hoping against hope that this dread military force will strike somewhere else. Accordingly some of these countries have signed neutrality treaties with the Reich. But Belgium, Poland, Lithuania—to name no others—know perfectly well that not a scrap of their independence will remain, once the Nazis are rulers of Europe. The smaller countries stand or fall with the great western democracies. There exists in Europe a logical united front against Germany.

The economic agreements with Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Bulgaria that were made by the magician Dr. Schacht as president of the Reichsbank will likewise have no meaning once the cannons begin to speak. At present these countries can do no better than trade their produce for the exceedingly expensive, second-rate goods that Germany is now manufacturing. But if war breaks out, the whole world will make a mad rush for foodstuffs and raw materials. The Serbian swineherds, the Bulgarian tobacco planters, the Hungarian farmers will be pursued by frantic buyers. Even the Rumanian oil producer will not have to intrigue any more against American competition.

If Hitler starts a war, then, it will be one in which he will have at stake not a border province but his entire power and perhaps even his life, and in which he will be isolated or at least overwhelmingly outnumbered. The war, in fact, for which Stalin is waiting.

"Stalin will not be in a hurry to begin. He can afford to wait quietly."

You know this and I know it. Can it be possible that it is not known to Hitler? The Führer has at his disposal the world's greatest information agency (I should know—they have been on my trail for three years!) in the Gestapo—his secret police. It has its own secret agents in all the countries of the earth; hundreds of them are active in the United States. Berlin is accordingly informed of military plans as soon as they are formulated. Without doubt, War Minister von Blomberg knows the exact strength of the Maginot Line. General Goering, founder of the German aviation force, is unquestionably instructed in the secrets of the feverish air armament of the British. And when even as distant a land as Brazil, which in case of war would be an important source of raw

art STALIN'S WAR?

materials, rents a few old warships from the United States navy "for protection against un-American influences," Germany's highly modern "vest-pocket" cruisers are built slightly heavier.

Is it possible that, knowing all these things and many more, Hitler is still steering toward a war? Yes! But war is not his goal. War is his tragic destiny.

It is here that Mussolini enters the picture. In the last few years he has annexed Ethiopia, occupied Spain, and repeatedly won moral victories over England and the League of Nations. These successes he has won simply by threatening to join forces with Hitler. This is not a bluff but an extremely real bargaining point. And the Duce will not be bought off cheaply.

Mussolini's fight with the democracies is not his only struggle. He is ceaselessly engaged in a war with his own increasing weight and added years. It is no accident that the celebration of his birthday is forbidden in Italy. Even the newspapers are not allowed to mention it. Mussolini is well advanced in the fifties. Until recently the Italian newsreel public enjoyed the privilege of watching him ride and fence. Today he appears principally as a pilot. He does not object if his followers admire the strong impression that he makes on women—in spite of the fact that he is getting older and fatter.

All this is much more than vanity, however. It is the burning wish to rank with the Roman Caesars. And that, not in the future, but while he is still alive. He knows that time cannot be bluffed like Anthony Eden. That is why Abyssinia had to be occupied and Francisco Franco goaded into rebellion before it was too late. But Corsica and Tunis still belong to France, England still holds Gibraltar, Malta, and the Suez Canal, and even Turkey is not yet won over to Rome. And Mussolini is within a few years of sixty.

POLITICAL blackmail can be practiced successfully only under threat of war. The actual outbreak of war, however, Mussolini fears. For war would put a stop to his profitable game of playing off the western democracies against Germany. In case of war, he must finally take sides. If he should decide for Germany, all the rest of Europe would be lined up against him. He would be beaten, and lose Italy. But if he should decide for France and England, Germany would be beaten and Nazism would be wiped out. And then Fascism could hardly continue to exist.

Notwithstanding all this, Mussolini is the most reckless gambler of the century. And, like all professional gamblers, he does not know when to leave the table, but keeps on playing desperately and relies on his diplomatic skill to win him ever new victories.

Hitler's position is entirely different. His clumsy foreign policy has made him only enemies. All that he can do is to make an honorable peace, with disarmament and everything that goes with it. But he himself has not been granted peace. How, then, can he bestow it on his country and the world?

Adolf Hitler has a deep, fundamental need for peace. He is not, like Mussolini, an emulator of the Caesars; he is simply a small-town boy who made good. He is unable to believe his eyes when he sees the operatic splendor of his mode of life, the glory with which publicity and showmanship have encircled his name. And it is because he cannot comprehend all the glamour that surrounds him that he believes himself the Chosen of God.

"If Mussolini and Hitler lose, it is likely that Communism will follow."

All his life he had had to fight for pennies; now suddenly he is able to make his friends presents of masterpieces of painting and famous medieval castles. Formerly he could eye well dressed women only from a distance. Now, when he is visited in Munich by the Duce and he wants to please his guest, the four hundred most bewitching girls of German movieland come to his party in answer to telegraphed invitations. Mussolini dreams of Caesar's fame. The boy Hitler had a more modest dream, and his has come true. Every day is a feast day.

But the one thing that he cannot have is rest. The German people, undernourished, must be provided with ever new miracles to take their minds off their troubles. Otherwise the miracle worker will be cast aside.

The latest act that has been put on for the diversion of the German nation is the brother act that was staged when Mussolini visited the Reich. Let no one be deceived by it. In their hearts the two dictators harbor for each other only hatred and jealousy. Their antagonism is easy to understand. Have two prima donnas ever exchanged smiling compliments except through clenched teeth?

World history can be made by just such a ridiculous duel of vanities. If Hitler were to discover one day that Mussolini was about to double-cross him, he might decide to strike first. Or Mussolini might want to prove that in spite of his fifty-odd years he is still a match in warlike courage for his younger competitor, and he might accordingly send bombers over British Malta—or German Munich! Of all the problems that trouble a distressed world, the jealousy of these rival allies is one of the most serious. And among all the questions that are raised by the madness of dictators, only one can be answered with certainty: if Brown Shirts and Black Shirts set out on the march to war, at the end of their road stands the Red specter of Stalin—world revolution—chaos!

THE END

detective-author gives you a gripping tale of murder, tapped wires, and a woman

Stake-Out

BY SCOTT LITTLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WE'D been sitting over that rathole almost two weeks, my partner and I. We had our dictograph in an apartment two stories above the apartment in Hollywood where our rat was living.

His name was Laken, and he was a comedy director on one of the bigger Hollywood lots. He and a guy named Porter, a quickie producer, had killed a guy named Rosenfeld—the head of that actors' agency, remember? That is, we were pretty near sure they'd killed him, but they'd gotten away with it clean, and thus far we hadn't been able to han job on to them.

Two of the other bo were sitting over Porter, the apartment house lived in out near Bev Hills. The four of us h rented our apartments po ing as scenario writers, h gotten our microphones installed and their telephones tapped.

On account of the newspapers, the Chief had sworn us to secrecy. He'd made us promise we wouldn't even tell our wives what we were doing. I haven't got a wife. But my partner Ed and the others had wives, and I think they kept their promises. I know Ed did, although he'd only been married to the girl a year. . . .

Ethel—that was his wife's name—worked extra in the studios, every now and then getting a bit part, and from what Ed said, she was ambitious to be a star. Ed didn't like the idea of her working in pictures.

"I trust her," he said. "It isn't that. It's the tramps she's thrown with. Why—she even knows this guy Laken! She's worked for him! She said he's always a perfect gentleman to her."

I could understand just how he felt. Some of Laken's visitors that we listened in on were willing and some weren't. I'd almost had to hold Ed to keep him from running down to the guy's apartment the afternoon Porter came over and the two of them staged a matinee with a couple of high yellows.

"You've never told her we were staked out on the guy, have you?" I asked him.

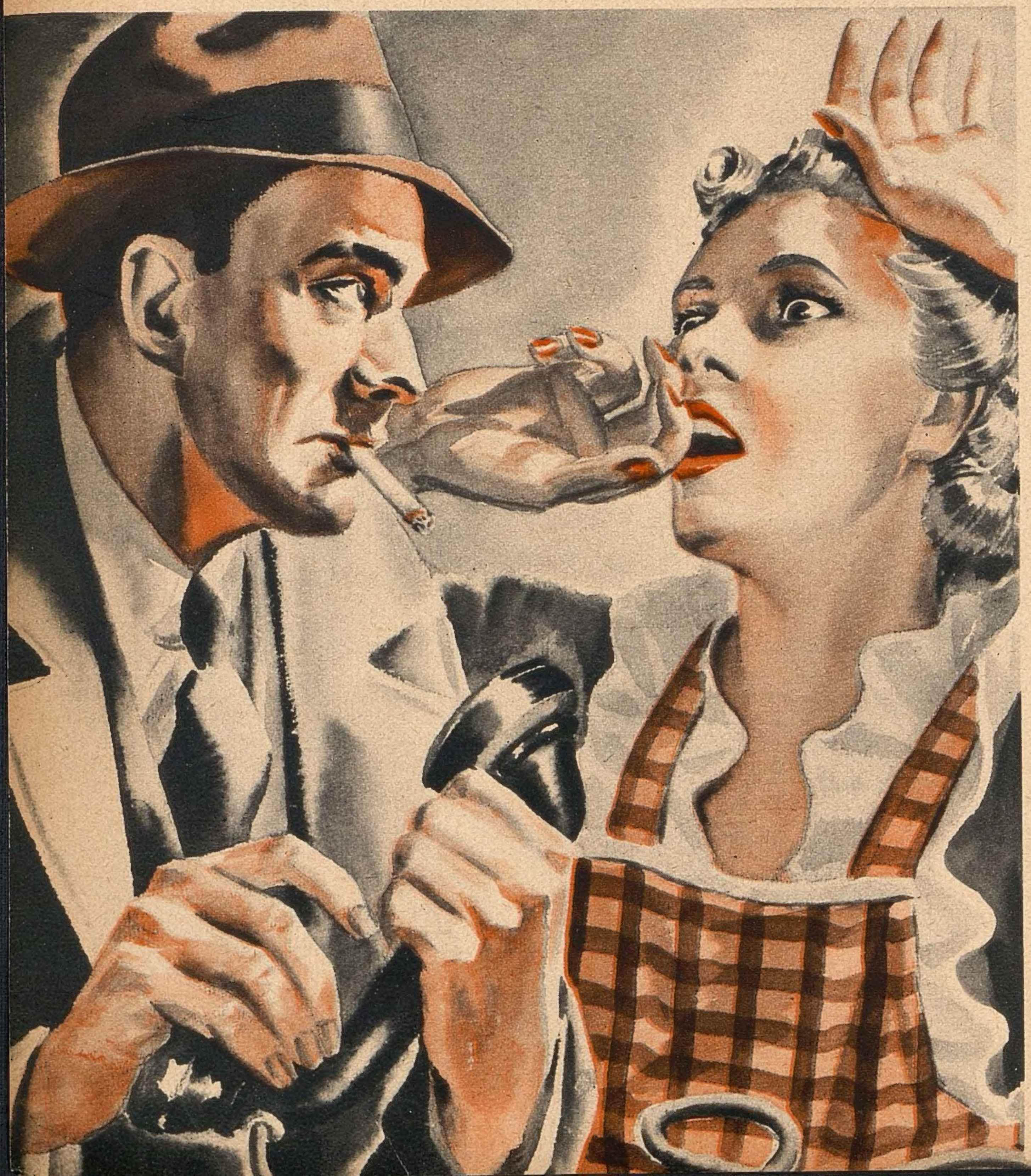
"I did *not!*" he said. "But I told her one thing. If I ever caught any of those buzzards monkeying around her, it was going to be too bad!"

I had met Ethel quite a few times up at Ed's. I liked her a lot—barring a certain wise-guy hard something she had about her. But maybe that was just her ambition.

"If anything ever happens to you, I'm sure going for her," I used to kid Ed.

"That'll be O. K. by me," he used to say. "But you better wait till it happens."

Just by luck I happened to have the earphones on when Laken and Porter talked about the possibility of some one having seen the guys who killed Rosenfeld leaving Rosenfeld's house. They always talked that way over the phone to each other—guarded-like. All we were waiting for was for



I got to that phone in nothing flat. She looked at me like I'd gone nuts.

them to make some open crack. I'd just finished listening to that conversation, and I remember it was about three in the afternoon. Ed was sitting at a table not ten feet from me, playing solitaire. He wasn't on the other pair of earphones because something was wrong with them. Our repairman hadn't come yet.

"They're wise to a possibility like that old lady who lived across the street," I remember saying to Ed.

It was at that point that Laken's door buzzer rang. . . .

"Oh-oh!" I remember saying. "A caller. Laken sent his Jap out."

He always did that, we knew, when he was expecting gals. He was whistling when he went to the door.

Even if he hadn't called her by name I'd have known her voice. Ethel. My partner Ed's wife.

And my partner Ed sitting not ten feet from me, trying to find a red queen to put under a black king.

"A gal?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, without thinking. I guess my voice must have sounded funny, or my color must have gone off, or something, because I remember how he looked at me.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Nothing." One part of me answered him while the other part hung on to those earphones. I could hear Laken telling her how glad he was she'd decided to come up and see him, and hear him helping her off with her coat, and hear her telling him how glad she was he'd invited her. Then I could hear him ask if he could build her a drink, and hear her saying she'd love it.

"You look white as a sheet," Ed said. "What's the matter with you?"

"I never felt better in my life," I told him. Blast the guy! Would he stop talking and let me *listen?* One thing—Laken going out to his pantry for some drinks would give me a breathing space, and I could make the most of it. *Ed had to be kept off of those earphones in spite of everything!* And the repairman was due any minute to fix the other set!

I could hear Laken come back with the drinks, hear him sit on his living-room couch and ask her to come over and sit beside him. And I could hear her give a little laugh and go do it. . . .

For half an hour, I guess it was, I listened to the two of them trying to take each other in, if you get what I mean. The little tramp figuring him for the big shot who would get her somewhere if she paid the good old price, and the dirty louse playing it up big. . . .

"That jane still down there?" Ed broke in, while I was doing my best to hear it all.

"No," I said. "She shoved off."

All of a sudden Ed got up from his table, swearing and shoving his cards away from him.

"I can't never make the thing come out," he said. "Let me ride 'em a while."

"I don't mind doing it—really I don't!" I said.

"But you got to be on 'em all night—"

My tour of duty on them was at night.

I could hear them laughing and touching their glasses together down there. "Here's to crime!" I could hear Laken saying. . . .

"Wait till that repairman gets here," I said, kind of desperate.

"You sure are a hound for work, aren't you?" Ed said. "Have it your own way. I'll be in the bathroom if anything breaks."

"You sure make 'em strong, honey," I could hear Ethel laugh. "I'm just a little girl, remember!"

"The sweetest little girl I know."

"You don't mean that. I'll bet you have all kinds of girls up here."

"I'm only human, baby—but I'm particular," he said.

"I'm just another one. I'll bet you tell a lot of them what you're going to do for them in pictures."

"All right, baby. If you think I'm that kind of a guy—"

"I was just kidding—"

I sure thanked my lucky star that Ed was in the bathroom at that point. Because the next thing I heard was:

"Oh! You're spilling my drink!"

"Put it on the table—"

"Wait a minute—"

Ed came back from the bathroom while it was going on, and I'm telling you it was all I could do to loll back with those phones on like I wasn't hearing anything. I was sick at my stomach. Ed picked up a detective magazine and lay down on our living-room couch.

"Anything?" he called over to me.

"Not a thing," I said, faking a yawn—while the sweat just poured off of me.

She was down there about an hour, I guess. And what do you suppose she was doing when she left? She was crying! Not from the liquor, either.

"You *will* help me?" I heard her say between weeps.

"Of course I'm going to help you, baby. All you got to do is keep on trusting me!" I could hear him patting her back as he held the door open for her, and hear him give a little laugh to himself after he closed it.

Five minutes later our repairman arrived. I got cold all over when he showed us we could have fixed those earphones ourselves if we'd had any sense. . . .

Then I put on my hat and told Ed I was going out for a ride in my car to get a little good air. I wasn't feeling so good, after all, I told him. He took over the earphones and I left.

I drove around, thinking things over. Finally I decided what was going to be the first thing I'd do.

I got myself something to eat, then phoned Ed. I told him I was feeling rotten, and asked him if he would take over for the night for me. He said he'd be glad to, and would phone Ethel that he wouldn't be home.

"Take care of yourself, old-timer," he said. "You got to be in on the kill!"

Do you wonder I liked the guy?

I drove straight to Ed's apartment. When Ethel opened the door she gave kind of a start.

"You!" she said. "Anything wrong with Ed?"

"No—nothing's wrong with Ed," I said.

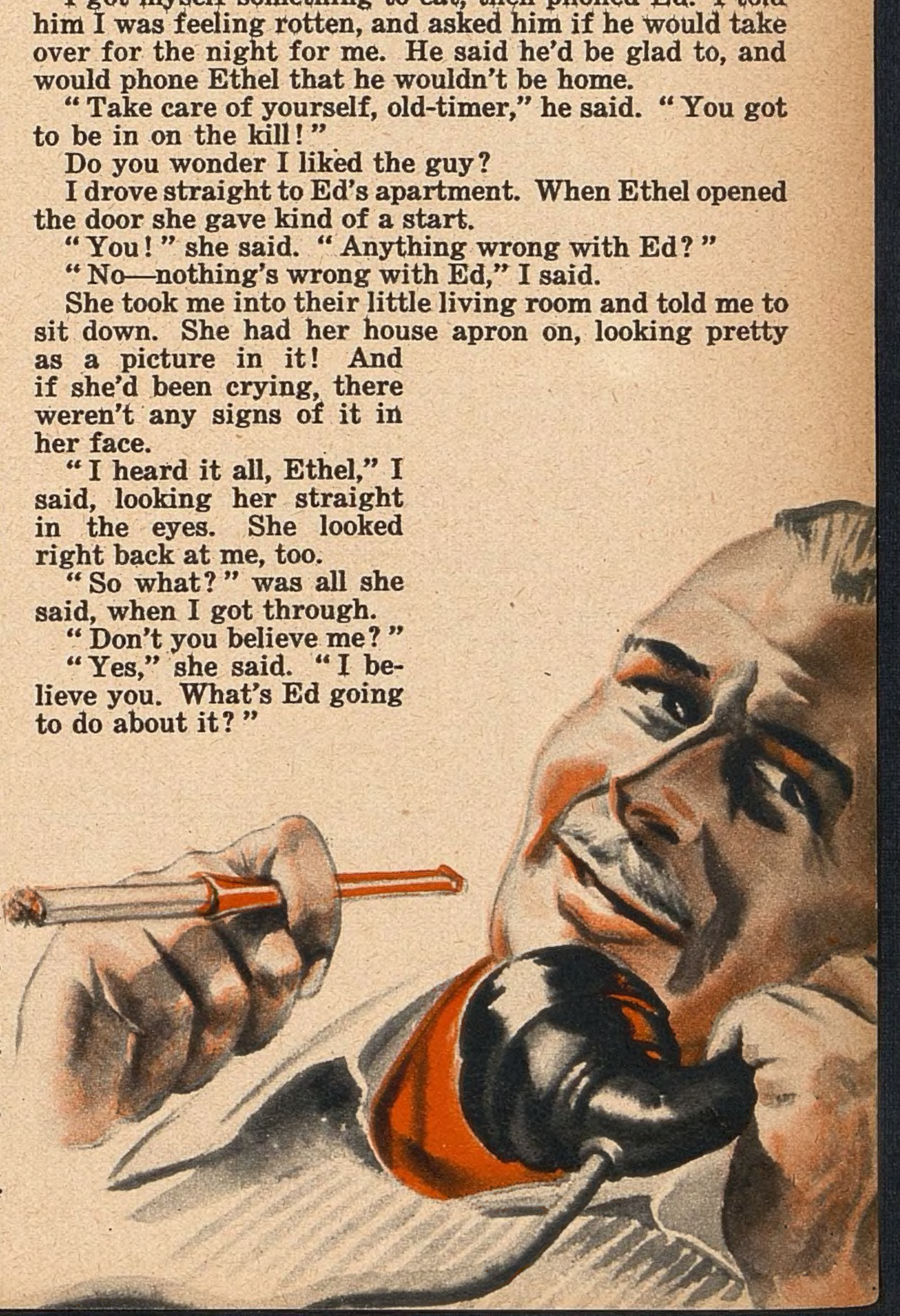
She took me into their little living room and told me to sit down. She had her house apron on, looking pretty as a picture in it! And if she'd been crying, there weren't any signs of it in her face.

"I heard it all, Ethel," I said, looking her straight in the eyes. She looked right back at me, too.

"So what?" was all she said, when I got through.

"Don't you believe me?"

"Yes," she said. "I believe you. What's Ed going to do about it?"



"I tell you he don't know anything about it, Ethel."

"What do you want me to do about it?"

"Lay off of Laken."

She cracked a hard little smile. "You don't have to worry about me going to that apartment any more, I'll tell you that!"

"That isn't all, Ethel."

"What else?"

"You're not going to see Laken anywhere any more, or even talk to him."

"How're you going to stop me?"

"I'll stop you!" Though God knows how, I thought to myself.

"You really think they killed Rosenfeld?"

"I'd bet my last dollar on it!"

She didn't like that murder angle a bit; I could see that. So I decided to follow it up.

"That guy'll never get you anywhere, Ethel," I told her. "In the first place, we're going to hang him. In the second place, you ought to have heard him laugh, after you left. *I* heard him."

"Laugh?"

"Yes. Don't be a sucker."

Her lips were beginning to tremble a bit.

"So you think I'm a sucker?"

"Sure I think you're a sucker. Never mind what you've done to Ed. I think you're just a fool!"

I let that sink in. Then:

"Why were you crying when you left, Ethel?" I asked her, gentle-like.

"I wasn't crying." She bit her lips.

"Oh, yes, you were," I said, still gentle-like. "I heard you."

THE old gentle stuff often does the trick, and it did this time! I've listened to lots of dames bawl in my time, and I think I know the McCoy when I hear it. That was the McCoy. Before she got through she had her face in my lap like I was her mother, and almost had me bawling myself!

I let her tell me the whole rigamarole—how she'd tried so hard to get somewhere in pictures, and how she shouldn't have ever married Ed, although she loved him, and how if Ed had only been more sympathetic it never would have happened, and how she had no use for Laken or any of his kind—had just made up her mind that if she wanted to get anywhere she'd have to pay the price they said you had to pay and she'd paid it—and now she'd ruined Ed's life and her own, and everything was haywire—

"You haven't ruined Ed's life," I told her. "He don't know anything about it!"

"But I'll have to tell him!" she sobbed. "I couldn't face him—go on living with him—"

It was the actress in her, I guess; she was going dramatic on me.

"Maybe you couldn't tell him and go on *living!*" I said. "Ed's old-fashioned. If you're going to tell him the details, you'd better order flowers in advance."

"You think he would—"

"He might. And on my testimony a jury might acquit him, too. Not that I'd like to give it."

I let *that* sink in, then started "playing the violin" for her.

"I'm awful fond of you and Ed, Ethel," I said. "You two are the best friends I have in the world. And I want to see you happy together. He's such a swell person, and you're such a swell person—"

"How can you be fond of me—now?" she sobbed.

"I'm fonder than ever of you now," I said, "because you need me. Everybody makes mistakes, Ethel."

"How can I ever make it up to him?" she sobbed.

And, boy—did I go for that opening! I just went to town, telling her how she could make it up to Ed. I'd suggest something, and she'd promise me she'd do it. All that hard wise-guy something seemed to have gone out of her. I got her finally so all the tears were out of her eyes, too—I wiped them out myself—and she was smiling, and looking forward to seeing Ed and beginning the good old new life. . . .

Then the phone rang. . . .

"That's probably Ed now," I told her. "Let's hear you begin doing your stuff."

She was smiling when she went over to the phone.

"Don't tell him I'm here, for crying out loud!" I warned her.

"Don't worry—I won't!" she laughed.

Before she'd said a dozen words I knew who it was, and where the call was coming from. . . .

Laken!

And Ed down there in our apartment with the earphones on, listening to every word they were saying!

There was one thing about it; she sure told Laken where to get off *without calling him a murderer* or tipping our mitt to him in any way. And there was the bare possibility he hadn't called her by name.

But Ed—down there listening . . . recognizing her voice. . . .

All of a sudden it struck me if Ed figured Laken was talking to his wife he'd ring his home to see if he got a busy signal, and if that signal stopped when they got through talking, he'd *know!*

I got over to that phone in nothing flat, jerking it out of her hands just in time to keep her from hanging up, and clapping a hand over the mouthpiece. As long as I kept that receiver off the hook, I knew, the busy signal would go on ringing even though Ed might hear the click of Laken hanging up and wonder about that. It would give him something to wonder about anyhow, and keep him out of Laken's apartment for the time being, I figured. We'd break the case yet!

She looked at me like I'd suddenly gone nuts.

"You heard what I told him, didn't you?"

"Sure I heard what you told him. Where did he get your number?"

"Central Casting, I guess. Why?"

"Did he call you by name?"

"Yes."

I got kind of weak. . . .

"It might have been a business call," she said.

"Yeah, it *might!* The telephone in his apartment—it's *tapped!*"

"You mean—Ed heard?"

"Every damned word!"

"Oh, my God!"

SHE swayed, then fell flat on the floor before I could catch her. She was out for the count, all right. It was a mess. I just let her lie there while I stood holding my hand over that mouthpiece.

But I couldn't stand there all night holding my hand over that mouthpiece and keeping that line open. Ed *would* figure there was something screwy about that. So after about five minutes, I guess, I put the receiver back on the hook as quiet as I could.

The phone rang before I'd taken two steps toward the kitchen to get some water and try to bring Ethel to.

If I'd been thinking fast enough I never would have answered it. After all, there was no law against his wife leaving her house, was there? But I guess I wasn't thinking fast enough.

I'll never forget the tone of Ed's voice when he recognized mine.

"What are you doing up there?"

It didn't sound like my partner at all.

"Believe it or not, Ed," I said, "I was going by, and I just dropped in to say hello."

It was the wrong thing to say, but I said it. I was just tired, I guess.

"Oh, yeah?" he came back at me.

"You heard me."

"I'm listening to you, all right. I've been listening to a lot of things this evening."

"Anything doing?" I asked.

"Never mind whether anything's doing or not," he said. "I don't like guys that lie to me."

"I'm not lying to you, Ed."

He didn't say anything for a while. Then:

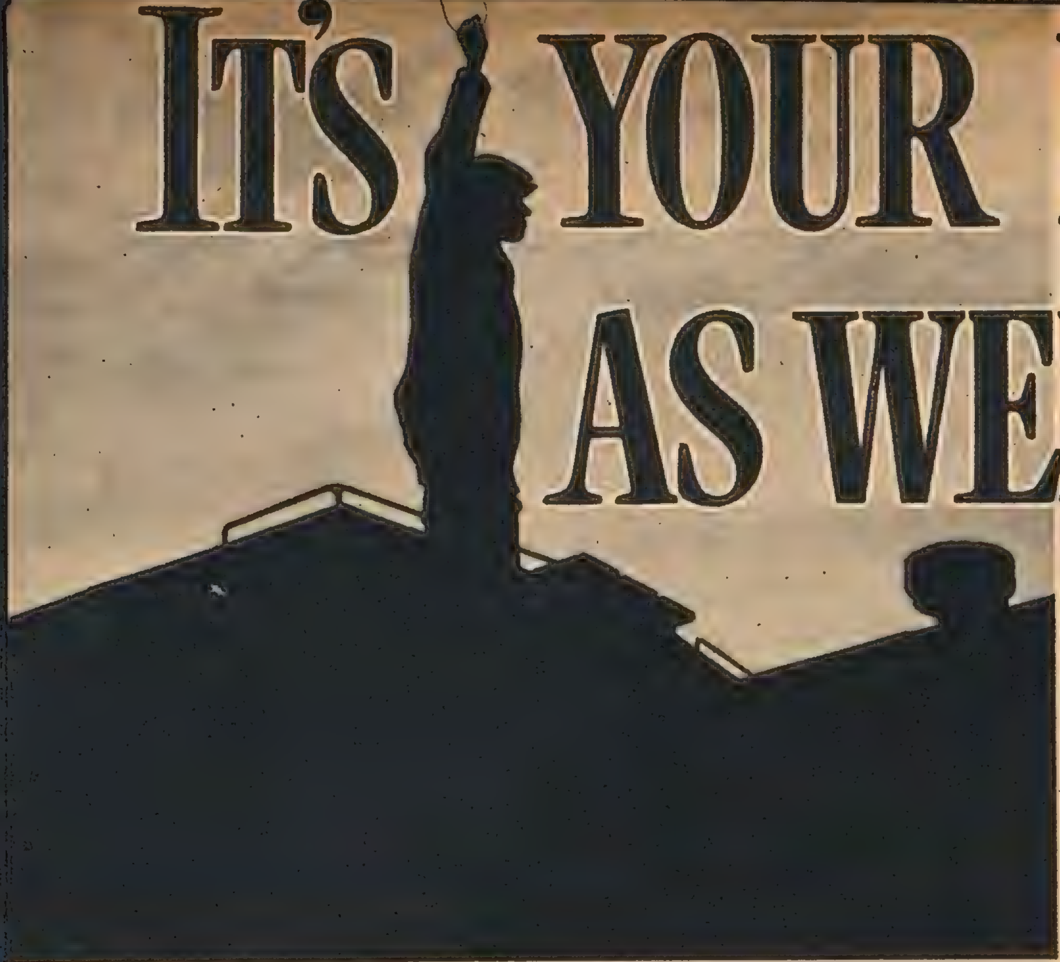
"Was my wife just talking on the phone?"

"No," I said.

"Who was, then?"

(*Continued on page 12*)

IT'S YOUR FUTURE AS WELL AS OURS



A JOB for every man who wants to work — a time when every farm and factory and mine will be busy producing things which people need —

That's not impossible in the nation that has made the most spectacular growth in history. Every reason argues the nation will continue to go ahead.

Sure of this, the American railroads have, even in lean and trying times, steadily built toward the day when increased commerce will need and profit by finer transportation than it has ever had before.

So the railroads have doggedly pressed for better service, laying heavier rails, straightening curves, cutting down grades, increasing the average speed of freight trains almost fifty per cent—producing transportation more cheaply and more efficiently year by year.

The record of the past decade clearly demonstrates the determination of the railroads to keep their service abreast of America's needs — and their *ability* as well.

But if America is to have the tools she needs to prosper, railroads must earn enough to continue this progress.

Since 1933, prices of the things railroads buy have gone up; wages have increased; taxes have risen — while the average level of railroad freight and passenger charges has steadily declined.

Advancing production costs in other industries have been accompanied by increased consumer prices.

The average charge by the railroads for hauling a ton of freight one mile was, on the contrary, actually 10 per cent less in 1937 than in 1932—26½ per cent less than in 1921, shortly after the end of government operation, when the downward trend of rates began.

As a result, they have been compelled to cut down forces and curtail purchases of the 70,000 different items which railroads buy. That means less work, less business, less prosperity in industries and communities in every corner of the land.

And that's what we mean when we say it's your future as well as ours — that's why you have a vital interest in seeing that the railroads earn enough to help bring about increased employment and a broader prosperity.

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Continued from page 10)

I had what you might call an inspiration.

"I was using the phone," I told him. "I've been trying to get you for the last ten minutes."

"Yes you have!"

"I tell you I have, Ed. What's eating you, anyhow?"

"You know what's eating me. Let me talk to my wife."

She was still lying there on the floor, but beginning to stir a little.

"She's out in the yard, Ed."

"Get her!"

Well . . . there was only one thing to do, and I did it. I went to work on her. I threw water all over her. I held her up by the heels so the blood would run down into her head. I slapped her face. And after about a minute I got her so she could talk. I told her what the set-up was, and that it was up to her.

I'm telling you she was an actress, that girl. No wonder she'd been so hot and bothered about getting somewhere in pictures, I remember thinking as she did her stuff on that phone.

"That'll hold him," she said, when she hung up and flopped on the sofa.

"I'm not so sure," I told her. "I've got to go down there and get him straightened out somehow."

"You're a swell guy, Bill," she said. "I'll never forget you."

Ed didn't say a word when I walked in on him. Just sat there with his earphones on, looking at me.

"Don't be a fool, Ed," I said to him. "You don't really think I'm that kind of a guy, do you?"

He just kept on looking at me. . . .

"Do you?" I asked him again.

"Why shouldn't I?" he said. "Why did you lie to me—about feeling rotten?"

"I didn't, Ed," I said. "I do feel rotten."

"Not too rotten to drop in on my wife."

"Would I have tried to phone you from there, if I'd been trying to move in on you, Ed?"

I let that sink in. . . .

"How do I know you phoned me?" he said. He jerked the earphones off his head and threw them at me. "How do I know that louse Laken didn't phone her? How do I know I shouldn't be down there right now, choking the guts out of him? Or out of you, maybe?"

I LOOKED at him like all of a sudden he'd blown his topper. "What are you talking about?"

"I tell you he called her by name!" he yelled at me. "And I guess I know my wife's voice!"

"Your wife's voice?" I came back at him. "I still don't know what you're talking about."

"You're telling me Laken didn't phone her while you were up there?"

"Laken? So help me, Ed—the phone didn't ring once while I was up there. And I guess I was there half an hour. Laken—of all guys—why would *he* call her?"

I looked as mystified as I could. . . .

He gave me a long, hard look. Then he went over and jammed his hat on his head.

"I'll get the straight of it!" he said. "Don't worry!"

Then he slammed out the door and tore down the hall like he was after somebody with his siren on. The poor devil!

For a while I wondered whether I ought to call the Chief and get Ed taken off. Then I decided not to. I'd gamble on Ethel keeping her mouth shut now. She'd sure be one big fool if she didn't—and a girl who could act like she'd acted on that telephone couldn't be all fool.

I put on the earphones. And an hour later I'd forgotten all about Ed and Ethel and everything else. Because the real break in our case had come at last. I heard Porter talk to Laken on the phone and tell him he'd be in his, Laken's, apartment at ten o'clock next morning and for him to be there without fail. He'd just heard about a new angle in the Rosenfeld investigation, he said, and didn't want to talk about it over the phone. But it was very important, he said, and they were going to have to do something about it *if they wanted to save their necks!*

I had a pretty good hunch what the "new" angle was. But it was a cinch they hadn't learned what *we* had been doing about it for the past two weeks. I reported to the Chief right away, who'd already heard the news from the boys sitting over Porter's spot. And we were all so het up about it that I didn't even think to call Ed. But in the morning he showed up as per usual. We were still so het up about it that I didn't even try to find out how he'd come out with Ethel. From the way he acted, though, it looked like she'd gotten away with it. . . .

The Chief and a couple of big shots from Headquarters, along with a police stenog, showed up bright and early, to be in on the kill. Robson, the repairman, came along a little later to install some extra headphones for them to use. We got ourselves all set, ready for ten o'clock.

At about nine thirty the boys who'd been sitting over the Porter rathole phoned us that Porter had left his apartment and they were tailing him over to our place. A few minutes before ten he arrived at Laken's, and his tailers came upstairs and joined us. Ed and I were on our own earphones, the Chief and the police stenog on the new ones. Everything was working swell. I gave a last look at Ed and he seemed to be just as interested in it as any of the rest of us. . . .

We heard Laken let Porter in and lock his door; we heard them spar around for a while about this and that—

AND then all of the answers to the Rosenfeld killing were dumped right in our laps. It had taken better than two weeks, but there they were, with our stenog taking them down word for word.

Porter had even brought the rod with him, to see what Laken wanted to do about getting rid of it! The fools hadn't had enough sense to throw it in the ocean, after all. Or maybe Porter had held on to it to keep Laken in line.

It was almost like taking candy from a baby. We let them talk until they'd said everything we needed to hear, then moved in on them. And I'll never forget the looks on their faces when we crashed through their door. Porter just dropped the gun he was holding, and I'd hate to tell you what else he did. Laken turned white and started slobbering at the mouth.

And then it happened.

All Laken did was reach into his back pants pocket for a handkerchief to wipe his mouth, I guess; the Lord knows he didn't have any rod on him. But all of a sudden there was a roar and a flash behind me. Laken grabbed his side and fell down kicking.

I whirled around, and there was Ed, with his gun smoking.

"What the—" I heard the Chief yell.

"He reached for a gun, didn't he?" Ed said, calmly putting his rod back in its holster.

He'd gotten the straight of it, all right; it was all over his face. I saw what I had to do.

"Sure he reached for a gun!" I said.

"I didn't see him go for any gun," the Chief said, kneeling alongside Laken, who'd stopped kicking.

"I did," I said, giving a couple of the boys near me the office.

"So did I," one of them said. He was a right guy.

"And so did I," the other said. A right guy, too.

And that was that. . . .

It was half an hour before I could get Ed alone. And you can guess what I was thinking about. My testimony *might* get him off, if he'd—

"She's up at the house," he said. "She says it wasn't her fault. She says that the guy went for her, and she fought him off."

"I'll say she did!" I told him. "She fought like a wildcat!"

"Yeah?" he said, giving me a long look.

"You're not calling me a liar, are you?"

It was hard to tell just what he did feel like calling me.

"O. K.," he finally said, with a big sigh.

And that was that, too. . . .

THE END

Paul Jones
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
90 PROOF
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC.

Jack:—
Greetings, old man! Sorry
I can't be here when you
arrive— will be back
at 5. In the meantime,
make yourself at home.
I think this whiskey
of mine will appeal to a
liquor connoisseur like
you, because it's DRY.
So help yourself!
Bill

You're a mighty thoughtful host, Bill! For any guest who *knows* liquor will find deep satisfaction in the crisp *dryness* of Paul Jones.

He'll like its brisk, keen flavor—so hearty and mellow—yet utterly lacking in sweetness.

What's more, he'll discover that the pleasing *dryness* of Paul Jones is just one of *many* reasons for its renown as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" since 1865!

Paul Jones

A Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1865

90 proof—A blend of straight whiskies—and that means *ALL* whiskey

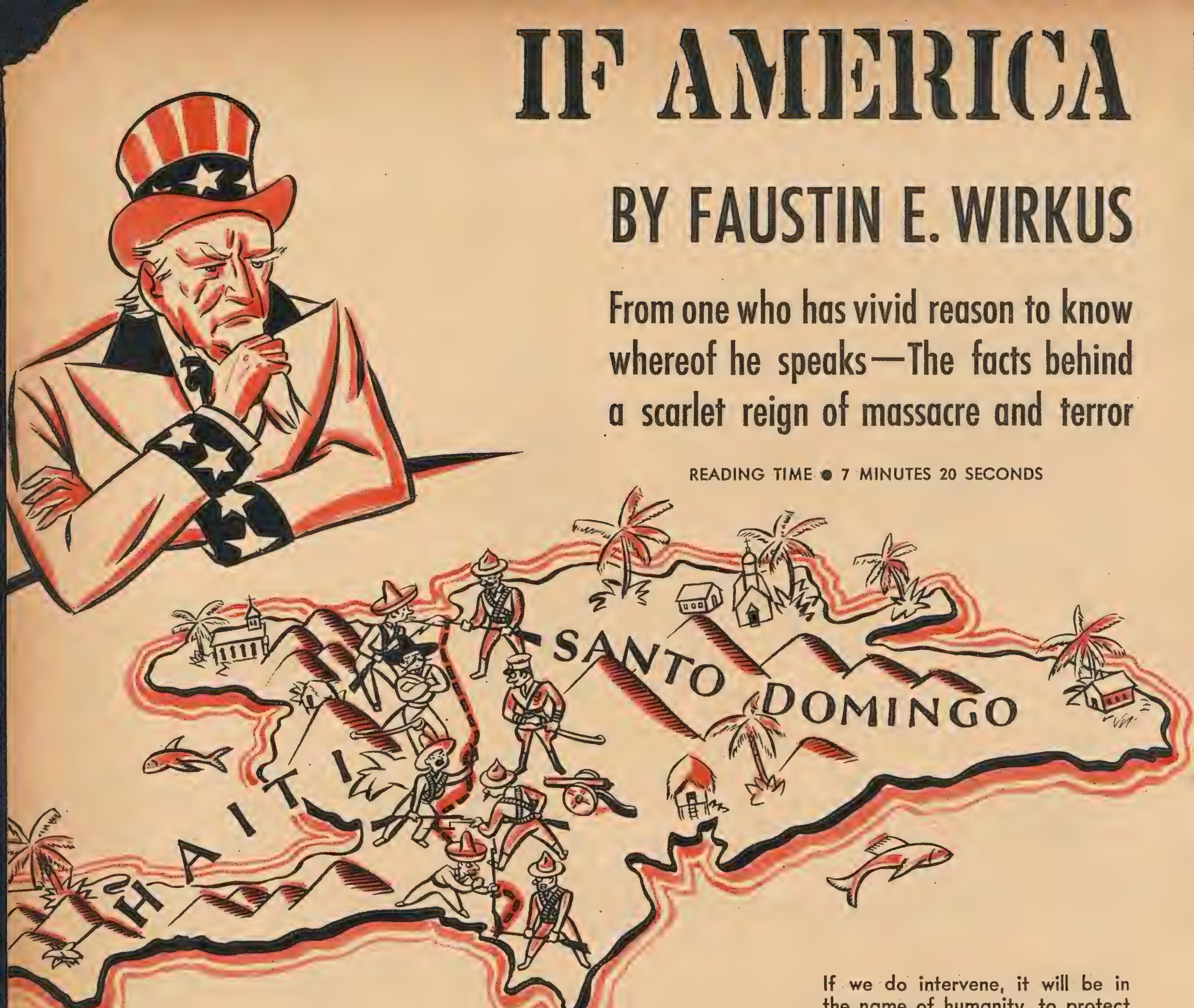
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE AND BALTIMORE

IF AMERICA

BY FAUSTIN E. WIRKUS

From one who has vivid reason to know whereof he speaks—The facts behind a scarlet reign of massacre and terror

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



If we do intervene, it will be in the name of humanity, to protect the people of those two countries.

DESPITE all efforts to suppress it, news of grave import continues to trickle north out of the Caribbean —news of massacre, of the massing of troops, of war brooding over the Haiti-Santo Domingo border.

Mediators representing the United States, Mexico, and Cuba are trying to settle the disputes between the sister republics—but the tension along the border still exists, and the bitterness increases.

Everything that can be done to prevent war is being done. And yet, almost any day, in my opinion, it may be necessary for the United States to intervene and send the marines to the island.

If we do intervene, it will not be for the protection of American lives nor of American capital. We will do so in the name of humanity, to restore law and order, to protect the people of those two countries—and, I have no doubt, to oust the present dictator of Santo Domingo, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo.

So long as Trujillo is in power, there will be trouble, let the mediators do what they will.

Since Haiti became acquainted with the United States marines, it has been more than friendly to America. The marines brought sanitation and order, cleared the country of bandits, made it financially solvent, gave it a fine, efficient, well trained military force, the Garde d'Haiti. Thousands of Haitians wept the day the marines left the island. Haiti, therefore, wants to do nothing whereby it will embarrass the United States. But at the same time it is not likely the nation will let its people be slaughtered with impunity. Many demonstrations have occurred recently in an attempt to make the government take action.

It has been reported that Trujillo and his soldiers massacred anywhere from 1,000 to 5,000 Haitians, men, women, and children, last October—rounded them up in droves, herded them on to the docks, mowed them down with machine guns, dumped their bodies into the sea.

Georges Leger, Haiti's Foreign Minister, declared, in a talk with President Roosevelt, that the number killed was about 5,000. The news was rigorously suppressed, in both Haiti and Santo Domingo, at the time. Haitian officials feared riots and attempts at reprisals. Santo Domingo considered the affair "a closed incident."

The victims of the massacre, so far as can be learned, had offended the dictator of Santo Domingo in no way, except that they were living on Dominican soil. They were peasants who had lived there for many years, before the boundary had been definitely fixed; who could not understand why they should leave.

Santo Domingo has a population of approximately 1,475,000 and an area about twice that of the State of New Jersey. Haiti occupies about half that much territory, and has more than 2,500,000 citizens.

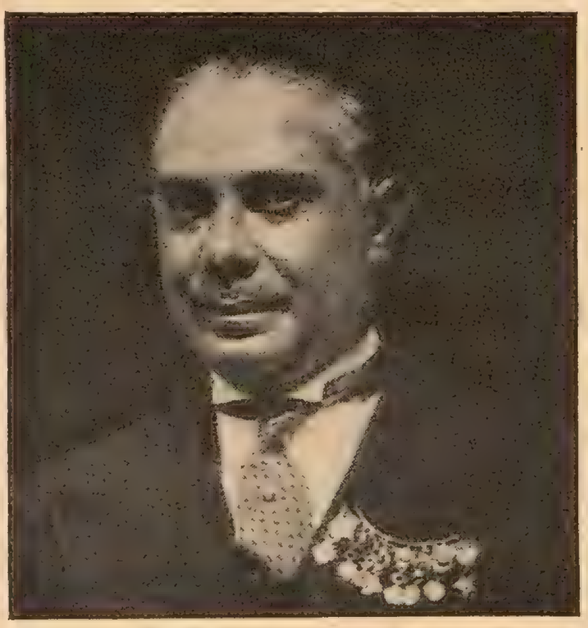
There wasn't work in Haiti for all the Haitians, so

NTERVENES IN HAITI

thousands of them went across the line, hoping to find jobs. They are expert workers, and much in demand on the large sugar plantations. But there are no such plantations in the region of the massacre.

Haiti and Santo Domingo occupy the island of Hispaniola, discovered during Columbus' first voyage. For many years the island was known as Haiti, but recently it took back its old name. There never was any bond of affection between the two republics that divided the island. There never could be, for the Dominicans are the descendants of the Spanish conquerors and the native Indians, while the Haitians are the children of the slaves brought over from Africa by the Spaniards and the French.

There have been disputes over the boundary line. There have been numerous crises rising out of border feuds. But no " incident " in recent years has stirred such bitter feeling on both sides as this slaughter of innocents.


Santo Domingo's dictator, Trujillo.

I have spent many years in Haiti. I know the Haitians well. They are my friends. Yet I have no bias against the Dominicans, many of whom I have met and liked. My feeling is that of every American who has spent any length of time in Hispaniola—that one man alone is responsible for the present crisis, and that man is Trujillo.

A recent report made by the Foreign Policy Association, which is usually accurate and reliable in its statements, gives a good picture of him. He is a mulatto. He was fairly well educated. He entered the National Guard of Santo Domingo during the American occupation, was trained by the marines, and in time became commander of the Republican forces. It has been stated that he was a member of the United States Marine Corps; but this is untrue.

He was bitterly opposed when he offered himself as a candidate to succeed President Vasquez. But he won. He betrayed Vasquez. He betrayed Rafael Estrella Urena who made him President. All his opponents died suddenly or vanished or fled, as Vice-President Urena fled.

Among those who did not escape were some of the most prominent men in the country. Virgilio Reyna, who was a member of Vasquez's cabinet, was slain. Two men walked into his home, where he was ill with appendicitis. They shot him in the stomach and, while he was dying, killed his wife. I was in Santo Domingo at the time, having retired from the Marine Corps.

As another cabinet minister left a theater, an auto drove up and men in it riddled him.

A general, walking with his fiancée on the main street of Santiago, was also slain in this gangster fashion.

Probably thousands of men were killed by Trujillo, the Foreign Policy Association report says. Some of those imprisoned, especially elderly men arrested on political charges, were forced to labor in the hot sun until they succumbed to illness, insanity, or death. Countless others were led off to prisons and never heard of again.

But murder is only one of the sins charged against Trujillo. He is accused of being the racket boss of the island. His Dominican Party is the only political organization allowed to exist. He controls all industries, all businesses. Everybody " kicks in."

Before Trujillo made himself supreme, the Italian consul in Santo Domingo, as agent for an American tobacco company, did a tremendous business. Trujillo threw him into jail and took over the business. He still has it. The consul was released, but not until after Mussolini had threatened to send an Italian gunboat.

All the labor unions were abolished by Trujillo. There are no strikes. Soldiers see to that. He has an army of about 2,500. He pays them fairly well; he can afford to. He also controls the newspapers, and keeps them slavishly subservient. Their slogan is " God and Trujillo."

The man is extraordinarily vain. He has changed the name of the capital, founded and named by Columbus, from Santo Domingo to Ciudad Trujillo—Trujillo City. Numerous streets and avenues are called after him, or his father or his mother, or his illegitimate son, Ramfis. Numerous bridges also bear his name.

When Ramfis was eight, Trujillo made him a colonel. And woe to the soldier or officer—or civilian—who didn't salute the boy and give him his " due honor "!

Trujillo is not only a stockholder in every important concern in his country, and many lesser ones; he owns a 3,000-acre ranch, and is reputed to have millions of dollars deposited in American and English banks.

There have been several attempts to assassinate him, but all have failed. There has never been any serious attempt to oust him. One reason is that he keeps the bulk of his soldiers close to him. These men, whom he can trust, are well armed. Troops in outlying districts haven't twenty rounds of ammunition apiece.

There is not much danger of a popular uprising. The marines confiscated all weapons during their occupation of Santo Domingo some years ago. Nor is there much danger of an armed invasion by Haitian mobs—for the marines also left the Haitians weaponless.

However, the troops of both countries are massing on the border. Therein lie the seeds of trouble.

Haiti's army numbers about 3,000 men under native officers. These men have been well trained by the United States marines. A Haitian team of sharpshooters tied for second place in the Olympics some years ago.

I know that quite a number of Haitians would like to have the marines back. And I believe the Dominicans would—at least, until the trouble is abated.

It would take not more than 2,500 marines to settle all difficulties and to insure peace in Hispaniola.

President Roosevelt has assured President Stenio Vincent of Haiti that he hopes peace may be maintained. He has told Trujillo that this country " trusts " he will welcome the proposed mediation.

The mediators are at work. The machine guns are silent, temporarily. But who can say they will not begin to chatter before the mediators' work is done?

THE END

Editor's Note: The author of this article spent more than thirteen years in Haiti with the United States marines during the American occupation. During most of this time he was an officer in the Garde d'Haiti. For one year he served as District Commander of Cerca la Source, on the Haitian-Dominican border. But he is best known for his administration of the island of La Gonave, forty miles off the coast of Haiti. He was so popular there the natives crowned him king—" the white king of La Gonave."

The opinions and assertions contained in this article are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large.

Signed: Faustin E. Wirkus,
Gy. Sgt., F. M. C. R.

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

THE CRIME-THE CASE — THE CHALLENGE

by Former Governor **HAROLD G. HOFFMAN** of New Jersey

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN'S activities in the Lindbergh case, between the conviction and the execution of Hauptmann, have been most severely criticized. Now at last, having left office, he is free to tell his own story of those activities and explain why he delayed the execution. He began doing so, in Liberty last week, by quoting from Hauptmann's final message to him: "Believe at least a dying man . . . this case is not solvet." He did not affirm that he believed the "dying man's" protestation of innocence. As to that, he pointed out, he has never expressed an opinion either way. He did insist that Hauptmann had been convicted on circumstantial evidence "in my opinion largely doubtful"; that, whether Hauptmann was solely guilty, had one or more accomplices, or was innocent, weeks and even years of additional effort to get at the whole truth would have been justified; and that meanwhile Hauptmann, behind prison bars, could have done no harm.

He denied his critics' charges that, in taking a hand in the case as governor, he had aspersed "Jersey justice," defied the courts, or sought publicity. "It was my job and my conscience," he said. "I would follow the same course today." He then took notice of the whispered gossip concerning his visit to the Hauptmann death cell on the night of October 16, 1935. It was a fact, he said, that he had been accompanied by a woman in evening dress. Who this woman was, and the other facts about the visit, he now tells for the first time.

PART TWO—A CALL FROM WASHINGTON . . . AND THAT "MYSTERIOUS" WOMAN

EARLY in October, 1935, my desk in the executive office at Trenton was piled high with disorderly evidence of tax troubles, political troubles, and every other kind of "headache." Into this scene walked Colonel Mark O. Kimberling, principal keeper of the New Jersey State Prison, and in his calm, soft voice, which belies the power and the firmness of the man who practically organized the New Jersey State Police, he said:

"Governor, Hauptmann has asked to see you."

I lifted weary eyes from the pile of letters waiting signatures. "*Me* see Hauptmann, Mark?" I said. "What for?"

"I don't know exactly, Governor," he replied. "But he keeps asking for you."

The Colonel left, and, giving but little thought to the unusual request, I plunged back into my job.

Several days passed, with new burdens of work piling up on me. But there were frequent mental flashbacks to that unusual request, "Hauptmann wants to see you."

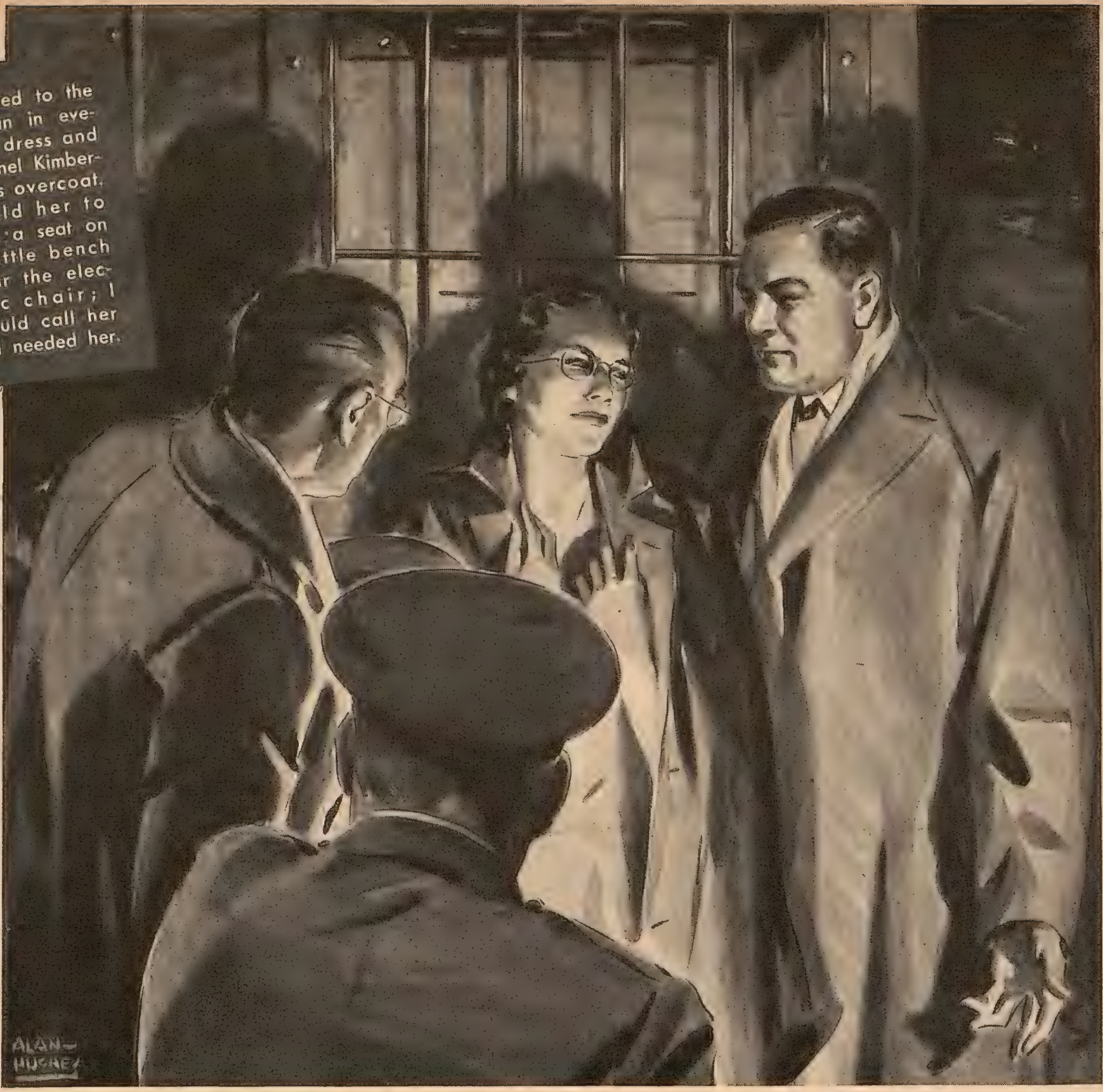
New proposals for raising imperatively needed revenue—a haunting glimpse of a white face and troubled eyes looking through the iron bars of a cell—income tax, gross-receipts tax—the skeleton of what had once been a curly-haired baby—jobs, jobs, jobs—Flemington—heckling legislators—blue-uniformed police officers pushing back a mob—a hostile press— "Let the jurors through! Get back, there!"—economy before new taxes —"Give Hauptmann the chair!"—take care of the needy unemployed—"Hang that ladder around his neck"—balance the budget—two men in the shadows of Woodlawn Cemetery—make a speech for the senator—sables and summons—repeal the sales tax—a chisel and sleeping suit—"two cents for Hoffman"—"Extra! Hauptmann guilty!"

Sure—he was guilty. The twelve tried-and-true jurors, checked and double-checked, had said so, and they had heard the evidence. Justice Trenchard, the dean of the New Jersey bench, had tried the case and it must have been "according to Hoyle." The Court of Errors and Appeals, with its Supreme Court justices and its lay judges, who were all associates of Justice Trenchard, had solemnly affirmed the verdict, and the weighty opinion of affirmance had been written by seventy-year-old Justice Charles Parker. The lay judges and the Chancellor were later to hear Hauptmann's last appeal for life as members of the Court of Pardons. Guilty? Sure. Hope? None.

Of course I had heard rumblings of doubt; but then, I had been too busy to follow the case and the trial very closely. In the press and upon the radio Hauptmann had been convicted before Flemington.

Every once in a while, when I was serving as Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, Ellis H. Parker, Chief of Detectives of Burlington County, had dropped in to see me. From the very beginning, Parker—grizzled old detective who had in more than forty years of service displayed an uncanny knack of ferreting out the guilty in hundreds of

What did Hauptmann, facing death in the chair, say to the man who delay



turned to the oman in eveng dress and olonel Kimberng's overcoat, told her to ake a seat on little bench near the electric chair; I would call her if I needed her.

criminal cases—had been on the trail of a man who had reached him by telephone early in the case and had represented that he could produce the kidnaped baby. Parker, as a matter of fact, had been asked by former Governor A. Harry Moore, upon the suggestion of George M. Hillman, Jr., Democratic state committeeman from Parker's county, to investigate the case, and there had always been the possibility that the "Old Chief" might supply the missing pieces in the Lindbergh puzzle.

When Hauptmann had been arrested, Parker had said to me, "Harold, they've got the wrong man." And later, when Parker dared to accuse in connection with the crime one Paul Wendel—a notorious former lawyer who at the time of his apprehension by Parker was a fugitive from justice on embezzlement and other charges—this man who had devoted his life to bringing criminals to justice was himself branded a criminal.

That will form another chapter in my recital. I would like to digress here, nevertheless, to make this statement: Ellis Parker was, and is, my friend. He sincerely believed, and he still believes, that he was trailing a man connected in some way with the Lindbergh crime. But the whole aftermath of this case was replete with hysteria. Ordinarily levelheaded people did unbelievably strange things. In their frantic efforts to prevent the execution of a man they believed to be innocent, and to bring to the bar of justice others they believed to be guilty, the Parkers may even have resorted to extralegal methods that cannot be condoned. Yet, in a case fraught with police brutality and blunders, "third degrees" and false arrests, and even "kidnaping" of other suspects, why should the aged Parker have been singled out to spend his few remaining years behind prison walls simply because he may have overstepped the bounds of the law in producing the notorious Wendel?

Then one morning there came a telephone call from Washington. It was from Charles Curtis, former Vice-President of the United States. I had, of course, known Charlie Curtis, for as Vice-President he had been the presiding officer of the United States Senate when I served as a member of the House of Representatives. My acquaintance with him, however, was limited to a few rather casual official and social contacts.

"Governor," he said, "are you looking into this Haupt-

xecution? Here, word for word, is the inside story, now for the first time told mann case?" I told him that I hadn't been especially interested. I mentioned, I think, that Hauptmann had been convicted in the Hunterdon County Court of Oyer and Terminer, and that the conviction had been sustained by our Court of Errors and Appeals, but that the matter would shortly be before the Court of Pardons, of which I was a member.

"I think," said Mr. Curtis, "that there are a lot of funny things about that case." He went on to tell me some of the doubts he had entertained, and he expressed the opinion that, as governor, I should go carefully into the matter before Hauptmann's final appeal for life was made. "I've read a lot of the testimony," he added, "and it doesn't seem to me that he was adequately represented —or that he got a very fair deal." He closed with a request that I "see Mrs. McLean."

The name of Evalyn Walsh McLean, who, in her endeavors to bring about the return of the Lindbergh baby, had been fleeced out of $100,000, brought another picture, or series of pictures, to my mind.

I saw a man, the fabulous Gaston B. Means, sitting in a courtroom, on trial, and saying in effect:

"I was driving an automobile through Alexandria, Virginia, at an early hour in the morning. Under a street light at the edge of town a man stepped out into the roadway, and I stopped. He said to me, 'I am Number Eleven,' so I gave him the hundred thousand dollars."

Then I saw another man, the gray-haired erratic "Jafsie" Condon, sitting in a courtroom, in a witness chair, and saying in effect:

"I left Colonel Lindbergh sitting in the car and walked over to the appointed meeting place. There was a voice in the darkness: 'This is John.' So I gave him the fifty thousand dollars over the graveyard hedge."

One story sent the teller of it to the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, and the other story, startlingly like the first, made the teller a public benefactor and sent Hauptmann to the death house.

I started to think more seriously about seeing Hauptmann. My mail, increasing each day, brought protests against the electrocution of Hauptmann upon evidence that was so largely circumstantial. Even the prosecution had admitted that there were a lot of things in the case that had not been explained. It would be important, I convinced myself, to learn how one man could conceive such an atrocious crime, executed successfully by himself, and baffle the police of the world searching for him for over two years. Yes, it would be a great and a necessary contribution to the science of crime detection and prosecution to learn by what process such a ghastly feat could have been accomplished.

In my mind, ever recurring, were those words of Colonel Kimberling: "Governor, Hauptmann has asked to see you."

Had the moment arrived when Hauptmann was about to "thaw"? Was he ready to tell a story of the Lindbergh kidnaping that had not yet been told? Was he, confronted by death in the chair just a few paces from cell 9, about to attempt to bargain to save his life?

I decided to visit the death house. If Hauptmann was guilty, the chair was too good for him. If he was innocent, and could prove it, under no circumstances should his life be taken while I was governor of New Jersey. As to the propriety of my going, one of the highest judicial officers in the state assured me that such a visit would not conflict with any existing statute. Not only that; governors before me had visited the death house.

It was not until the night of October 16 that I found the opportunity. My recollection is that there had been a last-minute cancellation of an evening engagement. I know that it was not until after dinner on that evening that I thought of visiting Hauptmann that night.

From my suite in the Hotel Hildebrecht I called Colonel Kimberling. "Mark," I said, "I'm coming down to see that fellow. Will tonight be O. K.?" Getting an affirmative answer, I told him I would phone him again and give him the approximate time of my arrival.

And now another thought occurred to me. It concerned the woman in the evening gown—about whom so much conjecture has been spun. I made a long-distance phone call and finally succeeded in reaching her. She was at a social gathering, but promised to break away at once and meet me within the hour at the residence of Colonel Kimberling, adjoining the State Prison.

I arrived there before she did. When I told her that I wanted her to accompany the Colonel and myself to the death house, she blushed, looked at her formal attire, and protested, "But, Governor, I simply can't go in there dressed like this."

Colonel Kimberling and I agreed with her, and he got her one of his overcoats. She put it on and it reached down to the tops of her satin slippers. Then the three of us got in her car and drove around to the Third Street gate of the prison. Standing near the gate, where he had been stationed at Colonel Kimberling's direction, was Lieutenant Colonel George Selby, the deputy warden, who had served with me overseas as an officer in my regiment, the 114th Infantry. I made no particular note of the time. I believe it was a little after ten.

Once inside the prison gate, we turned to the right and entered, through a little door, New Jersey's death chamber. As the door opened, the beam from a prison guard's flashlight fell directly on the chair in which Hauptmann was later to die. Death Row is separated from the death chamber by an iron door.

I turned to the woman in the evening dress and Colonel Kimberling's overcoat. I told her to take a seat on a little bench near the electric chair and that I would call her when and if I needed her. She seated herself and waited. I shall now disclose her identity.

SHE was Mrs. Anna Bading, for years secretary to Ellis H. Parker. I had been given to understand that Hauptmann could not express himself very well in English, and had thought I might need an interpreter. And, of course, I had figured I might need a stenographer, particularly if he wanted to make a confession. My first thought, therefore, had been of Mrs. Bading. She was an expert stenographer, spoke German fluently, and could be depended upon to maintain the confidence that I thought essential to my plan.

That night Mrs. Bading had been attending an affair being held by the Eastern Star, which had honored her by selection as Worthy Matron of the chapter. Getting my phone call, she had raced in from Mount Holly, some fifteen miles distant, with no chance to change her clothes, stopping only long enough to pick up a stenographer's notebook and several sharp pencils.

Colonel Kimberling gave an order. The door opened. A quick turn to the right, and he stood before the bars of cell 9, saying softly to the man behind them: "Richard, the Governor to see you."

A guard turned another key and the grated cell door was opened to admit me. The key turned again and the guard left. I was locked inside with Hauptmann. Colonel Kimberling, saying, "Call me, Governor, if you want me," walked away to join the guard at the other end of the death-house corridor.

ARE THE GANGSTERS COMING BACK?

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

We have had a breathing spell in the crime war, but the interlude is over. Perdition is resuming business at the old stand.

From all over the United States comes word of new murders. From Boston to Los Angeles, the news flashes tell of inter-mob battles. Most of them appear to be merely feuds between gangs. They are much more important than they seem to be. They are major crimes because behind them is the whole jungle of organized viciousness, commercialized crime, and official corruption. Many of the old gangs have been wiped out, but new gangs are forming like the tentacles of a cancer once thought eradicated. It is time that communities awoke to this danger. They must create an aroused public opinion which, brought to bear on high places, will bring them relief. New York, with its Thomas E. Dewey and his faithful workers, has already shown how it can be done. It can be done in Boston, in Minneapolis, in Baltimore, and in your home town. In the last analysis, the citizen is the real boss, if he only stirs from his sleep of false security and uses his power.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. S. T.

Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

Left: The woman who went to the death house with Governor Hoffman (below).

Right: Col. Kimberling, who brought Hauptmann's message to the Governor.

I motioned to Hauptmann to sit down on his cot, and I sat down beside him, making at the same time a hasty survey of the cell. I can now remember only the convicted man, attired in a blue-gray shirt, open at the neck, and dark prison trousers; a stand with a pitcher and a basin; and a table covered with papers and books—a Bible, several works of philosophy and astronomy, and the paper-covered volumes containing the testimony taken at the Flemington trial. There were pictures of his "poor Annie" and his "Bubi."

I said something—just what I do not recall—designed to put him at his ease; but I did not then, or at any time during my visit, promise him aid or make any expression of sympathy or belief in his statements to me.

Hauptmann looked me in the eye and asked: "Governor, vy does your state do to me all this? Vy do they vant my life for something somebody else have done?"

"Well, you have been found guilty. The courts—"

"Lies! Lies!" He pointed to the record of the trial. "All lies! Vould I kill a baby? I am a man. Vould I build that ladder? I am a carpenter."

I soon realized that I was to hear no confession, that I was to listen to no terms of a proposed bargain. Not once in the hour that I spent in death-house cell 9 did Hauptmann beg me to save his life. He did ask for more investigation. His most earnest plea was for the use of the "lie detector." "Vy won't they use on me that," he asked, "and on Doctor Condon also use it? They haf too some kind of drug, I haf heard. Vy don't they use on me that drug? And on Doctor Condon use it too?"

I hold no brief for Hauptmann. But this thing I am bound to say: that his story and his unanswered questions put new doubts in my mind and aided in fashioning a firm resolution to search out, within the limits of my resources and my ability, the truth—and the whole truth—in this mysterious, challenging case.

Here was no cringing criminal pitifully begging for mercy, but a man making a vehement claim of innocence, bitter in his denunciation of the police and the prosecution and their methods. And bitter, too, in his excoriation of his former chief counsel, Reilly.

"Could a man do for dollars," he asked, "vat Reilly haf done to me? Only once, for about five minutes, did I haf a chance to explain my case to him, really. Sometimes he came to see me, not often, for a few minutes. How could I then talk to him?"

I looked through the bars to the heavy steel door that led to the death chamber. Cell 9 was right next to that lethal room. The electric chair, through the steel door, was only about fifteen feet from where I was sitting beside the man who was destined to sit in it. When the door opened, that chair, covered with a piece of white muslin and resembling a seated ghost, could be seen by the occupant of Hauptmann's cell. At least six men, at night, had shuffled past the German carpenter, some of them silent, some sobbing, some shrieking, to be strapped in that chair.

I wondered if they—

But Hauptmann kept on talking: "Vy did they take from me all my shoes? When I was arrested they took, among many things, all my shoes. Vot for I could not imagine, but now I haf found out. Because they haf a footprint." He went on to say that there had been a footprint of a woman in the mud outside the nursery window at Hopewell, according to the testimony. It has been shown that that print was made by Mrs. Lindbergh.

"But," he said, "there was, too, a footprint of a man, who, according to the prosecutor, climbed the ladder to get the unfortunate child. It is to me a riddle, for, said the prosecutor, it was many feet and all soft earth from this window to where the ladder was found—how could it haf been but one footprint? Vy did they not produce at the trial the impression of which they cast a model? Vy? They cannot say that my foot has become larger or smaller. So too the footprint which was found in the graveyard from where Doctor Condon swore that he gave to John fifty thousand dollars. Also here my shoe certainly did not fit. Vy did they not produce here the plaster model that was made?"

He spoke about the phonograph record that was made after Condon met "John," and upon which the aged negotiator is supposed to have recorded his conversation. "Does any one think," he queried, "that these footprints and this record haf been held back out of pity for me? Oh, no. For me, no pity!

"Is it not true that in every case when a person is arrested they take his fingerprints? So they did vith me. A few days after, two New Jersey state police came to me in Bronx Prison and vanted further prints. I told them these had already been taken. These men replied the ones they took haf not been clear enough, so they take very firmly about six sets. Then one or two days later they came again with the statement that still there are several spots not plain enough. So they took more—and also the sides of my hands, which they did not take before, and then especially the joints of the fingers and the hollow parts of my hand.

"Then at the trial, when my counsel asks about fingerprints the prosecutor say simply, 'There are no fingerprints.' If that is so, no fingerprints on the ladder, on the letters, on the window sill, in the room, vy would they vant so many times my fingerprints?

"I can only think they haf fingerprints, but they are not like mine, so they say they haf none. But they invent another story. They say I haf worked vith gloves. Is this not a worthless lie? Because since in that room they found no other fingerprints—not of the parents, or the child's nurse or the other servants—can this statement be possible? It is even said that Mrs. Lindbergh and the nurse Betty together pulled down the window which was stuck, but there are no fingerprints found on the window frame. Do the parents, then, ven they go to the room to take joy in their child, and all the servants, also wear gloves?"

The prisoner spoke about an expert from New York (Dr. Hudson) who took many fingerprints from the ladder. "But," he said, "there were nowhere any of mine. The jury would not believe this expert because he would not say anything to convict me."

(I was later to learn that these fingerprints were processed by Dr. Hudson but photographs were taken and the negatives were held in the possession of the State Police. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has since stated to me that these photographs were never sent to Washington for a check against the prints of thousands of known criminals in the United States.)

I am quoting Hauptmann faithfully, telling just what he said to me. He went on:

"Among my carpenters' tools they found a chisel which looks in part like the one found at the Lindbergh place near the ladder. That my chisel is ground differently, is a different size, and has quite a different handle, made no difference. They simply said, 'No, this is Hauptmann's chisel,' and the jury believed them. They do not believe me when I say that my chisel set is an entirely different one from the one they found. For my set was a Stanley set, one fourth inch to one and one half inch. They must haf taken out some sizes and put among them others like the one they found, except the three-quarter-inch chisel. For the one they found is a Bucks Brothers chisel."

(The chisel found on the Lindbergh estate was made, it was estimated at the factory, about thirty years ago, long before Hauptmann entered the United States.)

"At the trial," he continued, "much weight was given to my letters to Pincus Fisch, the brother of Isidor Fisch. Ven I write letters to Germany I write them first in pencil and then copy them in ink—not just the same but much similar. I always saved these pencil letters, and I saved carefully the letters Pincus Fisch sent to me.

"In my first letter I had written everything to Pincus Fisch as Isidor had told me, and did not then know he was lying to me, for I always believed him. When I received my first letter from Pincus it made me think something was queer, and for this reason, and also because it was a case of death, I decided to carefully preserve all our exchange of letters, for, I thought, Pincus Fisch will hold me responsible for the things Isidor said were his in this country.

"So all of these letters—I think six or seven—I haf saved and put in a large envelope in my desk from which the police took them." Hauptmann rose from the cot and picked out a volume of the Flemington testimony. "But when we ask for these letters at the trial I received the answer, 'Ve haf none.' God in heavens! All the letters vere together. One of the letters I never could get clear, for it said that shortly before Isidor died he called for me and seemed to vant to say something about me. But he was too weak or did not vant to. So he took to his grave that vich would be of great help to me now.

"Also Pincus wrote me to keep Isidor's death secret if it were necessary, but I did not then know vy that should be necessary, and I did not do so. No, vy did Vilentz say that he did not haf these letters, when my letters answering them were there? No, these letters did not fit into the state viewpoint, so they had to disappear. But they took precautions and had the Fisch family and the nurse come to America. They surely expected that I would insist more on these letters and say what vas in them. But ven I could recall only in parts the contents and the jury vould not haf believed me, I was obliged to say nothing. For if I told vat I had remembered, vould not the Fisch family, who vere paid for coming here, haf said the opposite upon the suggestion of the prosecutor?

"For vat else was the family brought here? So Pincus Fisch vas not called to the stand, and so, too, the nurse vas not called. Thus all direct evidence vich might haf freed me disappeared."

(There are now in my possession copies of the letters referred to by Hauptmann, supporting his claim, certified by German police officials of Leipzig. The copy of the pencil draft of Pincus Fisch's letter verifying the fact that Isidor, in his last moments, kept calling for Hauptmann and "wanting to tell us something about you," together with other important material secured from Germany, will have a place in a subsequent chapter.)

The "most hated man in the world," prison pallor in his cheeks, looked me directly in the eye as he answered my questions. Often he prefaced his answers with, "I am glad you haf asked me that." It may be said that I did not ask him the right questions—but I think I did. He did not hedge an answer. Most of the replies were simple and direct; some were not altogether satisfying, but they formed the basis for subsequent investigation.

Hauptmann, too, asked questions: Why didn't the state do this or that? Why didn't Reilly do so-and-so? And so frequently, "Vy did they do that to me?"

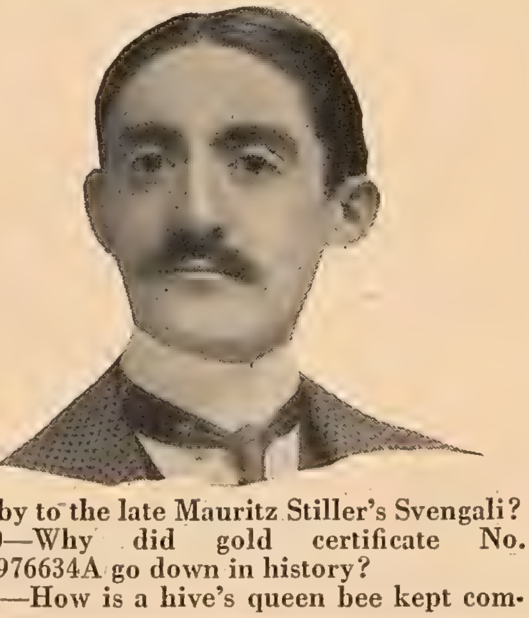
But I got in my questions—questions about the piece of wainscoting from the Hauptmann closet bearing the penciled notation of Doctor Condon's phone number; the cardboard box in the broom closet; the ladder; the floor board in the attic; the testimony of Koehler, the wood expert; the handwriting; Hochmuth; Whited; Rossiter; Hauptmann's past record in Germany—

Once in a while Colonel Kimberling walked by to open the steel door and say a word or two to Anna Bading. And Hauptmann continued to answer those questions.

The famous "Fisch story" about the ransom money—not as Hauptmann tried to tell it in the Flemington court room, but as he told it to Governor Hoffman—will be one of the amazing disclosures in next week's installment of the former governor's narrative. Another will be Hauptmann's own reply to Koehler, the wood expert.

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

Edited by Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth



1—His first theatrical venture was a burlesque, The Gay Morning Glories. Later he became the partner of the star of a satire that pokes fun at F. D. R. Two more of his presentations, enjoying simultaneous success: Of Mice and Men and You Can't Take It with You. Whose features appear in this week's early photo?

2—One who has committed regicide has done what?

3—Which horse upset Man o' War's otherwise perfect string of track victories?

4—Papa-loi are priests and maman-loi are priestesses in what cult?

5—There's nothing diminutive about which part of a pelican?

6—If Bob Fitzsimmons was born in England, where was Tommy Burns born?

7—Who said: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley"?

8—Which words, alike in sound, mean any grass yielding edible grain and that which appears in successive issues of Liberty?

9—Who was said to have been the Trilby to the late Mauritz Stiller's Svengali?

10—Why did gold certificate No. A73976634A go down in history?

11—How is a hive's queen bee kept comfortable in very warm weather?

12—Which tree grows fastest?

13—How many righteous men would have saved Sodom from destruction?

14—According to the Chamber of Commerce, which state has an average annual temperature of 70.8 degrees?

15—Nearly a generation ago Elsie Janis appeared in The Lady of the Slipper with Montgomery and who?

16—If kid gloves are made from the leather of young goats, of what are kid shoes made?

17—Is death by drowning more frequent among males or females? From falls? By automobiles? As the result of burns?

18—What, in aviation, are the two meanings of "ceiling"?

19—An ounce of gold weighs more than an ounce of sugar; why, then, does a pound of sugar weigh more than a pound of gold?

20—What modern Eve found Eden a garden of headaches?

(*Answers will be found on page 51*)

LIKE TWENTY QUESTIONS? Then listen to Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth, who edit Liberty's Twenty Questions and ask questions on the Vox Pop program every Tuesday over the N. B. C. Red network at 9 P. M. Also 9.30 P. M., Pacific Standard Time, on Mondays.

Vacations? Huh! . . Here's an iron man of baseball who spends his rebuilding a famous hockey team!

ICE ON THE SIDE

BY GENE KESSLER

Busy Bill Stewart. Baseball in summer, hockey in winter.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE World Series of 1937 was over. Players rollicked. Umpires relaxed and smiled. Vacation time had come to the baseball world.

"Red" Ormsby turned to Bill Stewart in the umpire's cell at the Polo Grounds. "Going home, Bill?"

"Home!" echoed Stewart. "Where have I heard that before? Say, if I could only take a vacation and spend it at home, I'd be the happiest man in the world. Why, this very night I'm catching a train for Muskegon, Michigan, to start a new job—as manager of the Chicago hockey club."

So William Joseph Stewart took off baseball spikes at the Polo Grounds on October 10 and the next day laced skates on his feet in Muskegon, where the Chicago hockey team trained. He had umpired in 158 games, five of them in the World Series.

"Guess I just got water in my veins while playing shinny around Boston as a kid and it froze there," says Bill. "Anyway," he points out, "managing a major hockey club was a change. Before, I jumped from the diamond to the ice with a whistle in my mouth."

Stewart umpired 160 baseball games in 1936; then called off-sides and cross-checks in sixty-nine National Hockey League contests as referee in chief. His longest stay at home for the entire season at one stretch was ten days.

When Major Frederic McLaughlin got around to selecting a new manager for his Chicago Black Hawks last summer, Bill Stewart was given the job.

Stewart's decisions on the bench were as definite and sincere as they had been on the ball diamond. He juggled the lines, bartered players, and soon dusted cellar mold from the club's pants.

So the Black Hawks entered the January stretch drive fighting for second place in the American division of the National Hockey League, with Bill Stewart cracking the whip. Let us go back to a tense moment of that heated ice race. It happened in a bitter struggle with Les Canadiens of Montreal.

A two-goal Hawk lead had melted under late scoring pressure of the Flying Frenchmen, and with the count deadlocked, Aurel Joliat was wheeling the overgrown poker chip before his darting stick. He snaked past the defense until only one man, Wiebe, was between him and an open shot. Aurel wheeled suddenly, feinted the Chicago goalie, Mike Karakas, out of position, and skimmed a pass to Holly Drouin, a fleet young Canadien who had sped into the play.

In his anxiety to murder a wide-open net, young Drouin missed with his stick, but the elusive rubber disk caromed off his flying steel blade into the pay-off cage. The red light flickered. A goal was credited to Les Canadiens—the winning goal.

It happened in a split second, but the stormy protest which followed indicated that every one except the referee had seen Drouin kick in the puck, an act which, according to the rules, nullifies a hockey goal. But the official was adamant.

"The referee was dead wrong," Stewart told his athletes, when they turned to him for help, "but he called it as he saw it."

Later, Stewart lectured his men on the benefits of clean play, and emphasized: "Referee-baiting never pays."

Since then the Black Hawks have led the league in clean play, having the fewest number of penalties called on them. Stewart's system of "staying on the ice" has reaped rewards.

All Bill Stewart learned about ice hockey as a boy came from playing shinny on Boston ponds. But even then ice was a side line. His specialty in the Everett high school was baseball, with track-running second.

He attracted professional baseball scouts, turned pro with Brockton, Massachusetts, in the old New England League in 1913 and finished as playing manager of Waterbury in the Eastern in 1928. Sandwiched between were whirls with Montreal in the International, service in the army transport during the World War, a tryout with the Chicago White Sox the spring of 1919, just before Kid Gleason's old champions turned Black Sox, a season under Manager Joe McCarthy at Louisville, and coaching berths at Boston University and Harvard.

One thing, Stewart never ceased working—winter and summer. When his playing days started to wane, he tried umpiring and found his cool, even temperament ideal for officiating. He tooted a whistle in football contests, then tried out as hockey referee in the old Boston arena in 1921 and stayed on the ice. He married his boyhood sweetheart, Miss Gertrude Louise Kelleher of Boston, January 6, 1919, and on October 11, that fall, a son, Bill, Jr., arrived at the Stewart house.

But his officiating—as baseball umpire by summer and hockey referee and now manager by winter—has kept the home ties at loose ends for this small compact man of five feet six inches and 190 pounds.

THE END

THE MYSTERY OF CAROLE

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

EVERYBODY is worried about Carole Lombard except Carole.

Fans go to her pictures, watch her dashing about at what is now known as the "Lombard pace," exuding energy, screaming, laughing, stealing every scene; and they gasp, "How does she stand it?"

In True Confession she runs up long flights of stairs, dives, swims, drowns a couple of times, tussles like Man Mountain Dean with the muscular MacMurray. In Nothing Sacred she gets herself slugged and kicked by Fredric March. In both pictures she takes a terrific physical beating.

Her friends in Hollywood—who know that these violent scenes, so brief on the screen, are done over and over again before they satisfy either actress or director—are worried too. For they know that young Miss Lombard, for all her natural ebullience of spirit and apparently inexhaustible energy, is not the most robust woman on the screen. She was badly shaken up some years ago in a motor accident which sent her to bed for six months. There was grave question at the time as to whether she would ever be really active again. But after a brave fight, which speaks volumes for Carole's character and stamina, she came back, as we all know, to a life more active than any of which she had ever dreamed.

The lovely Lombard is not an invalid or anything like that. But, ask her friends, is it possible for a young, sensitive, high-strung girl like Carole to have gone through such an experience as she went through, and come out physically and nervously fit to stand the strain of keeping up the "Lombard pace"?

When she is making a picture, Carole puts everything she has into it. There is a clause in her contract by which she may go home promptly at 6 P. M. if she likes; but if late work or night scenes are necessary, she can be depended on not to kick, and every take will get a good performance.

She is not only the first one on the set daily, but usually she has already made herself up, so as not to be the cause of any delay. During the shooting of a picture she is fiercely active, relentless toward herself.

It is a fair question, then: Can she meet the demands of her yearly working schedule, gallop through her romantic friendship with Clark Gable in the interim, and still survive?

The answer lies in Carole Lombard's own personality and character. A gamin in million-dollar dress, she is essentially one of the shrewdest stars in Hollywood. In short, there is nothing goofy about Carole when it comes to sticking up for her rights.

This trait—*which has saved her physical life as well as her professional one*—is evidenced by her uncanny wisdom in the choice of vehicles.

"I won't start a picture unless I'm convinced it's strong, potentially a smash hit," she says. "Why should I? It's my career that'll suffer if I'm starred in a weak number. But when finally I move into the studio, that means I've agreed to the set-up. I won't change my mind after that."

Her ability to take care of herself shows even more acutely in the care she has taken to preserve and accentuate her own vivid personality instead of yielding to the Hollywood tendency toward standardization.

She refuses to allow her photographs to be retouched so that she looks insipid, characterless. "There are bad things about my face I want left in," she says, "because they make it different, and there are some good points I want cut out because they give me a ga-ga expression."

Because she knows that her face depends for appeal on a haunting, strange quality rather than on her actual beauty, she demands, and gets, her favorite cameraman—Teddy Tetzlaff—for every picture except those done in technicolor; she wears only Travis Banton clothes, because he knows how to take a swath of fabric and twist it about her excellent figure to every possible advantage; and she always retains her favorite hairdresser, no matter what studio has her under contract.

Her employers, appreciating the enormous box-office income she brings, grant her every reasonable wish. During the filming of My Man Godfrey it was understood that no publicity should be sent out about her one-time marriage to Bill Powell. Of course it was impossible to keep people from talking or writers from writing, but, so far as the studio was concerned, her wishes were respected almost fanatically.

Don't get the idea that Lombard is a Garbo or a Hepburn. Her demands are reasonable. She does not insist, for instance, on a closed set. On the other hand, she resents chattering busybodies who litter up her stage and make good work difficult.

I was on her set not long ago to watch the last day of shooting. When the final scene was done, Carole went impetuously about, kissing everybody good-by, among them a good-looking young Mexican prop boy, who said: "Well, Carole, be good!"

"Why," she countered, "should I be good when I'm on the loose?"

Thus Carole kept alive to her last tired moment on the set the delusion of madcap indifference to her own welfare. But those who subscribe to that delusion do not know the real Carole. As a matter of fact she *is* "good," especially when she is what she calls "on the loose"—and in that fact as much as anything lies the secret of her continuing ebullience and energy.

Like most of the really important stars, Carole lives an exceedingly quiet life, and because of her known lack of robustness she even exceeds most of them in her abstemiousness. She goes to bed early. She rests for hours each day. She does not diet, but she chooses simple approved food to eat. And she has no excesses.

I asked a mutual friend, who plays a honey of a tennis game and so spends many of his Sundays at Carole's house, "Does Lombard drink much?"

"What a thing to ask! Of course she—" Then he paused, considering. "My hat!" he said finally. "In two years I can only remember her taking one drink—a cocktail before dinner—and she didn't finish that. As a matter of fact she's practically a teetotaler. But she has such a wonderful time, with every one around her lapping it up, that you never notice."

When her current picture is finished she invariably disappears. Sometimes she announces her intention to vacation in New York or in Mexico; but the few weeks of freedom allotted her she almost invariably spends recharging her batteries in her secluded mountain cabin.

There are two things, aside from her career, which are important to Carole. One is laughter. The other is Clark Gable. Since they somehow go together, she is content; she is happy after a lifetime of unhappiness in love.

Her marriage to William Powell failed because there

LOMBARD

A NEW HOLLYWOOD PROBLEM

BY HOWARD SHARPE

were fundamental differences in temperament. Powell was amused by Carole's elaborate jokes and gags, but he was much more interested in a good book.

For Russ Columbo, good-looking Italian songster, she found a deeper and more mature kind of love; but it, too, was doomed to disappointment. When he was killed accidentally by a friend's gun, she was profoundly stricken. She was a woman sobered and strengthened.

Gable, the antithesis of both of these previous personalities, is her perfect foil. So far as he is concerned, the good book can wait indefinitely; and he does not croon. He neither considers her aloofly from the pinnacle of worldly experience, nor does he ask for coddling. His laughter rumbles as satisfyingly deep as hers.

High good humor, notoriously a cure for most ills, is a mutual gift. The gags that have high-lighted their romance are famous now: the ham, with his picture pasted on it, that she sent him; the rattling white Ford, painted with hearts, she gave him as a valentine.

They have fun—and more.

Gable understands what Carole is trying to do in the way of building up her strength, and helps her. An avid sportsman himself, he has made sports a fetish with her in her carefully planned program for keeping fit.

He seldom asks her to go dancing or night-clubbing. The only time I have seen them out together after ten o'clock was one evening, after a preview, at the Brown Derby. They were with Carole's secretary and confidante, "Fieldsie," and another man; their tray, as it passed my table, contained two highballs, one beer, and one lemonade. Carole had the lemonade, Clark the beer.

With the help of the practical, invaluable Fieldsie, Carole has ordered her domestic life so that she lives as she most likes to live: comfortably but without swank. Her house in Bel Air is a rambling seven-room cottage which has never been photographed or displayed to the public; her money has been well invested in trust funds; at the moment she is buying real estate, particularly in San Fernando, where she keeps horses and rides with Gable.

In other words, Carole Lombard is one of the few Hollywood glamour girls who have kept their money. She can afford to settle back and live on it whenever she feels that she must give up her superstrenuous professional career.

But it should be a long, long time before the lovely Lombard feels the need of any such voluntary rustication. You would be sure that this was so if you had been with me the other morning when I arrived early at the studio projection room to view the uncut version of a new picture.

Suddenly, from one corner, as I groped my way through the semidarkness, there came shouting laughter and a peculiar rattling. I peered over the wall of loges, and saw Carole Lombard and Clark Gable on their knees shooting craps for buttons.

Carole was taking her daily dose of Gable medicine—which, if you ask me, is "just what the doctor ordered" for *any* girl!

THE END

March takes a swing at Lombard's chin (Nothing Sacred).

Two important things in her life—laughter and Gable.

Carole takes it again in the hilarious True Confession.

Is this vivacious, fiercely active star burning herself out, like Jean Harlow? A look at a laughing human dynamo.

LISTEN, YOUTH!
BY ELSIE ROBINSON

SHOULD PARENTS HONOR THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS TOO?

For liberals with common sense! Two sides of a familiar question—and a challenge to every father and mother

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

HONOR thy father and thy mother—"

Yes—but suppose . . .

SUPPOSE PARENTS DO NOT HONOR THEMSELVES—

Suppose Dad's a drunkard, a loafer, a boaster, chiseler, or cheat. Suppose Mom's an ill-tempered nag, a self-pitying martyr, a snickering nitwit, a fibber, slacker, and slouch, who keeps her house like a pigsty and permits her children to be abused by a brutal and worthless man.

Do they rate honor?

OR SUPPOSE PARENTS STAY STUBBORNLY OUT OF STEP—

Suppose they are of old-country birth, bred to old-country ideas and ideals, superstitions and prejudices which have no place in our modern life. Suppose they consider America and its ways "crazy, loose, and extravagant," and insist that their children shall shape their acts accordingly—regardless of how such a program may hamper or humiliate their young spirits.

OR SUPPOSE PARENTS, ALTHOUGH 100-PERCENT AMERICAN BY BIRTH, HAVE NEITHER UNDERSTANDING OF NOR SYMPATHY WITH MODERN YOUTH OR ITS ACTIVITIES—

Suppose their own ignorance and ineptness cause them constantly to belittle their youngsters' superior brightness . . . and their own drabness tempts them to crush out youth's natural beauty and gaiety.

Are they to be honored?

An exaggerated picture? Not at all. Such parents do exist, not merely here and there but on every street, at every crossroads of America. They are Modern Youth's most pressing and prevalent problem. There are no smiles in the home where they rule . . . no gay gatherings of old and young. Instead there are tears and curses, furtive suspicion and open resentment—HELL WITH ALL LIDS OFF!

"But friction has always existed between parents and children." That's true . . . but never has it been as bitter and far-flung as today—*for never before has there been such a gap between Age and Youth.* There are fifty calendar years between Dad's youth and his son's—Mother's and her daughter's. But there's a 500-year somersault in manners, customs, social viewpoints, and economic conditions.

"*Honor thy father and thy mother*"—when that was written, the Mature Male—bachelor, husband, or father—was undisputed ruler of the family and tribe. Children and females might be, and were, stoned to death for disobedience . . . daughters and wives sold into slavery. All because Males were more wise or righteous? No! Simply because MALES HELD THE POCKETBOOK . . . MONOPOLIZED ALL JOBS.

And so for generations the system continued—and the hand that held the cash bag ruled the gang—

Until suddenly, males were no longer economic despots! Came the Machine Age with jobs for women . . . pay checks, also, for juveniles. So what? Nobody yet knows. But one thing is certain—

PARENTS CAN NO LONGER EXPECT HONOR MERELY BECAUSE THEY ONCE CORNERED THE CASH. PARENTS MUST QUALIFY!

Three short words—but a whole encyclopedia couldn't raise more assorted Cain! The very notion that Moms and Dads should be tested and judged as Regular People is not only monstrous but maddening to the average parent. Yet why not? Let's get down to cases—real ones.

Here's Rosa Sanguinetti. Seventeen . . . smart as they make 'em . . . pretty as they come. Oh, the boys . . . that stricken line of lovers! And can you blame them? But wait and see if it does them any good!

For the brief and crowded time while she sleeps and eats, Rosa shares a rookery with a dozen other laughing, squabbling, "second-generation" young Americans . . . the ample, bewhiskered Mama Mia who was born in Naples—and whose spirit abides there still. For the rest of the time Rosa ushers in movie magnificence, her slender loveliness decked in velvet trousers . . . her warm blood bubbling with the dreams of eternal youth.

To play . . . to flirt . . . to run free like the other girls! And so to choose a sweetheart and some day have a home of her own. An American husband, an American home! That is the American way. Well, what's wrong with that? Has she, Rosa, not gone to American schools? Has she not made American friends? Does she not hold an American job . . . and pay to the mother a share of her salary, as every dutiful daughter should? She has . . . she does . . . Then why may she not go on a party with Mabel Jones tonight?

But no! Mama Mia's eyes roll in horror . . . Mama Mia's whiskers tremble in wrath! A good daughter, a decent girl, to go alone on a party . . . A PARTY WITH BOYS! Surely every one knows that in Naples it is not done like this. A virtuous girl goes on no parties . . . sees no young men . . . until she leaves her father's house for her husband's! *No!* NO! Prayers and imprecations burst from Mama's lips. She weeps . . . she wrings her hands . . . she bursts into flame! That a daughter of Naples should come to this!

"*But*"—Rosa argues, likewise wringing and weeping—"*I am not a daughter of Naples. I am an American . . . trained to American ways . . . working in an American place. How shall I find my husband unless I find him in an American way? And what have you to say if I make my own money and share it with you?*"

So it goes. Night after night it goes so. Not in one home . . . not in one hundred nor one thousand . . . but in millions. Old blood . . . new ways . . . they do not mix. But why do they not mix? Mama Mia is not dumb . . . not blind. Mama Mia can think as well as the next one if she will. But suppose she will not. Suppose she takes a new country and rears her children in that new country, yet sets herself stubbornly against its ways . . . and demands that her children set themselves as stubbornly—

SHOULD ONE OBEY A MOTHER, RESPECT A MOTHER, WHO SETS HERSELF LIKE THAT?

Or consider young Henry. There is no alien blood in young Henry. For four generations Henry's fathers and mothers have made American homes, carried on American traditions in upstate New York. And with each generation the program has been the same. Through the summer the boys have worked in the heavy fields, the girls in the hot kitchen. With winter, a short spell of schooling—then the long grind again.

But now Henry has rebelled! He has found a job for himself—a good wage and easy hours in a big city garage. At twenty Henry is able to earn more than his father does at forty-five, to have fun and fine feathers such as his father never dreamed of possessing.

"*Why shouldn't I?*" says young Henry. "*I'll pay my share at home . . . help with the younger kids. To the devil with the old farm! Why must I drudge and go without just because you did?*"

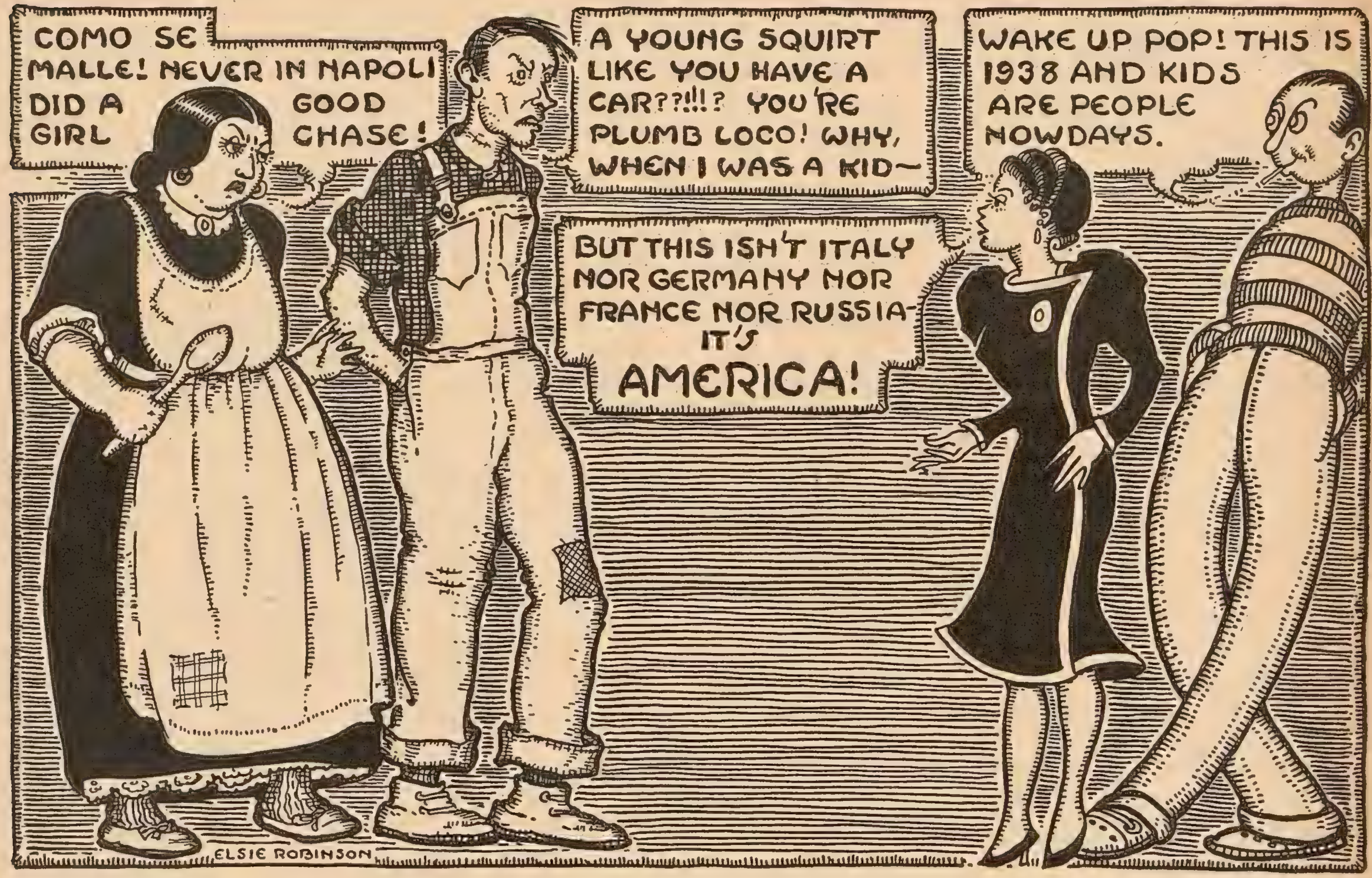
Then the war is on! What does a young squirt know about life? Why should a young pup go cavorting around the country in his own car? What was good enough for Granpaw should be good enough for him!

But it isn't good enough, say Rosa and Henry and fifty million other smart, lively, ambitious young Go-Getters. They want MORE—particularly in their Parents. . . .

More common sense and understanding . . . more kindness, co-operation, and fair play—

"WHY NOT?" comes their challenging cry. "WHY SHOULDN'T PARENTS RATE AS PEOPLE . . . BE HONORED OR BAWLED OUT AS OTHER PEOPLE ARE, ACCORDING TO THEIR RECORD?"

A tough question. A question that affronts the deeply ingrained parental ego . . . defies the traditional parent right. Yet I, who am a parent . . . who have known all that one may know of modern motherhood and paid all one may pay in joy and pride, hope and heartache . . . echo the youngsters' cry.


COMO SE MALLE! NEVER IN NAPOLI DID A GOOD GIRL CHASE!
A YOUNG SQUIRT LIKE YOU HAVE A CAR??!!!? YOU'RE PLUMB LOCO! WHY, WHEN I WAS A KID—
BUT THIS ISN'T ITALY NOR GERMANY NOR FRANCE NOR RUSSIA—IT'S AMERICA!
WAKE UP POP! THIS IS 1938 AND KIDS ARE PEOPLE NOWDAYS.
ELSIE ROBINSON

WHY SHOULDN'T YOU RATE AS REGU FOLK, MOM AND DAD . . . OR FACE CONSEQUENCES?

Why should YOU be honored regardless? What ha YOU done that deserves special consideration and exemption? Given birth? Pooh! You know, as well as I do, that was just one-of-those-things. Yet look at the act you put on . . . talking about your suffering and sacrifice! Baloney! Who do you think you're fooling?

As a matter of fact it's you who should be grateful to the child, not the child to you. Birth is the most precious privilege, the holiest adventure our selfish human nature can know. And you should pray on your weak and wobbly knees that you may prove worthy of the high calling you have assumed!

EXPECT THESE CHILDREN TO HONOR US?

Not unless we deserve it!

Why should our stupidity, our stubbornness, our selfishness, our laziness and cruelty and conceit be any more admirable than the childless man's or woman's? They aren't. They're all of a piece with common cussedness—and should be treated accordingly.

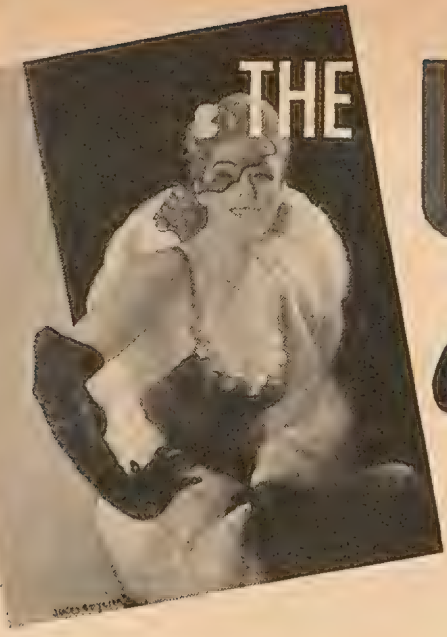
And the *real* father and mother will admit this fact. They will neither expect nor demand nor even relish special privilege. It's the phony and the weakling, the sentimentalist and the slacker who cry out for honor and consideration they have never earned.

'S matter of fact I suspect this indiscriminate honor system is one of the worst things that ever happened to human parents. It has coddled more cussedness and promoted more peskiness than any other design of the devil. Pedestals are as bad for parents as they are for other folk. What Mom 'n' Dad need, to keep them human, is an occasional honest Bawling Out.

"*Honor thy father and thy mother—*"

NOT UNLESS WE RATE IT, KID!

Miss Robinson will personally answer all letters. Address her:
Elsie Robinson, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 540,
Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y.



THE UNBREAKABLE *Mrs. Doll*

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of Modern Lady, No More Orchids, etc.

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IN the years since 1918, when, a scrawny child of eleven, she was found by Sam Doll, a fugitive from justice, the life of the beautiful Glory Doll has been a series of remarkable adventures, each one taking her nearer fame and fortune.

Five years after Sam Doll has taken her to the deserted mountain hotel which is his refuge from the California police, Jefferson Doll arrives to tell his father that it is now safe for the old man to return home. But Sam is accidentally killed before they meet.

Jeff, infatuated by the lovely sixteen-year-old Glory, takes her away with him, intending to marry her. His mother, however, disapproves and, as soon as they reach her home in California, she insults Glory so outrageously that the girl leaves. Jeff follows her, and together they ride toward Texas, where the young man is sure he will strike oil.

They lose their way on the desert, and Jeff becomes fevered and falls from his horse. Donald Frick, a wealthy Eastern engineer, finds the pair and takes them to his camp.

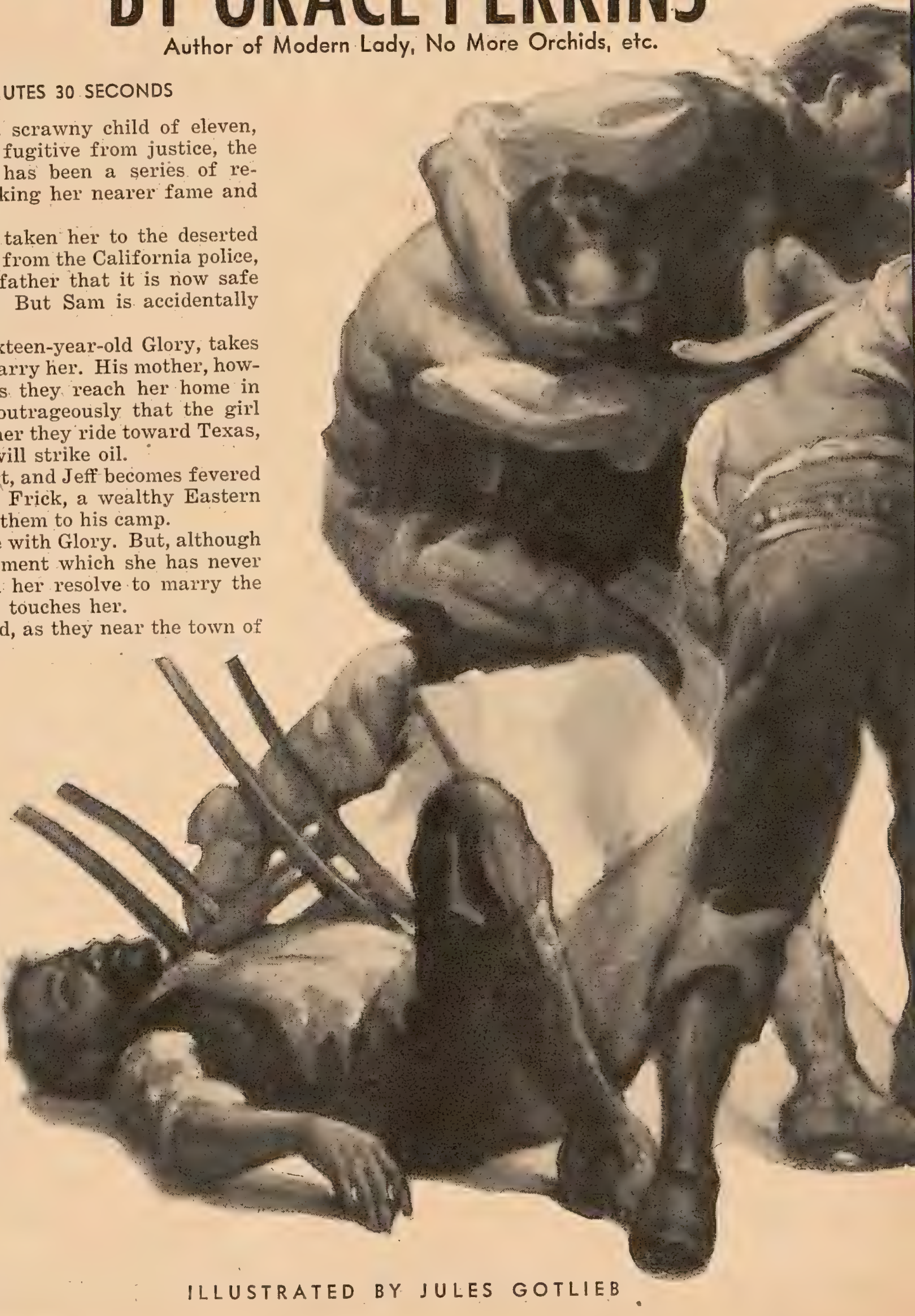
Donald immediately falls in love with Glory. But, although he rouses in her a strange excitement which she has never felt for Jeff, she remains firm in her resolve to marry the young prospector, whose devotion touches her.

The three travel on together and, as they near the town of Garfield, Glory promises Jeff that she will marry him "before we unpack the horses."

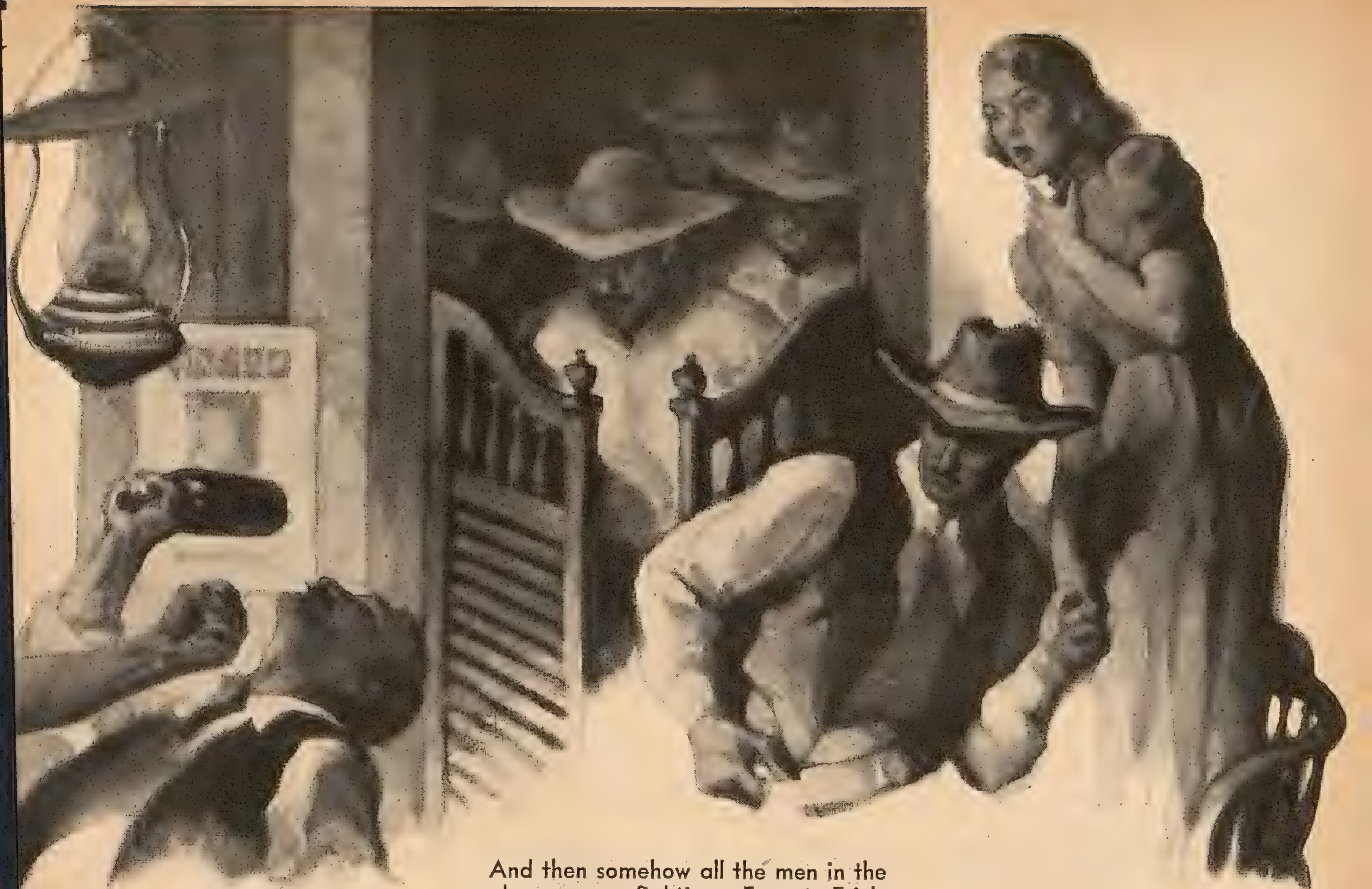
PART FOUR—A STRANGE WEDDING NIGHT

THINGS were more pleasant after that talk. Jeff in all his sweetness went out of his way to atone for his surly behavior. He and Frick had long talks about oil, and it surprised Glory that Jeff knew as much as he did. Evidently it surprised Donald, too, because he offered Jeff a job with him. But Frick's gray eyes couldn't restrain from flashing Glory a meaningful look as he offered it.

Fortunately, Jeff missed that look. Still, he would have none of Frick's job, even when a salary was mentioned that made Jeff hesitate. In that moment of hesitation he, too, sent Glory



ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB



And then somehow all the men in the place were fighting. Except Frick.

a look. She shook her head imperceptibly, and was glad when Jeff grinned with relief.

"No, thanks," he drawled. "I sure appreciate it, Frick, but I want to be on my own. I'm not out for a job. I'm out to make a fortune."

"It's a long shot, boy," Frick insisted for the fiftieth time. "About one independent in a thousand makes it."

"I'll be that one," said Jeff, and stood up. He towered over Frick in bulk and height. And he laughed a little, conscious of it. For that moment both Frick and Glory felt that Jeff was right—he would be that one in a thousand.

In every way that was conceivable Frick tried to see Glory alone the night before they were to hit Garfield. But with ruthless deliberation she spoiled every opening he made, ignored every gesture of appeal.

On the last stretch into town the next morning he rode close beside her in grim silence, his face stern. Both men were quiet, while Glory chattered interminably, her spirit of gay adventure mounting. After all, it was to be her wedding day. A girl had a right to be giddy if she chose. But it was more than that, and Glory knew it. On either side of her rode two men, and she could have her pick. Her choice of very different lives and loves. . . .

At the entrance of the tiny sun-baked town, so inconsequential with its mission, blacksmith shop, church, garage, general store, and pool parlor, and its scattered handful of houses, they parted. But, because Frick insisted with an urgency that could not be denied, they promised to meet for a farewell dinner. Frick would make all arrangements at the lunchroom on Main Street.

He put out his hand, and Glory took it with warm pressure. Her eyes spoke to his, telling him that there would be no weakening. He knew she was heading for the church to be married, and she knew he knew it, though he was gentleman enough to give no sign. His gray eyes pleaded with her now, and she thought she would feel the grip of his hand forever.

She loved the rest of that memorable day. Jeff and she got a hotel room over the pool parlor and bar, and Glory jumped up and down on the bed with joy. It was the first bed she would sleep in since Sans Souci, and somehow it made a wedding night right—a real honeymoon.

While Jeff went down to make arrangements about trading in the horses for a secondhand car with which to finish the rest of their journey to Texas, Glory put into action a plan that had been growing in her mind for days. Down in the general store she bought a dress, pawing over the dreadful green and yellow cotton-back satins with lace yokes that had obviously been designed for the immigration trade and had somehow landed out here for the Indians. But she picked out a blue trimmed with velvet ribbons. She bought some "female underwear," as she called it to the clerk, some lace stockings, and some black patent-leather slippers with beaded buckles. A bar of Jockey Club soap, a bottle of the same perfume, and her first array of make-up. Back up in her bedroom, she stripped and scrubbed herself, sudded her hair with many lathers, and brushed it dry until it gleamed.

When she was dressed she felt intoxicated with herself. A bride indeed. But it was disconcerting to see only small sections of herself at a time in the little square mirror. What little she saw delighted her, and she decided she was prettier by far than most women around. The clothes made her conscious of her body and her movements, but instead of feeling shame it was Glory's nature to revel in the display. She stared into her own eyes in the mirror.

"What a lot I've been missing, if she-clothes can do this to you," she told herself gravely. "No wonder women are different."

She could hardly wait for Jeff's return. And, yes—in

New love, new horizons in the flaming story of a turbulent beauty's career the back of her mind she was pleased that Frick would see her at dinner.

The reaction of both men was more than satisfying. Jeff's big face went soft with admiration—but he kissed her gently on both cheeks as if she were a saint. He had bought her a gold ring, the first piece of jewelry she had ever owned.

They rode alone, in the four-year-old Buick that he was "trying out," to the mission, and they were married by a priest. The bells were rung—just for them; but Glory was so entranced with the candlelit ceremony that she did not think to wonder if Frick heard them.

Afterward, in the vestibule, Jeff kissed her harshly. His eyes were glowing like lanterns.

"You're mine now!" he said in a buoyant tone. "Understand? Really mine now."

They had a happy afternoon, making the final deal on the old Buick. For hours they shopped, indulging in little luxuries now, for since they would hit towns oftener there was not the need for heavy rations.

At dusk they went to the lunchroom and found Frick waiting. Then Glory got her second reaction, and was so heady with Frick's obvious admiration that her senses reeled. She queened it at the little table in the corner which Frick had prepared, and was somewhat indiscreet in her happiness.

"Be careful of the beer here," Frick warned her. "They spike it with alcohol to tone it up."

"Yes, you've had enough toasts, Glory," Jeff decided, and lifted her glass authoritatively to the other end of the table.

OH, one more," Frick decided perversely. "To the fortune you're going to make. My farewell present to you, Jeff, is an oil map of Texas. I wrote in a lot of tips for you, boy." He raised his glass and tossed a heavy folded paper on the table. "To your fortune. Here, Glory, you can sip out of my glass."

Jeff's fist came down on the table with a sudden thump. "Don't do that!" he ordered.

"Say!" Glory looked at him wide-eyed. "Maybe you've had enough of that beer yourself. I'll take a sip out of both your glasses. A farewell is a farewell."

She had lifted Jeff's glass defiantly as she spoke, careful to smile, but her eyes warned him she wanted no trouble. She sipped with slow deliberation and turned to Frick. He held his glass for her while she dipped her mouth to it.

"Hey, sis!" A voice at the table behind them, boisterously thick, cut in. "Take a swig out of *my* mug."

That started it. The rest was too sudden and too furious to clearly grasp. But the total was that Jeff had let swing, and then somehow all the men in the place were fighting. Except Frick. When he first turned to her and took her arm, it flashed into Glory's mind that perhaps he had planned the whole incident—the set-up to provoke Jeff into a brawl. But his face was so genuinely concerned that she dismissed the thought as absurd.

"You'd better get out of here," he snapped. "Quick!"

"No!" She shrank into a corner.

Then the door swung open and the sheriff strode in. And the fighting stopped as swiftly as it had started. She saw then that Jeff was hurt and stunned. There was a gash across his forehead. But she knew that if it hadn't been for his recent illness in the desert he could have licked all of them to a frazzle. She realized, when he gave her one long dazed look, that she had brought all this on. If she had obeyed her man in the first place there wouldn't have been any trouble.

She tried to explain this to the sheriff, who picked on Jeff and the foot-loose cowboy at the next table, who had offered her a drink, as the ones to lock up.

"I think, sheriff, it was the beer," Frick cut in. "He's not used to that kind of stuff and it hits most people hard."

"Oh, he spiked it?" the sheriff echoed, as if that settled everything. "Well, he can just sleep it off in jail, that's what."

"But he . . ." Glory began. A touch from Frick stopped her, puzzled.

"Sorry, madam. You can get him in the morning."

Glory sank back on the rickety wooden chair where only a few minutes before she had been enjoying a happy wedding supper. Stunned, she watched them being yanked along by the sheriff—the tipsy cowboy and her Jeff. But she felt too balked to fight or protest further. Because it was the law. That vile law that she hated and feared.

Frick sat beside her as the lunchroom quieted down. He poured her a cup of coffee and began to speak with coaxing comfort. But she didn't hear him. She shook her head impatiently and stood up.

"I'm going to my room," she said. "I don't want anything more."

He laid a bill on the table and went out with her. They walked along the main street in silence.

"I'll see you upstairs," he said quietly just before they entered the place. "Sometimes they're apt to bother a woman alone."

"It's these damn clothes," she said. "They never get fresh with me in a shirt and pants."

He got her key for her and they climbed the wooden stairs together. But when he had unlocked and opened her door, lighting the light for her, he paused.

"I'd like to talk to you about something, Glory."

"No."

But he closed the door and faced her.

"Listen," Glory said softly. "I have a temper, and I warn you I'm not fooling. I have my suspicions about tonight, if you want to know."

He looked aggrieved. "Rot! You might as well be prepared for fights in these men's towns."

"Yes. Only this one went further than you thought, didn't it? You didn't think Jeff could put up a battle like that, did you?"

"Your imagination is running away with you."

"So is my temper. Now get out!"

"Glory!"

She reached to the table and picked up her revolver.

"I said get out," she repeated. "I'll give you three."

"Glory darling—listen to me. I'm mad about you. I'll do anything for you. Glory, you want me, too. You know it. I'm your kind of man."

He paused because her lips had twitched.

"One—two—three!" she said.

And, without a tremor, she winged him.

FRICK leaned heavily against the wall, one hand holding the wound, his teeth clamped on his lower lip to stifle outcry. His gray eyes fixed on her in disbelief.

Calmly, Glory laid the revolver back on the table.

"Just want you to get it clear that I mean what I say," she told him crisply.

Then she made a gesture toward the accumulating noise of those who had heard the shot below and were running up the stairs to see what had happened.

"Shall I tell them the truth?" she demanded, "or do you want to whitewash yourself?"

His nod was terse as he made his way to the washbasin. The door was violently knocked and voices called.

"You might be helping me," he managed, and she admired his brisk tone and quick action.

She flung open the door and, with the briefest glance at the proprietor and the other curiosity seekers, she darted to Frick and set about bathing his wound.

With adroit teamwork they handled the intruders. Frick had been loading her gun for her and the fool thing went off. Whatever doubt or suspicion was roused their evident friendliness and candor dissipated. And their own eyes, meeting in triumph at their play-acting, surmounted the strain between them and roused again their attraction for each other.

So that when, his wound bound, Frick was to take his leave with the others, their hands clung in the good-night clasp and their looks said what they both so fervently felt: there was no use denying and little use fighting the fever that each awakened in the other.

Left alone finally, Glory paced up and down her crude little room in a storm of thoughts. This was a hell of a wedding night. Not only was she husbandless, but she was shaken by an increased yearning for another man's caresses. God knew, she had fought it; had striven to end it forever. You couldn't ask a girl to do more than shoot a guy that trespassed. Then why should she be tortured with desire? What was it that made sex so all-fired wrong, anyway? It was a need. When you felt the gnaw of hunger, it wasn't sinful to eat. The body had other cravings, evidently, and who first decided when they were normal and when depraved?

In her pacing she stopped short, her glance caught by a familiar hotel Bible on the lower shelf of the bed table. She stared at it, breathing more quietly, remembering the tones of Sam's voice intoning passages, teaching her to read the good words. She stood spellbound, recalling the clean wind of the Colorado mountains and the years of splendid freedom at the Sans Souci.

At midnight, when Jeff knocked at her door, she was seated by the window, dressed in her familiar shirt and breeches, reading the Bible. And her eyes, looking up to greet him, were possessed.

"How did you get out so soon?"

Jeff smiled shyly. "Oh, there are ways of fixing things. Didn't suppose I was going to be away from you tonight of all nights, did you?"

She went over and kissed him fiercely, locking her hands behind his head.

"Don't tell me you bribed them?"

"Oh, come, now," Jeff grinned at her. "You're an awful one for getting right down to things. I just paid a big fine, is all. And you and me are about broke."

"Broke? We got a car. We got a thermos bottle, even. We got supplies and new duds. We got a fine map of Texas. Jeff—let's get going."

"You mean—now?"

"I mean right now! Please—husband."

"It's from Tiger McCarthy—he always telegraphs his punches."

Within two hours they were on the highway; for Glory had decided, as so many frail humans before her, that the best way to handle temptation was to run away from it. With every mile put between herself and Donald Frick her spirit of adventure mounted. Nor did the spell grow drab with time or distance. She was delighting in her marriage, and her love for Jeff grew firm and mighty. There were so many adventures and lessons together, through Arizona, New Mexico, and finally Texas. Jeff worked wherever work was to be found, and Glory earned, too. In a town for one week, her flapjacks and beef stew, her fresh bread and flaky pies would become famous. But as soon as they had money enough, the Dolls would move onward—to their goal.

Jeff picked the mushroom oil town of Ceres to try his luck, and when they first rode in, their silence was almost reverential. Glory stepped out and looked around. She stood on the planked sidewalk while men jostled by and Jeff found a place to park the car in the crowd of horses, wagons, autos, and trucks that lined the muddy street. Half a dozen well constructed and darkly weathered buildings marked the original village and stood like monuments among the jerry-built stores, hotels, and saloons that lined the street.

Glory plunged her hands in her pockets and sighed with pleasure. This was what she had been seeking. It was Tudersac brought up to date. No place else in the oil fields had they found it, for the wells were drumming when they arrived. But here it was new—the great Ceres field had just come in.

Standing there alone, men were instantly aware of her. The crowd eddied and swirled more slowly around her. There probably weren't a dozen women in the town, and none that looked like Glory. She was aware of attention, and took it, chin up. Until some one called her name, with a hoarse cry of delight:

"Gloree! Gloree!"

A mud-brown hand grasped hers and shook it like a pump. And she stared into an affectionate familiar face that was bound up with the old dear days in Colorado.

"Jeff," she gurgled delightedly as her husband joined her. "This makes the town complete. Look—an old friend. Joe Lopez, a Mexican. He once taught me to make enchiladas back in Tudersac, and he and Sam used to hunt together. Joe, this is Sam's son, and he and I are married."

The little Mexican reached up on tiptoes and kissed Jeff on both cheeks, voluble in a rush of blessings and welcome. Then he guided them to the bar and ordered drinks all around.

Within an hour Joe Lopez had introduced them to most of the town and had advertised Glory's cooking far and wide. And within a month Glory had made good his boast—and was feeding most of Ceres.

A house was almost impossible to find—the town was so crowded that men were sleeping on billiard tables and in packing cases—but in the hardware store was a gasoline stove with a big oven. They bought the stove and, at Glory's direction, built a house around it. It was little more than a shed, with a partition to indicate two big rooms, and wide glassless windows through which the Texas sunshine streamed. Owls, bats, and insects also streamed through until Glory covered the windows with green netting of a peculiarly bilious shade—but all that the town yielded.

Then they had a housewarming that tested the shack's foundations. There were barrels of beer and huge steaming pots of Glory's Brunswick stew. Phil Grady, proprietor of the Lone Star Bar, loaned mugs and plates, and sent his Mexican boy to clean up after the last guests had gone.

The dawn was breaking when Glory and Jeff were left to themselves.

"It's our first home, honey," he said with soft happiness. "It sure ain't much, but gee, it's grand to have a home with you."

She nodded blissfully and nuzzled her face in the familiar hollow of his shoulder. His arms folded her close.

"I'll build you a home like Sans Souci," he promised doggedly. "With a marble staircase. You watch!"

She smiled indulgently. And watched. All through the hard winter and the welcome spring, and all through the deadly summer. The weather in that treeless section of Texas was a formidable enemy; treacherous even in calm sulky moods, and given to sudden furies—violent storms. Jeff worked on shares with a wildcat crew; worked day and night kicking in a well with old outmoded machinery. The rig was set up on a farm leased by Tommy Mason, the only one of the group who had any money. But the farm had been spotted by Jeff.

"It's there, Glory," he told her, on a quick trip home to their shack, hollow-eyed, unshaven, but eager.

"Has it ever been proven?"

"Don't need nobody to prove it to me," he insisted doggedly. "Rock, then sand . . . it always runs that way. One of the big companies proved up the next farm and turned it down. But you know how it is with oil—two feet off the line and you're away from the lake."

Fondly she watched him tramp off again. Nothing could stop him, the big gentle giant, lumbering on against the world. Or could it? She feared for him often, seeing other men broken with the hazards—the strain—the stories she heard of accidents, explosions, fires. Mixing a batter of beaten biscuit, Glory sat on the edge of the rough table, her foot balanced on a stool, the mixing bowl curved against her knee.

The cabin, as usual, was in complete disorder. Only the top of the stove was clear, except for a coffeepot, but Glory was serenely unconscious of it. She had made a place for herself here. She cooked for a sizable number and earned enough to keep herself and Jeff going. It was understood that Glory would not wash, scrub, sweep, or clean up; the men did that as they came and went.

Now, after a year of marriage and making a life together, Jeff was no longer jealous. Because if money could have bought Glory, Jeff would have lost her the first month, and he knew it. She was his with a loyal devotion that he had ceased to doubt. Even a forty-hour poker game seemed to cause no lessening of Glory's abundant affection for him, and what man would ask for greater proof? What Jeff did not realize was that since the day she had run away from Frick, Glory had felt no stir of temptation. She laughed indulgently when the men in Ceres talked about buying her finery or grew maudlinly sentimental. But when the engineers got together and talked about the country, the wells, and the deals, she listened and repeated it all to Jeff.

SHE was lonely in a crowded life. The singing fests around her little shack were famous, and Jeff had bought her a banjo which Glory delighted in. During a day as many as fifty to sixty men would drift in and out for eats, stopping to do needed chores for her, and in the evenings the group came and went as it chose. But she was oddly lonely and her only refuge was reading. She read her Bible, the few other books in town, and anything that came to hand, from old newspapers to catalogues. And once she read an item that told of Donald Frick sailing for Russia. . . .

She realized that she was neither happy nor unhappy, but rather content. And she wondered what were Jeff's chances of bringing in the fortune he so craved. Frick had said one in a thousand. . . . The best leases had been taken up by the big oil companies in the first few months. Now it was all left to luck.

She had seen big powerful cars come, with well dressed, clean-cut men who reminded her of Frick. Engineers. Bankers. Big oil men. And in one of those cars, some day, Frick himself would come. She knew it. He had said he had clients who had holdings in every big strike in ten years. They would have holdings here, too.

She wondered how it would feel to see him. Knowing perfectly well. Knowing that she both yearned and dreaded to see him, and that the thought of him grew the more she tried to stamp it out.

"Oh, dear good God," she murmured in frequent prayer, "if and when he ever comes, let me be terribly pregnant. Just knowing I was to have a child would keep me good."

She wanted a child, anyway—more than she wanted anything. Of the eleven other women in Ceres, three were over fifty and the other eight all had children. Loads of children. And Glory, in all her beauty and all her popularity, felt horribly set apart. In spite of her reputation for being decently faithful to her husband, the women regarded her coldly. Her popularity irked them; her fresh buoyancy, in the face of the amount of work she did, and all the privations of their primitive surroundings were a kind of rebuke to them. Their husbands, finding Glory strong and gay, ready to laugh and sing, wondered why their wives were tired and spiritless. Unfortunately, they often wondered out loud—which hardly endeared her to the womenfolk concerned. They accepted gratefully Glory's wistful gifts of pies and doughnuts, but they rarely came to her singing bouts, and routine woman gossip froze up when she was around.

A shadow fell across the floor at Glory's feet and she looked up quickly. Joe Lopez was standing in her doorway, his white teeth dazzling in a broad smile.

"Joe, I don't know which is noisier, you or your shadow."

"I would not disturb the pensive mood, Gloree. If you had not look up I would go away."

"That wasn't pensiveness. It was gas."

He laughed delightedly.

"There's some gingerbread on the shelf, Joe. In the tin box." She grinned.

"Joe did not come alone for food," he announced, as he rummaged for the cake and with old practice poured himself some hot coffee. "I bring you a gift."

From his shirt pocket he took a small package which he tossed to her. Glory caught it in the air.

"It jingles," she said, and eagerly opened it. Then caught her breath as she lifted up an old gold chain on which was a cross set with rubies and emeralds.

"What's the idea?" She frowned over at Joe.

"I get him in card game last night," he explained breathlessly. "From a Mexican. I am sure he has stole him. You can see he is very valuable."

"But I don't—I can't wear things like that." She held it up broodingly so that the jewels cast flecks of green and red light in the sun. "Wouldn't it look swell over a corduroy shirt?"

"You will not always wear the corduroy shirt," Joe said slowly, a look of solemn adoration in his dark eyes. "Some day when Gloree is dress like a great lady you will wear this. And you will say, 'Look this fine cross—he was give to me by old Joe Lopez for taking care of his money for him.' See?"

"So! A gift, huh? Which I'm to earn, huh? Back at me being banker around here. No, sir, I won't."

"Oh, but you must, Gloree. You do it for Tim Hunter."

"Sure—his good right arm is broken. I've got more than five hundred dollars of his cached right here. But, believe me, it's a worry. And as soon as he gets better I'll turn it back to him. Only last night I refused Lucas O'Keefe. He brought me his winnings, and I wouldn't take 'em. Not by a damn sight! And don't look at me so pleadingly. Why, gee—what if the mice got it?"

"If we carry it, the rats will get it."

H'M-M-M. Listen, Joe. I'm alone most of the time, with Jeff out drilling. What if I got robbed?"

"You?" Joe got to his feet, his dark eyes fired. "No one would rob Gloree."

"Yeah? What makes you think so?"

"No one would dare! He could not do it and live. In my countree, there is one place where every man he is safe. He can find sanctuary in church. This house is sanctuary in Ceres, and everybody knows it."

Glory blinked rapidly, struggling against the sudden lump in her throat.

"I guess that fixes it," she said huskily. "Hand over your dough. And scratch down the amount on the back of that door."

She lifted the jeweled cross and slowly put it over her head. She sat very straight, gazing down at its magnificence. But, before Joe had turned, she had slipped it under the collar so that it lay hidden next to her skin.

Despite Joe's faith, she slept that night with a gun—and was careful in the next few days to show the men, all in fun, her marksmanship. But, as more and more men brought her their accumulated savings and winnings, she grew supremely confident. It was fun, dealing out to them how much they could waste on a fling; and it added comfortably to her income to charge them a percentage for her care.

When Jeff stumbled in a few nights later, she tried to tell about it, but he was not in a listening mood. The boy was in an advanced state of exhaustion, and sat stolidly silent, or ate and washed automatically like a robot. His skin was deeply dirt-grimed, and his fine blue eyes were bloodshot and hazed.

"We're down five hun'erd feet," he told her heavily. "The bit we have—kick and spring—won't never do better than six hun'erd."

" No sign? " she murmured, buttering him a hot muffin.

He shook his head, and after a long silence managed:

" If it's deeper than that, we're all sunk. The next few days will tell. . . . And they're doing it on my say-so. My say-so! "

She knew that was what tormented him. And she knew better than to try to comfort him. She sat on the plank floor and put her head against his knees. His big hand rested heavily on her hair, and after a while he caressed it with bearlike strokes. Presently his fingers fell motionless against her shoulder, and she knew he slept.

It wasn't the first time she got him into bed. Many times she had managed it after his long sessions of drinking and poker playing. But this was the first time he had caved in of sheer fatigue, and it half frightened her. Strength and Jeff seemed synonymous. They must have worked like men half insane.

He slept twenty-eight hours solid, and Glory kept her boarders quiet the whole time through. She had promised the men to make enough sauerkraut to last them an entire season, and had directed six of them to dig her a trench. Sam had once taught her how to pack the cabbage in small barrels and bury them to age the sauerkraut and give it a rich full flavor. And, all the day that Jeff slept, men worked with spades and pickaxes behind the Doll shack. And they worked in silence—in tribute to Glory, who was taking care of her man.

Jeff was angry when he woke. Furious at having lost so much time while the others were driving on. Fearful that they might have struck without him. And refusing to take time to eat, he lumbered off in a rage. Glory watched his shabby car rumble off into the golden September sunset, and prayed.

She thought: He's a little crazed. When I see him again he will either have struck oil, or he'll be a very sick man.

Three endless days and nights she waited, and then Tim Hunter drifted over with the rumor that Jeff's well had struck. Her reaction was more of relief than excitement, and she prepared for Jeff's home-coming with breathless anticipation. But more days and nights went by without him, and she ceased to believe. It was a false alarm. One of those mushroom rumors. Or maybe the well had just been a surface hole. That would damn near kill Jeff. Or maybe, even worse, he was hurt or sick!

Then, one night just as she was getting dinner, he came. She could hear the sounds of his arrival a long way off.

Has Jeff at last struck the riches he has dreamed of for Glory? There is gripping drama in next week's installment—and stark tragedy, too, as fickle Fortune smiles, then turns away her head. Don't miss it!

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT A HORSESHOE PITCHING CONTEST
I'M GLAD WE GOT AUNT HATTIE'S LETTER ABOUT COUSIN ED, THIS MORNING
YES, I WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS SEEING HIM IN THE HORSESHOE PITCHING CONTEST
HELLO ROB AND CHUBBINS—I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU. ROB, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO GET IN THE CONTEST
NO THANKS, ED, I'LL HAVE MORE FUN WATCHING YOU EXPERTS
A PLAYER PITCHES TWO SHOES IN EACH INNING. IT'S NOT UNUSUAL FOR ALL FOUR SHOES TO BE RINGERS. QUITE A CONTRAST TO OUR GAME, EH CHUBBINS?
HOW LEADING EXPERTS GRIP THE SHOES IN TOURNAMENT PITCHING
LOOK, CHUBBINS, ED GOT TWO MORE RINGERS. THAT MAKES A TIE. NOW, LET'S SEE WHO BREAKS IT
THEY'RE MEASURING THAT LAST PITCH. IT'S CLOSE—YES—ED WINS BY A FRACTION OF AN INCH!
CONGRATULATIONS, ED. THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE PRIZE YOU WON
IT'S THE FIRST PRIZE I'VE GOTTEN SINCE I WON THIS PIPE BACK HOME, REMEMBER ROB?
INDEED I DO. AND I RECALL HOW HAPPY YOU LOOKED WHEN YOU FIRST SMOKED PRINCE ALBERT IN IT
YES, ROB, AND THAT FIRST PIPEFUL CERTAINLY OPENED MY EYES TO THE REAL PLEASURE IN PIPE SMOKING
PRINCE ALBERT

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THEY'RE ALL MEMBERS OF THE

PIPE-JOY CLUB

I THINK I'M ENTITLED TO A LITTLE FUN OUT OF LIFE, SO I TREAT MYSELF TO EXTRA-MILD SMOKING—NO-BITE PRINCE ALBERT
I CAN PICK AND CHOOSE AMONG TOBACCOS, BUT IT'S PRINCE ALBERT FOR ME. THE CRIMP CUT ASSURES EASY DRAWING, AND MELLOW SMOKING!
THERE'S A LOT OF COMFORT IN A PIPEFUL OF GOOD, RICH-TASTIN' PRINCE ALBERT. P.A. SURE IS A BARGAIN AT THE PRICE
CLERK
BROKER
MECHANIC

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
SO MILD

Emil Ludwig's Life of ROOSEVELT

A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER

by the author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Cleopatra, etc.

HAVING brought his subject's life story down to March 4, 1933, Mr. Ludwig last week set the stage for his study of Roosevelt as President by means of his own impressions, frankly a European visitor's, of Washington as a whole, the Supreme Court in its new building, Congress in session, and the White House under the New Deal regime. He contrasted the incoming President with his predecessor, Hoover, characterized the time of the inauguration as a "frightful moment" of the depression, and pronounced Roosevelt's inaugural address a masterpiece.

PART NINE—"IN THE MIDST OF A STRICKEN WORLD"

IN a sense the mood of the hour was as favorable as possible for a revolution. Yet he did not come as dictator, but as the opposite. The oath had just been administered to him by the Chief Justice; the old Bible, the one which the first Roosevelt had brought with him three hundred years ago, lay open before the people; and the man who had assumed power in this moment of danger came without troops and without a party guard, and every thousand dollars which he needed he still must ask of the guardians of democracy assembled about him.

If, seen from the outside, conditions were so favorable for him, seen from within they were just as difficult. The dense ranks of soldiers who were standing there to protect him after the last attempt on his life expressed symbolically the fact that a mighty section of the nation looked upon his inauguration resentfully. What the whole nation, listening on the radio, expected was so much that only a man who knew profoundly both the soul of the people and the language could hope, in the course of fifteen minutes, to encourage the faltering, to intimidate the proud, and thus to awaken that mixture of fear and hope which alone makes possible in hours of high crisis the establishing of an individual authority.

He begins with words of reassurance: "This is pre-eminently the time to speak the whole truth, frankly and boldly. . . . The only thing we have to fear is fear itself. . . . In such a spirit on my part and on yours we face our common difficulties. They concern, thank God, only material things. . . . Yet our distress comes from no failure of substance. We are stricken by no plague of locusts. Compared with the perils which our forefathers conquered . . . we have still much to be thankful for."

Then, after five minutes, he passes to the attack. Now one hears how, the old administration no longer being here, the resentment of years breaks through in metallic sentences, directed against the man just behind him who is fighting down behind close-locked features everything that provokes him to contradiction, but directed also against half a dozen predecessors and tens of thousands of the mightiest in the land. For a new leader stands here at the balustrade, and under the free heavens he asks how all this has come to pass and himself gives the answer:

"Primarily . . . because the rulers of the exchange of mankind's goods have failed through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence, have admitted their failure and abdicated. Practices of the unscrupulous money-changers stand indicted in the court of public opinion, rejected by the hearts and minds of men. . . . They only know the rules of a generation of self-seekers. They have no vision, and when there is no vision the people perish. The money-changers have fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization. We may now restore that temple to the ancient truths."

Did the new President, in '33, seek to be a dictator? A great biography examines a still-debated problem

Now he changes his tone and sounds the motives of his own life: "Happiness lies not in the mere possession of money; it lies in the joy of achievement, in the thrill of creative effort. The joy and moral stimulation of work no longer must be forgotten in the mad chase of evanescent profits. Recognition of the falsity of material wealth as the standard of success goes hand in hand with the abandonment of the false belief that public office and high political achievement are to be valued only by the standards of pride and place and personal profit."

Here he swerves his horses over to the middle path and seems to hold them down to a smoother pace, for he continues: "Restoration calls, however, not for changes in ethics alone. This nation calls for action, and action now. . . . This is no unsolvable problem if we face it wisely and courageously . . . treating the task as we would treat the emergency of a war, but at the same time through this employment accomplishing greatly needed projects to stimulate and reorganize the use of our natural resources."

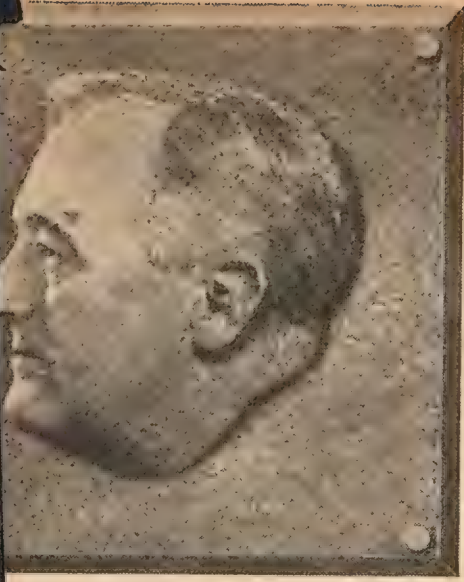
Then follow the key phrases of his long familiar proposals: millions to be returned to the land, the farmers to be helped in a big way, the costs of administration to be brought down, all emergency funds to be consolidated—but above all the formulation of a great plan for the economic life of the state.

Only now, after he has prepared the spirits of his hearers by appeals to deep emotion and to clear logic, does he build up the effects of reassurance and threat, of attacks and proposals, into the real attack: "We require two safeguards against a return of the evils of the old

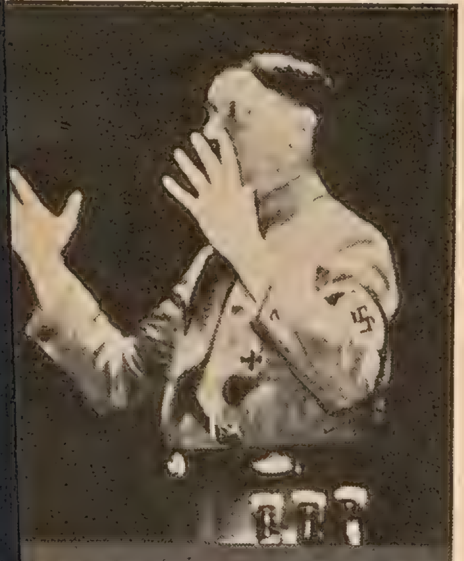
"Roosevelt, addressing th
country, says 'You and I.'

"Roosevelt rides in an op
car in city and in countr

"Roosevelt surrounds him
in his cabinet with frienc



How Roosevelt Faced a Nation's Fear



litler always says 'I' and speeches are unreadable."

ler rides with soldiers veen him and the public."

r's party consists of turers almost wholly."

order: there must be a strict supervision of all banking and credits and investments; there must be an end to speculation with other people's money." To perceive this sortie as the revolution which it was, it is not enough to know the history of this country for the last thirty years, one must above all know the mood of the gambler American during those last five years.

Now he turns to world politics and, without naming names, launches himself resolutely against the new theory and practice of force:

"In the field of world policy I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the good neighbor—the neighbor who resolutely respects himself and, because he does so, respects the rights of others—the neighbor who respects his obligations and respects the sanctity of his agreements in and with a world of neighbors." Everything that Hitler is simultaneously proclaiming, the nation before everything else, and the economy of autarchy, is rejected in these sentences.

After this passage, foreign as it is to the millions of his listeners—for international politics is discovered by the people only with war, when it is too late—Roosevelt turns again to their emotions and declares that in this time of need they must feel as though it were wartime: "With this pledge taken, I assume unhesitatingly the leadership of this great army of our people, dedicated to a disciplined attack upon our common problems. Action in this image and to this end is feasible under the form of government which we have inherited from our ancestors. Our Constitution is so simple and practical that it is possible always to meet extraordinary needs by changes in emphasis and arrangement without loss of essential form."

With this, and with one of those usual superlatives without which you can't do anything in America, he has prepared his listeners. Confidence they now have, but still they hesitate, and want to know what methods this new man proposes. Now he has come to the point, now he looses the well filed, long prepared arrow right at the assembled representatives of the people:

"But it may be that an unprecedented demand for undelayed action may call for temporary departure from that normal balance of public procedure. I am prepared under my constitutional duty to recommend the measures that a stricken nation in the midst of a stricken world may require. These measures, or such other measures as the Congress may build out of its experience and wisdom, I shall seek, within my constitutional authority, to bring to speedy adoption. But in the event that the Congress shall fail to take one of these two courses, and in the event that the national emergency is still critical, I shall not evade the clear course of duty that will then confront me. I shall ask the Congress for the one remaining instrument to meet the crisis—broad executive power that would be given to me if we were in fact invaded by a foreign foe. For the trust reposed in me I will return the courage and devotion that befit the time. I can do no less."

This is a clear call for dictatorial power which is to be entrusted to him by constitutional methods. After this dangerous leap he hastens once more to smile:

"We do not distrust the future of essential democracy. The people of the United States have not failed. In their need they have registered a mandate that they want direct, vigorous action. They have asked for discipline and direction under leadership. They have made me the present instrument of their wishes. In the spirit of the gift I take it. In this dedication of a nation we humbly ask the blessing of God. May He protect each and every one of us! May He guide me in the days to come!"

It was amidst cold, wintry weather that these words were read forth, and the man who had once been a seaman, and who now had to fear relapses resulting from colds, stood there bareheaded, leaning on the Bible which the wind fluttered, thus presenting to them all, who knew his physical condition, an example of the helmsman who is not afraid of the storm. The millions throughout the country all knew how hard it had been for him to stand erect again, and how wind and rain had roared round the Capitol's great dome as he spoke; but they heard the note of confidence, a resolute earnest note, more brotherly than paternal and not at all authoritarian.

WHEN A NATION WATCHED ITS NEW PILOT STAND UP TO A STORM

Was ever dictatorship sought in this fashion? Had not all those listeners who read newspapers marked the high-pitched note on which, only the day before, the German adventurers had gone murdering and raging through the land, making revolution in quite another fashion? Could the difference escape any listener?

When, afterwards, it came time for the new President to stand while the troops marched past, he refused all

Why
DO XXX'S
SIGNIFY KISSES?

● When people could not write, they used to "make a cross"—and often kissed it as a sign of good faith. Hence the cross (on paper) came to represent a kiss.*

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suggestions to cut the parade short and did not leave his place for three hours. Then he rode to the White House and received thirteen paralyzed children from Warm Springs.

During the swearing in and the speech, during the parade, the rain, and the receptions, one man sat alone and apart in a well warmed room in the White House, smoked his cigarette and smiled. It was Louis Howe, who was feeling like a kingmaker and who in fact was something not far from it. He continued to live in the house, was the great confidant, and retained his devoted nature, remaining formally the secretary instead of becoming a cabinet member, because he cared more for confidence and for influence than for titles. But as they began to call him the Secret High Inquisitor, he had cards printed reading: "Colonel Louis Rasputin Voltaire Talleyrand Simon Legree Howe."

Still, his influence does seem to have diminished. Perhaps he had exhausted his powers when he saw his protégé at the goal. The latter began, the former ceased. At all events, when he died two years later, Roosevelt lost one of the last confidants who still called him Frank.

IN the early days of March, 1933, Washington was like some old-world capital centuries ago, when a young absolutist king had ascended the throne and was toppling over everything his father had built up or preserved. The opportunity had been created for the reconstruction of the national economy, and like every other reformer Roosevelt found in the condition of emergency his long-sought opportunity to deliver some telling blows.

"I would never have had a chance to deliver them under prosperity," he said to me, and compared the situation in March, 1933, with a state of war. The United States was besieged, blockaded; there had to be swift action.

He acted alone at first, for the first decisive measures were taken before the cabinet had really begun its activities. The measures were prepared, but circumstances—so he himself informed me—drove him further than he had at first planned; one measure led to the need for a second —"and I am still thinking of continuing quite a distance on this road."

What confronted him was literally a condition of collapse. For three years many taxes had no longer yielded anything, while expenditures had continued to rise, and still the government had shown no energy. A continuation of this condition would have meant receiverships for many of the railroads. Such was the situation on the retirement of Hoover, the man who had promised every citizen not only two chickens in his pot but two cars in his garage. To take direct measures against the collapse in a very few days was Roosevelt's first task. Never had an American President taken office in such dramatic circumstances. Naturally he had declined during the winter months of 1933 to work with Hoover; nobody could have expected him to append his signature to the failures of the other party.

The situation was admirably suited to his fighting spirit, and the element of the dramatic only served to increase his ardor. For the only characteristic which Roosevelt seems to me to have in common with dictators is this predilection for these pointed situations. New threats rose against the country not daily but hourly, as from a forest fire; and this at a moment when the old fire brigade retired and the new fire brigade did not even know where the hose pipes were.

When the new President returned from his inauguration to the White House he was confronted with the information that the banks in Delaware had closed—among them even the Federal Reserve Bank. For two days the Secretary of the Treasury conducted negotiations to discover whether he could close the banks for reasons of state and thus prevent a condition of chaos on the following Monday. Most of the governors, among them many opponents of Roosevelt, were assembled in Washington, and they gave their approval to the actions of the President. Thus in three days more was done toward centralization than in preceding years. While he extinguished the fire Roosevelt was thinking what a new, beautiful, and quite different forest he would at last be able to plant in this place.

He calls Congress into a special session which is delayed only for three days to give the representatives from the West time to reach the capital. Congress gives him the power to reopen the banks at his discretion and to establish a state supervision: again a grant of such powers as no President has ever obtained before except in time of war.

BANKS, BUDGET, BEER—WHAT NEXT?

The speed with which things are now moving keeps the nation in a state of excitement. The country reads that the new emergency bank law has been worked out in twelve different versions, and that the final one was adopted only half an hour before it was presented to Congress. There is no time to have it printed, but Congress adopted it in thirty-five minutes. Where committees formerly had to sit for months, important laws are during the next few weeks adopted in a few hours. The wife of the President is among the auditors on the tribune, and she holds a press conference of her own.

All these things were without precedent. The poor, constituting 80 per cent of the population, felt that at last the highest place in the land was occupied by their own attorney, and the rich had been so terrified by the thought of a revolution filled with murder and expropriation that they looked on this bloodless revolution as their salvation. Besides, such is the secret passion of even the conservative American for every sort of sensational novelty that he gets a thrill out of the most disastrous headlines in the newspapers. If a disaster is only big enough, it is greeted as a record in its field, and those who in March, 1933, regarded the new government as nothing short of a disaster—that is to say, the rich—were at first dazzled by the fireworks.

Yes, things were happening in Washington, things that stirred the whole country into a joyous excitement. What is he going to do tomorrow? On March 10 he asks Congress for discretionary power to balance the budget; an hour later, for the power to reduce payments to the veterans and salaries of federal officials. On the 11th he demands the passage of a law for the saving of five hundred million dollars. On the 12th he picks up the radio and speaks direct to the people on the reopening of the banks. The man's voice and the measures he adopts have the same liberating effect on the masses. What will he do next?

The next day he addresses to Congress a message which is only seventy-two words in length—unprecedented! He has the trick of keeping the imagination of the people alert. And the day after? On the 14th 3.2-percent beer is made legal. The Senate stirs, wants to show that it is still there, and accepts the law—with an "amendment." What is the substance of the amendment? The alcoholic content shall be limited to 3.05 per cent, and not 3.2 per cent! But the House of Representatives rejects the 3.05 again!

In those same first few days enactments followed one another for farm and unemployment relief. Congress must stay in session until the whole social program had been carried out. And all this after a period of complete immobility in the White House, a period during which President Hoover had not undertaken a single step, wanting to leave the responsibility entirely with his successor.

Already today he is making use of those warnings which the conservative always throws out at the liberal when the latter is surrounded by the dust and fury of the battle.

HOW TO TELL A NEW DEALER FROM A BROWN-SHIRTED DICTATOR

How completely war-emergency powers differ from dictatorship can best be realized by comparing with Roosevelt's course of action that which was taken by Hitler, who came to power at almost the identical moment; appointed Chancellor January 30, 1933, he assumed the complete dictatorship on March 5 of that year.

Hitler was therefore taking his first decisive steps in about the four same months when Roosevelt was effecting the transformation of America. Both entered office presumably to govern democratically, i. e., after constitutional elections and with a parliament. But both emphasized, during the first days, the extraordinary conditions which justified their assumption of great powers reaching in the direction of a dictatorship. Likewise both men declared that they had to take office in a country ruined by economic mismanagement and to rehabilitate it. Roosevelt called it the emergency condition of a war, Hitler called it a revolution. It is therefore both fair and historically intelligible to compare their methods.

From the first two months of the Roosevelt regime:

He sends a dozen legislative proposals to a Congress freely elected and untampered with. The Congress accepts everything and gives the President the unusual power to close and reopen banks, withdraw gold from circulation, reduce salaries. The President keeps this Congress in session until the whole program has been carried out, so that he may obtain a receipt for every dollar, and during this period he does not ban a single newspaper, molest any political party, abrogate one paragraph of the Constitution, arrest a single citizen.

From the first two months of the Hitler regime:

Hitler gives his hand to Reich President Hindenburg in a vow to govern together with the Centrist and German Nationalist parties. Not receiving in the elections an absolute majority, he dissolves the other parties by force, has the Socialist deputies arrested, has Communist deputies put to death, breaks his promise to Bruning, places the entire press under a censorship, and commands

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that assemblies of other parties be fired on. He suppresses the laws governing elections to the Reichstag, declares the flag of his party to be the national flag side by side with the old one, converts his party militia into the new national police, has a national President killed; and as against this absolves all his supporters of accusations brought against them by other parties.

From the third to the fifth month of Roosevelt's regime:

Creation of some twenty new departments for the development of the country. The state undertakes to control production, to lend money to the farmers, to find employment for millions in state projects, to centralize more and more of the departments of the government. These objectives are sought and in part attained through heavier taxes on the rich, and party supporters receive the patronage of the new positions; but not one citizen throughout the country is deprived of his rights and not one act is committed in contravention of the Constitution or the morality of the state.

During the same three months Hitler aims at exactly the same objectives with the following methods:

SOME ARYAN METHODS PHARAOH OVERLOOKED

As Minister of Justice he appoints a man who proclaims the principle: "Justice is that which is useful to Germany." All Catholic and Evangelical clergymen who make a stand against the universal domination of the Aryan race and refuse to abandon the Old Testament are deprived of their benefices; later many of them are imprisoned and put to death. All German Jews, without exception, and even if they have served the country for hundreds of years, are disfranchised and deprived of their civic rights, including the right of Jewish doctors and lawyers to serve any one but Jews, the right to teach in universities, to direct hospitals, to carry on activities as actors and musicians, to appear before the public as artists and writers.

Practically all the world-famous books of contemporary German writers, fifty per cent of them Christians and liberals, are solemnly burned at public bonfires, while the writers themselves are deprived of their property and their civic rights. Several of the old party leaders, among them those of the German National Party, are murdered, and the funds of the defeated parties are appropriated. All checks on the expenditures and other activities of the state are suspended. Debates become a thing of the past in the Reichstag. Freedom of speech in the press, at meetings, and on the stage, and with it the privacy of correspondence, is abrogated.

At the same time the party chiefs accumulate huge fortunes, occupy country castles and city palaces, plunder the museums. Hitler becomes, as principal shareholder in a publishing company, a millionaire, since millions of copies of his book are disposed of through compulsory purchase and hundreds of newspapers are taken over by this company.

The comparison between these first mass regulations provides an index of the differences of character between the two leaders.

In the case of Roosevelt the leadership is taken over by a man whose interests have developed from the upper to the lower classes; Hitler's course runs in the opposite direction. Roosevelt seeks to break the overlordship of the rich, Hitler seeks to fortify it; Roosevelt is hated by the rich, Hitler by many of the poor. Roosevelt, following the American custom, appoints to his cabinet his friends; Hitler brings into power a party which consists almost entirely of adventurers. Roosevelt, the man of power in action, surrounds himself with men who, without a single exception, are weaker than he; Hitler, with men of more determined natures than his own. Roosevelt derives all his powers from Congress, Hitler from his private army. Roosevelt, after four years, submits his name for completely free re-election; Hitler forces a favorable vote out of the population by threat and blackmail, and governs without any form of control. Roosevelt is accused daily, on the air and in the press, of the greatest crimes; Hitler does not tolerate even a hint of objective criticism. Roosevelt is caricatured on the stage, Hitler bans every witticism.

Roosevelt quotes the fathers of his country, compares the present crisis with past crises, sometimes introduces a line of verse into his speeches. Hitler, completely uneducated as he is, has not, throughout these four years, been able to introduce into his speeches a single allusion to German history, and in the whole of his book there is not a single quotation from Goethe or Schiller. But as against this he issues decrees on science and art, while Roosevelt declares that his favorite reading is detective stories.

Roosevelt, addressing Congress or the country, always says "You and I"; Hitler always says "I." Roosevelt's speeches, collected in several volumes, always gain on reading, like Bismarck's; Hitler's are unreadable. Roosevelt speaks slowly and is sure in action; Hitler speaks rapidly and is unsure. Roosevelt rides in an open car in city and country, Hitler between four ranks of soldiers, half of whom stand facing the public. Roosevelt, with his open look, offers to the people the spectacle of a harmonious nature; Hitler confronts it with the gloominess of a hapless being.

THE morning on which Roosevelt gets up tired or heavy or in ill humor is yet to be recorded among those who surround him. When the Negro comes into the spacious homey bedroom to waken him, a man who is at peace with himself opens his eyes to greet the morning and the park outside the windows. He takes his breakfast comfortably, cutting it down on alternate days to keep his weight down, and explains that without breakfast one isn't really a human being. There is a lot of pleasure for him, too, in the many seascapes which adorn the walls, and in the comical little birds and fishes standing about on the furniture. These are messengers of the world of water; but none of them as clearly so as the ships' wheels, which are put here to all sorts of uses, for they are the symbols of the wheel of fortune.

In a few days a yacht will be waiting with steam up to take him and some friends to the Cocos Island, where they hope to see some big marlin for the first time, and perhaps even catch some.

But here are the newspapers, twelve of them. He will not pass them over one single morning, for they have been carefully selected to make a cross section of all parties, classes, interests. He must see them in their entirety, not in biased clippings, the more so since nine of them are in opposition to the President. "I learn a lot from them," he tells me. "Even if I could, I would never limit the freedom of the press. The more they attack me, the better for me. Let them only call me 'dictator,' and then nobody will really believe it."

Often when, soon after, the poet among the secretaries brings in the day's program, everything is thrown out and the whole quickly reconstructed; but hardly ever has a name been removed from the list out of ill-humor or annoyance or enmity, for everything interests the President, particularly the enemy; and in the last analysis there is not a man from whom he cannot get something for himself in the course of an interview.

The books in the case over there, mostly foreign writers such as Scott, George Sand, Balzac, do not look as if they are much read; but the atlas on the chair lies open. What he actually reads to relax his nerves is detective stories. Once he made an outline for such a story in the form of a puzzle, and gave it to Liberty, which then ran the solution as worked out into a serial story by a number of well-known authors. The bedroom of a man who is so completely alive, and so remote from the aesthete, is cluttered up with presents which no one ever clears away.

Upstairs here certain business is transacted in the morning, but at ten o'clock the President descends to the lower floor to work in his office, as a rule till after five. Between receptions he lunches here on his desk in the company of a friend or of a member of the cabinet; recently it was the Dutch Premier. The transactions thus open on a confidential note, for the servant brings in the heated metal container with the dishes and then returns only once to change the plates.

Here all the correspondence is dictated. Four thousand letters arrive at the White House every day, and even when all the sorting has been done there still remain about a hundred which, if only in digest form, must go through to their addressee. There has never before been a President in Washington, there has indeed scarcely ever been a king in history, in such connection with his people. There are many amusing little episodes. Every letter that makes any sort of sense must be answered, and if a woman writes from Texas to remind the President that she wrote him a month ago about her pigsty, as he will surely remember, then the first letter must be hunted up and the matter looked into, and if at all possible the woman must be helped.

THOSE FENCING MATCHES OF HIS WITH THE FOURTH ESTATE

Twice a week the office fills with about a hundred and twenty persons. This is the press conference which Wilson did away with and which Hoover reinstituted with written questions only. Among a hundred faces I saw fifty that were interesting, and I thought of Bismarck, who as ambassador in Paris once wrote his wife: "This morning I sent away two ambassadors and received instead two journalists from whom I certainly learned a great deal more than the others could have taught me." There are no greetings. The secretaries station themselves behind the writing desk, two secret service men with them, and the four make a half circle round the President. Opposite him are ranged the more

I PAY THE CHECK– AND TOM TAKES HER HOME!

AND THAT MAKES ME A PRIZE SAP! BUT I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW WHAT MADE HAZEL DO IT!
WELL, THE TRUTH IS, PHIL—YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO OUGHT TO TALK TO A DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!
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DANCE, HAZEL?
THANKS, TOM--BUT I'M NOT DANCING WITH ANYONE BUT PHIL TONIGHT!
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...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
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than a hundred men and women, without a chairman, without program or conditions, so that every one may ask what he has previously decided on.

The President, who smokes during this interlude, answers in a noticeably quiet tone. During this quarter of an hour he laughs less and smiles more than during most receptions. If he cannot answer a question he says, "I don't know; you must ask the Secretary of State." If a question is foolish he puts it by with a jest. The questions are mostly intelligent, sometimes downright malicious and intended to embarrass him. When I have been present I have noticed that he answers quickly, but humanly rather than wittily. One sees that he is having a good time. Every press conference is for Roosevelt a new battle of wits with this group, against whose traps the secret service agents cannot protect him.

The difference between this whole business and an examination is that here we have one hundred and twenty teachers and one pupil instead of the other way round.

Certainly on important days Roosevelt has in readiness a smashing answer to the day's question, for in addition to his speeches he has this semiweekly method of reaching some two thousand newspapers throughout the country. I was present at one conference about the time of the marriage between his son and the daughter of a hostile family. The papers were full of it, and I admired the tact of these men and women, not one of whom touched on this question with which the whole room was charged.

Such relations, which in Europe are regulated by written instructions, here gain in finesse and humor because no orders or prohibitions have been issued, for which reason the youngest reporter admitted to the President's office is on his most gentlemanly behavior. And yet I did not get the impression that Roosevelt and the press like each other. The relationship resembled more that between the trainer and his elephants which, being stronger, do his bidding of their own free will and only as long as they feel like it.

In the circus the public is always waiting expectantly for the moment when one of the elephants will take a smack at the trainer with its trunk, and instinctively it sides with the rebellious animal.

So do I.

Mr. Ludwig's impressions of Roosevelt at work, in the White House and in his study at Hyde Park, have been formed during hours of observation at the President's side. His opportunities have been unique. Never has the world seen any Chief Executive of the United States of America in action as it is to see the present one—through a European's eyes—in next week's and the later installments of this biography.

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"WE Barrymores never send birthday presents or birthday greetings to each other. . . . We're too polite, Ethel, Lionel, and I. . . . We realize how desperately we all dislike growing old. . . . A big red apple is our family salute. . . . When any Barrymore opens a new show anywhere, every other Barrymore sends a big red apple. . . . The custom was established by our uncle, John Drew, who trained us for the stage, and always presented us with a big red apple if our performance merited his approval."

This is quoted from a talk I had the other day with John Barrymore, unquestionably the greatest actor of our time, perhaps the greatest of all times. He gave me a pitying look when I said I had admired him as Mercutio in Romeo and Juliet. "Mercutio," he said, "is foolproof. Everybody loves Mercutio. Shakespeare was smart enough to kill Mercutio rather quickly. Otherwise Mercutio might have run away with the play, and probably with Juliet too."

The role of Romeo, John Barrymore told me, is perhaps the most difficult and thankless part in all Shakespearean drama. Juliet and Mercutio, respectively, swamp Romeo under their sentiment and violence.

John Barrymore thinks Topaze was his best picture. . . . He adores his brother Lionel. . . . "Lionel never talks like an actor," says John. "Talking with him in private, you never would know he had anything to do with the stage."

Seen in real life, John's wife, Elaine Barrie, is ever so much prettier than she appears in photographs. "That's because of her eyes," John says. "Her eyes burn holes in the film." He and Elaine impressed me as an ideally happy couple. Elaine's mother is a mother-in-law in a million . . . robust, cheerful, self-sufficient, and wise. . . . John mentioned an act from a stage play he had seen in Hollywood. . . . Couldn't remember the name of it. . . . Asked Elaine if she could. "No," she said, without the slightest emotional change of voice, "I don't remember anything of the kind. You must have seen it with one of your other three wives."

John laughed and laughed. He is an acknowledged genius. I think Elaine Barrie is something of a genius also. Any girl who can marry a Hollywood genius must be one herself.

John Barrymore

☆ Newest cocktail napkin has the title of the newest Pulitzer Prize play embroidered on it . . . You Can't Take It with You. . . . A smart idea, and a blessing indeed for hostesses whose men guests run off with cocktail napkins stuffed absent-mindedly into their pockets. . . . Most men hate cocktail napkins, anyway . . . nasty little fancy rags that slide off laps and make men grunt, bending to pick them up! . . . At my own cocktail parties I try not to force little napkins on the men.

☆ *New and fashionable:* Shoes and belt trimmed with fancy leather to match. . . . Ring and ear clips set solid with multicolored rhinestones for dress-up. . . . Or five pompons of silver fox on a velvet ribbon tied around your neck as a necklace. . . . Jewelry all matching for evening. . . . Black bracelet, black cigarette holder, black vanity case—embellished with crystal.

☆ Four wedding ushers standing in a row, all dressed up in their striped pants and cutaway coats—and all four giving themselves last-minute shaves with electric razors. . . . This very modern scene was witnessed at high noon recently in the State o' Maine, just before the marriage of a niece of Bruce Barton, famous author, publicist, and congressman. . . . Each handsome usher had his own electric razor. By plugging the four razors in on two double outlets, all four ushers were able simultaneously to snip off those stray whiskers which escape a nervous-morning barbering. . . . It was the bride herself who caught them in the act of all shaving together, in full ceremonial attire, at the very last moment before the guests began to arrive. She told me it made a strange and pretty sight. Gave her the giggles.

☆ *Three Feminine Notes for Mr. Ripley:*

Love letters penned two hundred and fifty years ago in secret code by a mysterious lady who signed herself "C." have just been deciphered in England, and have helped prove that women then played an important part in a deep international plot to restore the English crown to the ancient House of York. Wonder what secret letters they'll some day find signed "W." . . . A Greek girl of Athens was sexually transformed seven years ago. She became a boy. This year, at the age of twenty, she has undergone another transformation: is now a girl again. Sort of like skipping rope. . . . Out in her own American West a mother of eighteen children had her neck broken in an auto crash. She survived and gave birth, only a few hours later, to her nineteenth child. Mother and neck are doing well. So are all the nineteen kids.

☆ Written by a woman, here is a book about men that most wives can read to advantage: A History of the Business Man, by Miriam Beard. (Macmillan Company.)

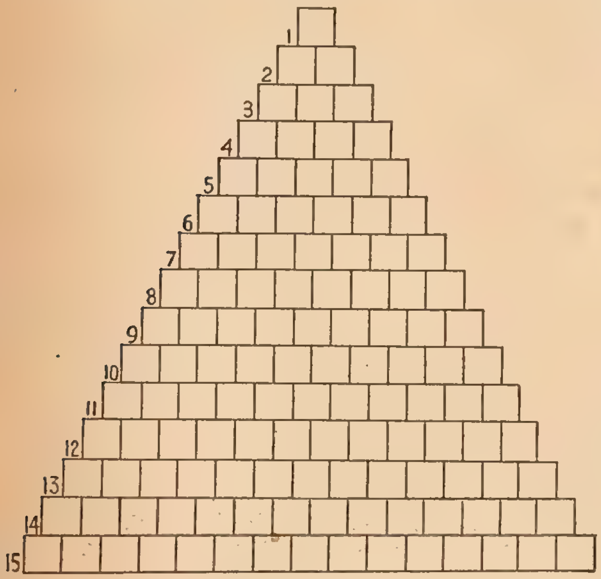
☆ Baked sweetbreads with a purée of chicory is being served now at smart bridge luncheons. First parboil the sweetbreads, then cool under a weight to press the water out. . . . Line a buttered fireproof dish with rounds of carrot, a few slices of onion, a bay leaf, a pinch of thyme. Lay the sweetbreads in the dish. Barely cover with consommé to which a little sherry wine has been added. Bake in slow oven, basting frequently. When sweetbreads are glazed brown, arrange in circle on hot platter. Heap your chicory purée in the center of the dish. Mix in a tablespoon of thick cream. Sauce from the sweetbreads should be reduced to a rich gravy and poured over all.

THE END

READING TIME • ONE HOUR

PYRAGRAMS

To work a Pyragram you first fill in Row 15. From this row you take away a certain letter. Rearrange what is left, and fill in Row 14. Continue this procedure until all rows are filled in. Clues to the proper way to fill in the various rows appear below. If you want, you can start from the top down.



CLUES TO ROWS: 15—Mutiny. 14—Six words, including four of two letters each. 13—Three words, including "hearer." 12—Four words, including "cry" and "educate." 11—Three words (one is the name of a city). 10—Four words, including "smell" and "bar." 9—Three words, including a man's name and part of "to be." 8—Two words, including "streets." 7—Two words, including "steal." 6—"Gets on." 5—"Nails." 4—"Slattern." 3—"Evil." 2—In the year of our Lord (abbr.).

(The answer is on page 42)

IT HAPPENED IN—

Truth Is Funnier than Fiction

CHICAGO, ILL.—A patrol wagon hauling sixteen prisoners to police headquarters chugged and stopped. No one could start it until James Yaeger, one of the prisoners, jumped out and adjusted the carburetor for the embarrassed policemen. Then the wagon rolled on again.

'TISN'T SO

By R. E. Doan

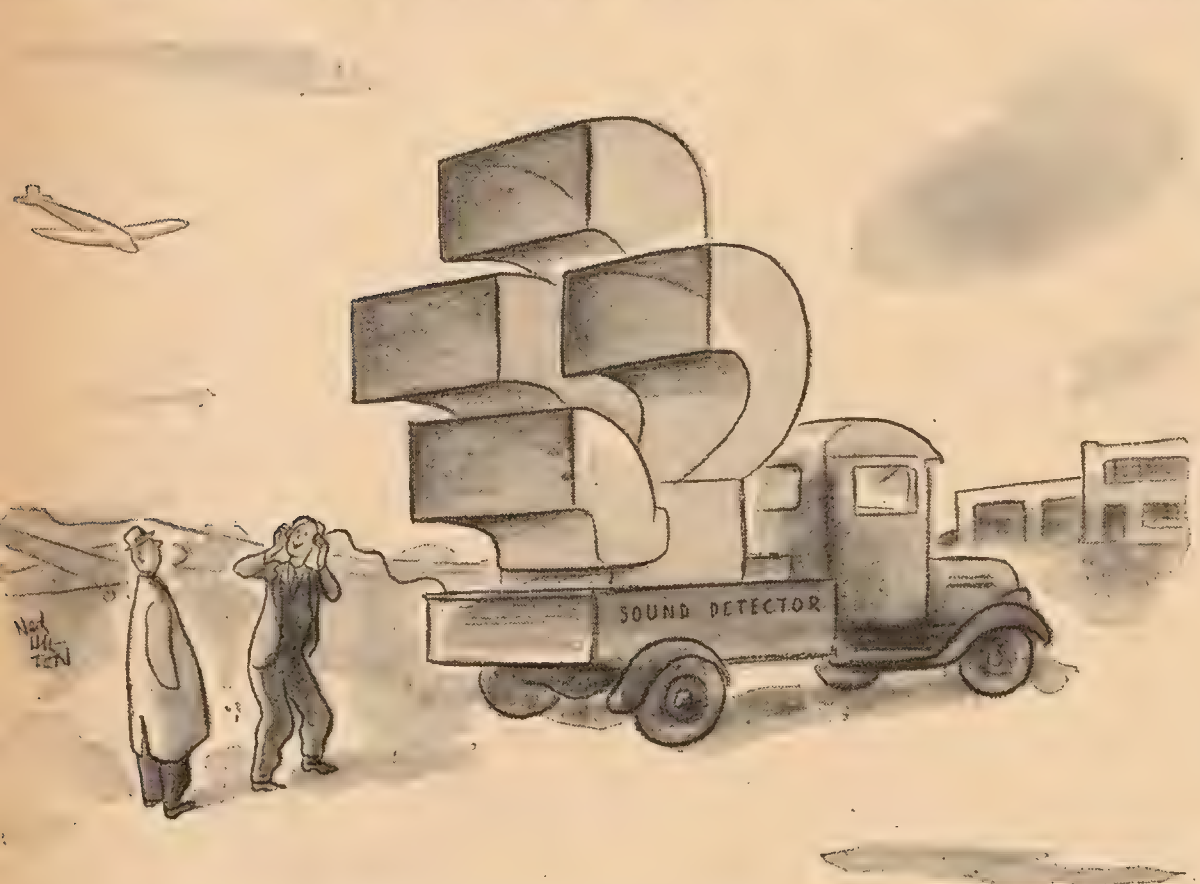
FEVER isn't always a dangerous scourge of mankind. It has been found that properly induced and controlled malarial fever can cure paresis (the general paralysis of the insane). Recently it has been found possible to approximate malarial fever by means of a specially built high-frequency oscillator, and this discovery may mean the saving of many cases hitherto considered hopeless. Fever, of couse, is a symptom—not a disease within itself.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

By Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **FOREVER ULYSSES** by C. P. Rodocanachi. Viking Press.

The story of an ingenious modern Greek who starts as a shoe-shine boy, goes through many incredible adventures, and becomes a millionaire. Just misses being a great novel.



"You ought to hear what the pilot is saying to the stewardess."

BABY BAFFLERS

By H. A. Ripley

Every fact necessary for solution is in the Baffler below. See how long it takes you. Three minutes is excellent; five minutes, good; seven minutes, fair.

The curtain which veiled the disappearance some months ago of four Americans in Mongolia was lifted last week when a trader reported he had come across the remains of four men deep in the Gobi Desert. From their effects they are definitely identified as Martin Osborn, veteran Mongolian explorer; Andrew Clay, physician; Dudley White, naturalist; and Thomas Butler, young college graduate.

A scrawled message picked up by the trader throws some light on the tragedy and offers a knotty problem for attorneys and heirs of the four men. Each had made a will providing that at death his estate was to be divided equally among the surviving members of the party, but should there be no survivors, it was to go to the heirs of the LAST of the four to die.

Owing to long exposure it was impossible to decipher the message completely and the following is all that could be read:

"I have no idea value of collection . . . attacked and robbed . . . natives . . . guides fled. . . . If I knew this country might get out . . . food . . . killed in fight . . . water . . . he died tonight . . . guns and ammunition . . . natives stole his drugs and surgical . . . died early this morning . . . they took . . . with them . . . rest gone . . . my turn soon . . . going fast . . . good-by."

The signature could not be read.

How did the lawyers determine the identity of the last survivor?

(The answer is on page 42)

PUZZLE POEM

By Clare W. Harris

Each of the four missing words below is spelled with the same four letters. Can you supply the four words?

"Not hitched!" the hired man exclaimed;
"I have a - - - -, but have no - - - -.
It's rather - - - - to sit at - - - -
Without a wife to share my plate!"

(The answer is on page 42)

The Hiss-and-Run Boys Make Good Again

A Winchell-Bernie-Simon opus brings some lively moments to the screen—Hollywood gets Miss Holm and Mr. Louis

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT   2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR   0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ LOVE AND HISSES

THE PLAYERS: Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon, Bert Lahr, Joan Davis, Dick Baldwin, Ruth Terry, Douglas Fowley, Chick Chandler, Charles Williams, Georges Renavent, Hal K. Dawson, Charles Judels, Harry Stubbs, Robert Battier. Screen play by Curtis Kenyon and Art Arthur from a story by Mr. Arthur. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 85 minutes.

WALTER WINCHELL continues his feud with the old maestro, Ben Bernie, in this new musical extravaganza from the Darryl Zanuck atelier.

This time Bernie traps Walter into featuring a little French girl in his gossip columns. Ben has her under contract—but he wants Winchell to think the girl is his find. Winchell falls for the trick, but when he finds out, his retaliation is devastating. However, you will have to catch the film yourself to learn the surprise.

Winchell grows surer of himself in each film. And Ben Bernie grows a little easier in the role of Ben Bernie. The hiss-and-run boys get effective comic help from Bert Lahr, but Simone Simon is the surprise of the opus. She reveals a suddenly acquired voice and tackles even the Bell Song from Lakme. And Mademoiselle Simon is less coy, praise be.

VITAL STATISTICS: Arthur Arthur is really the name of the arthur of this. A former Brooklyn columnist, Arthur wrote his way out of a $35-a-week Hollywood publicity factory into the $500-a-week author class, and it'd be nice if he'd marry Simone Simon and they honeymooned at Baden-Baden and had twins . . . but didn't get beriberi. (Joke!) . . . The difference between theirs and the Kentucky variety of feuds, is that Winchell & Bernie, both keen students of the value of publicity, never meant it, get big money out of it. . . . Winchell conquered celluloid jitters for this but had his periodic nervous breakdown when shooting stopped. Knocked himself out of circulation for 30 days. He's recovered. His income averages about $250,000 a year. . . . The most relaxed and relaxing man in radio today, Old Maestro Ben Bernie took acting lessons all last summer to get over his sheer camera fright. . . . S. Simon came through with a rather fine soprano voice which she'd kept concealed up to now; actually sings the Bell Song from Lakme, heretofore only sung on screen by Lily the Pons. . . . Rugged, robtaylored Dick Baldwin's drafted from the Hollywood bush-league quickies.

★ ★ LADY BEHAVE

THE PLAYERS: Sally Eilers, Neil Hamilton, Joseph Schildkraut, Grant Mitchell, Patricia Farr, Marcia Mae Jones, George Ernest, Warren Hymer, Robert Greig, Charles Richman, Spencer Charters, Mary Gordon. Screen play by Joseph Krumgold and Olive Cooper from a story by Mr. Krumgold. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. Produced by Republic Pictures. Running time, 70 minutes.

ONE of those farce comedies in which the heroine gets in a tough situation skating perilously along the edge of a Will Hays blush. Paula Kendall has a naughty wild kid sister who marries a strange millionaire during the alcoholic adventure of a prolonged drinking party. Unfortunately, the kid sister is already married and this constitutes bigamy. So Paula takes her place as the champagne-party bride; but the millionaire, who can't remember what his wife looked like, turns out to be handsome and attractive and, worse yet—or better yet—satisfied to make the best of his escapade. What is Paula to do?

Everything is solved in a clean, wholesome manner for the family trade. The cast is satisfactory, with Sally Eilers as the sister who subs as the bride and Neil Hamilton as the rich playboy who can't remember.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sally Eilers never makes the gossip colms, her marriage to Harry Jce Brown remaining ecstatic through the years. There's a Harry Joe Brown, Jr. . . . During his recent three years abroad Neil (Handsome) Hamilton made, among others, a pic in Paris. Hamilton has one of the show houses of Brentwood, which is a sort of suburban Bevhills crossed with Tuckahoe; he collects glassware. . . . Joe Schildkraut has the sharpest profile in Hollywood next to Bazz Rathbone. He's been a few times married, loves his library of 17,500 vols, in German, French, English, Greek, and Latin, swears he's read them all and will give you a $100 bill if you find one uncut among them. . . . Mary Gordon never plays any but careworn loving Irish mamas; is an Englishwoman (bad cess!). . . . Megger Lloyd Corrigan's known as Little Behemoth; used to be a Sennett gagman; made La Cucuracha.

★½ TARZAN'S REVENGE

THE PLAYERS: Glenn Morris, Eleanor Holm, George Barbier, C. Henry Gordon, Hedda Hopper, George Meeker, Corbett Morris, Joseph Sawyer, John Lester Johnson. Screen play by Robert Lec Johnson and Jay Vann from a story by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 65 minutes.

GLENN MORRIS, 1936 Olympic decathlon champion, becomes the films' ninth Tarzan, opposite Eleanor Holm the swimmer.

Miss Holm plays the daughter of a comedy American business man on an African safari. She arouses the worst in Ben Alleu Bey, a potentate who rules an inland African king-

Simone Simon and the famous feudists, Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell, principals in the musical, Love and Hisses.

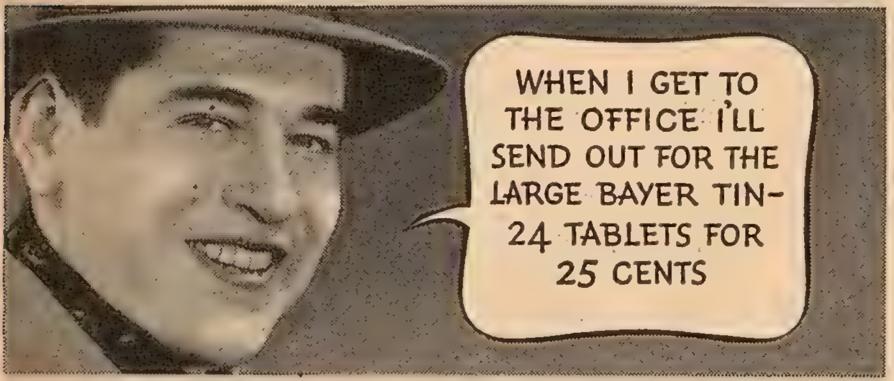
COLDS
EASIER TO RELIEVE AT START
Use Famous Remedy

IT'S SIMPLY WONDERFUL HOW QUICKLY BAYER ASPIRIN EASED THAT ACHING SORENESS

DIRECTIONS: Take 2 Bayer Tablets with a full glass of water.

—RELIEVED THAT SCRATCHY FEELING IN MY THROAT, TOO

Crush 3 Bayer Tablets in ⅓ glass of water, gargle twice.


WHEN I GET TO THE OFFICE I'LL SEND OUT FOR THE LARGE BAYER TIN—24 TABLETS FOR 25 CENTS

If temperature does not go down, if throat pains and aches are not quickly relieved—call your family doctor.

How Genuine Bayer Aspirin is Used to Ease Throat and Body Pain Due to Colds

One of the best and quickest ways to relieve the misery of a cold is this: Ease aches and soreness with genuine Bayer Aspirin — if you do not improve promptly, see your family doctor.

The moment you feel a cold coming on take 2 Bayer tablets. Repeat, if necessary, according to directions.

If you have a sore throat with your cold, crush and dissolve three BAYER tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will aid in reducing the fever and pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain, acting like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

Try this way. Your doctor, we believe, will endorse it. For it is a quick, effective means of relief. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name at your druggist's — not for "aspirin" alone.

15¢

12 Bayer Tablets of Aspirin
5 grs. each
Genuine
BAYER
Good Housekeeping Bureau

dom and has a ballet of Oriental dancing girls. He kidnaps Eleanor, but the ape man comes to the rescue.

Mr. Morris has a splendid physique, Miss Holm turns out to be one of the film's worst actresses as the millionaire's spoiled daughter who goes swimming in alligator-infested pools.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Bare Facts on Eleanor Holm: Height, 5 ft.; weight, 103; brown hair, hazel eyes; Brooklyn-born, December 6, '13; bust, 36; shoe, 6aa; leg, smooth and super-Dietrich; matrimonial score: one marriage to Orchestrarian Arthur Jarrett, one divorce. Eleanor actually raced that crocodile to the shore. It had been well fed before the meeting and two crack shots stood alongside the tank—in case. Also the croc swam in a concealed channel, well wired. . . . Glenn (Decathlon) Morris won the part from Lou Gehrig, for a time leading choice to play the Muscular Yoo-hoo. Glenn's of St. Louis, Mo., 6/2, 193 pounds, brown-haired, blue-eyed, married to Charlotte Edwards. Rang up 7,900 points at the Berlin Olympics, 550 more than ever before.

★ THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH

THE PLAYERS: Joe Louis, Clarence Muse, Edna Mae Harris, Mae Turner, Cleo Desmond, Mantan Moreland. Original screen play by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Harry Fraser. Produced by Globe Pictures-Grand National. Running time, 66 minutes.

HERE the pugilistic heavyweight champion, dusky Joe Louis, becomes the hero of a film romance. Pointing a nice moral lesson, it is all about a Negro boy who rides a freight up from the South to Detroit, picks up a job, gets a chance in the prize ring in the Golden Gloves tournament, in no time at all, through clean living, becomes champion of the world.

Battler Louis has two expressions. One is with a nice restrained smile. The other, the sullen one, you know from the sport pages. His acting? Let's pass over that. Who are we to criticize any one with a sock like Joe's?

VITAL STATISTICS: Joe signed his contract for this on the 13th of the month, wasn't the least bit superstitious. When asked on contract signing whether he could act, Old Dead Pan cracked: "I ain't no Robert Taylor!" Indeed! . . . It was tough getting opponents for the screen fights for Louis. Local fighters John O'Taras, Mushy Callahan, and Chuck Crowell finally took the jobs. . . . At Joe's request there are no serious love clinches with Miss Harris, his film girl friend. Miss H. "just leads him on . . . and on . . . till he wins the championship!"

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola.

★★★½—Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget.

★★★—Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 40

PYRAGRAM ANSWER

AD
BAD
DRAB
BRADS
BOARDS
ROB SODA
NOB ROADS
DAN IS BOOR
I ODOR IS BAN
I RAID BOSTON
DO SOB IN TRAIN
SON BIN AUDITOR
AT BUD IN OR ON SIN
INSUBORDINATION

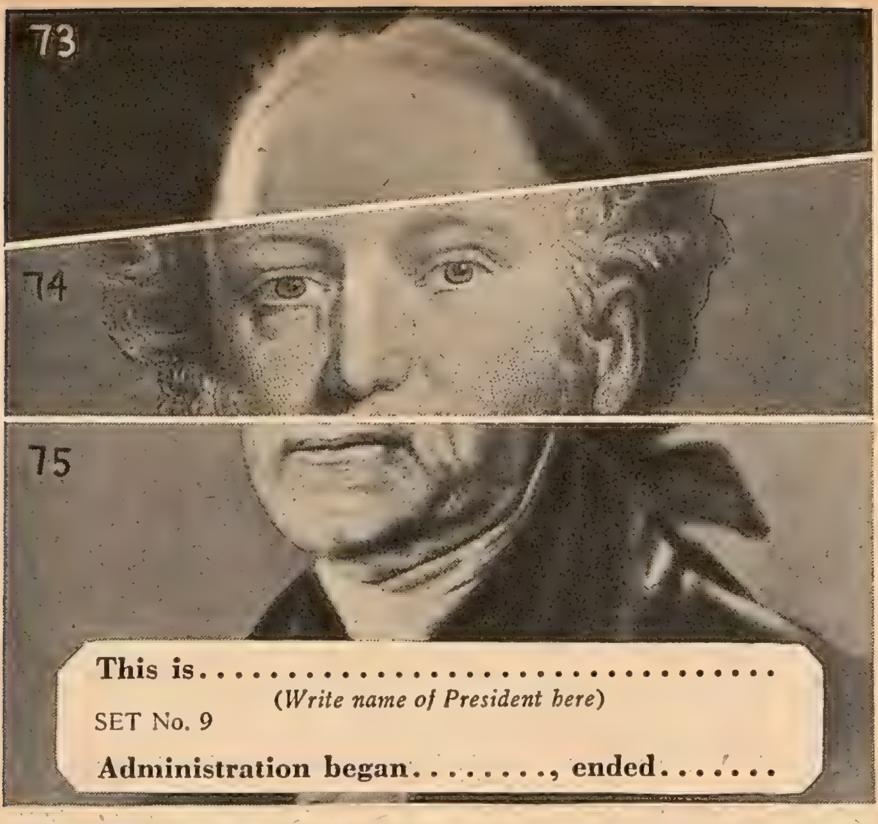
PUZZLE POEM ANSWER

TEAM—MATE—TAME—MEAT

BABY BAFFLER ANSWER

The name of the man is Thomas Butler. Careful reading of the message discloses:

1—That he was not a naturalist because he states: "I have no idea value of collection."
2—That he was not the veteran Mongolian explorer as he wrote: "If I knew this country might get out."
3—That he was not the physician because he wrote: "Natives stole his drugs and surgical."
4—Therefore he was Thomas Butler, college graduate.



This is................................

SET No. 9 *(Write name of President here)*

Administration began........, ended.......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who was a law reporter on Ohio dailies; the eyes and nose are of one who was a native of New York; the mouth and chin are of one who was the third of ten children.

KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP TO DATE
ONLY ONE MORE WEEK TO GO!

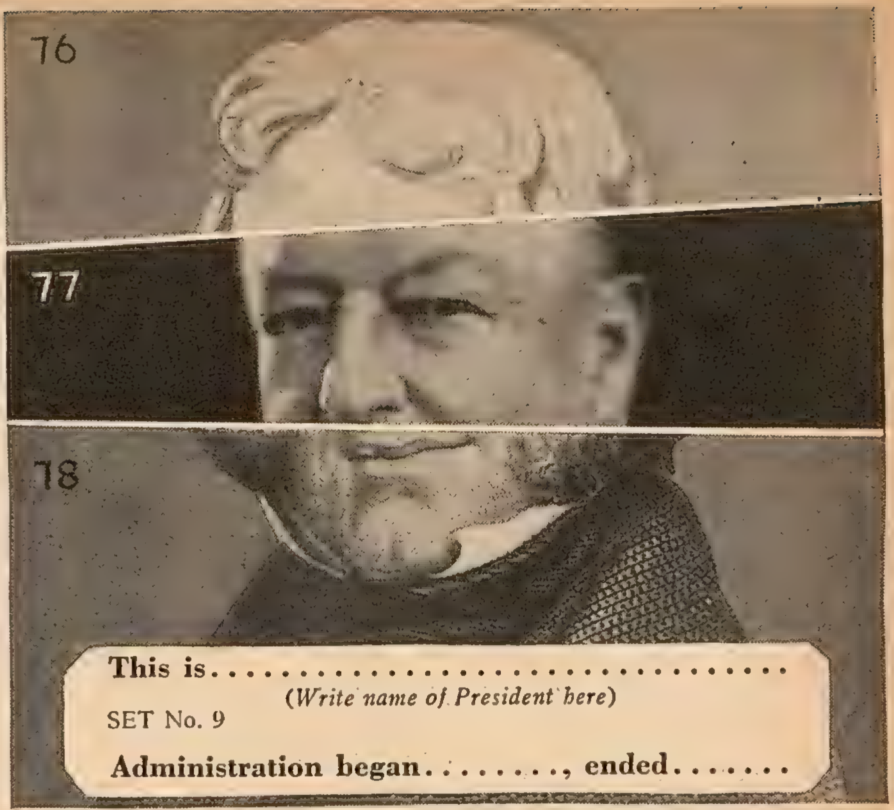
$2,500 CASH PRIZE
GAME OF
PRESIDENTS

THIS week we reach what might be called the semifinals of this historical contest. Completing and identifying the portraits used in the composites of Set No. 9 will bring you within just three pictures of the goal. The cash prize money beckons you toward the goal line. Now that the game is almost over be sure you finish it out. If you have solved the foregoing composites, don't give up now when the rewards are practically within reach. Your opportunity to win remains excellent. Don't cancel all the work that has gone before by dropping out here.

Read the rules over carefully before you get down to the serious business of preparing your set of solutions for submittal. Don't lose sight of the fact that the accuracy of your pictures and the correctness of identification are the basis of value on which judgment will be made. Ornate presentations will not hide inaccuracies. Therefore plan on simplicity. While you are awaiting the final three pictures next week check over what you have worked out thus far. It will be too late to make corrections once your entry is in the mails.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500

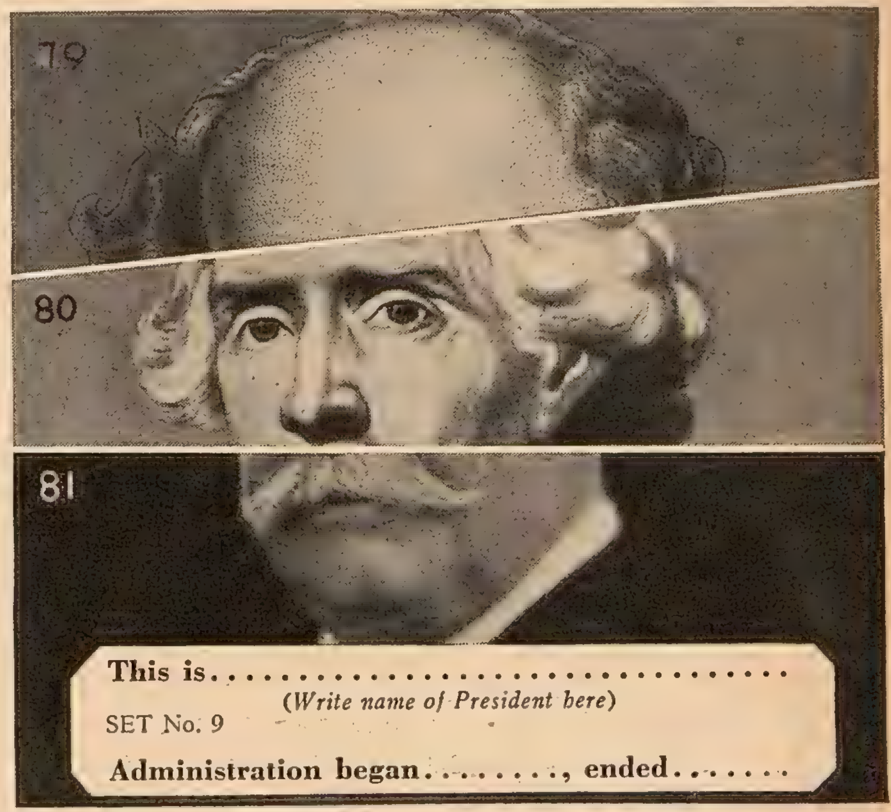


This is................................

SET No. 9 *(Write name of President here)*

Administration began........, ended.......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who was the first inaugurated in Washington; the eyes and nose are of one who was a member of the Philippine Commission; the mouth and chin are of one who was a surrogate of a New York county.



This is................................

SET No. 9 *(Write name of President here)*

Administration began........, ended.......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who was a Secretary of State; the eyes and nose are of one who wrote his own epitaph; the mouth and chin are of one who was a son of a Secretary of War.

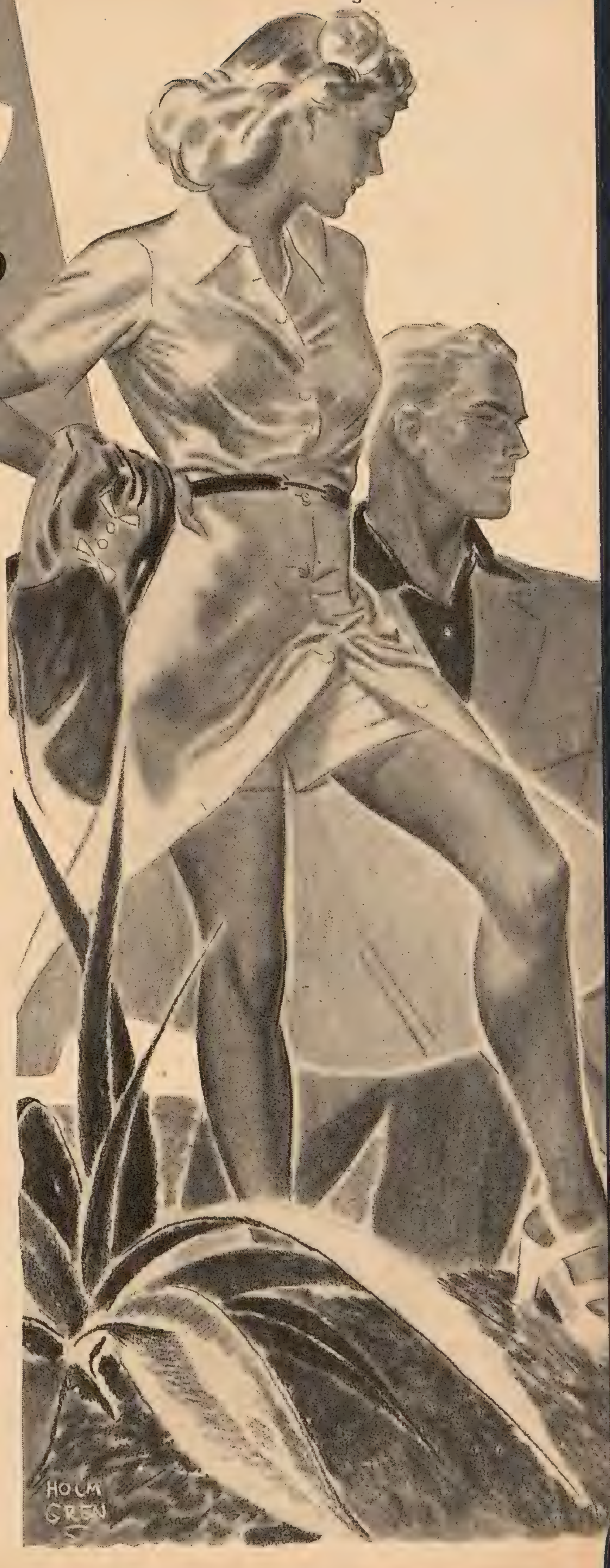
PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.
2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President, Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.
6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
9. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, February 23, 1938, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

A Tramp THERE WAS

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



Chloe drew a long breath. "Gosh," she said. "I'll miss this. Leaving's going to be hard to take."

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE Esperance, heeling over until her glistening hull was like a swift white bird skimming along an aquamarine desert, crossed the finish line off St. David's Island.

Over on the island, Chloe Farrington, sitting propped against a cedar tree, took the binoculars from her eyes. So another Bermuda Race was over. And for the third successive time Esperance had won. And for the third successive time Clarke Naylor had been one of her crew.

She raised the glasses again. She fancied that was Clarke out there now, doing something with the jib.

"See your sailorman?" Mary Clifford inquired. Mary, in a pair of blue linen slacks, lounged at Chloe's side.

"The nautical-looking gentleman forward seems to be Clarke," Chloe said. "But I refuse to be conspicuous by yoo-hooing or anything. I'll see him soon enough in Hamilton. He's promised to propose under a royal poinciana tree."

"Lucky you," Mary said.

"Clarke's a peach," said Chloe almost negligently. "I think I'll snap him up this time."

"Better had," Mary warned her. "Clarke's good hunting. As a matter of fact, I might try to hijack him myself."

Chloe laughed and pinched her arm. "You sheer off, beautiful. You're a dangerous gal. And Clarke Naylor's mine—all mine."

Chloe Farrington had blue-and-fire eyes, like Bermuda water. Her hair was sunlight caught in an eddy of wind. There was one lone freckle set in the coral and sun tan of her left cheek. She had a good size in mouths and a husky caressing voice. Clarke Naylor had wanted to marry her for three years, exactly the length of time he had known her. A number of other gentlemen wanted to marry her, too.

"Well, come on," Mary said. "That's all there is."

They rode slowly back to Hamilton astride two godless and unruly Bermuda bicycles. Just eight hours later Chloe Farrington and Clarke Naylor stood beneath a royal poinciana in the gardens of the Bermudiana Hotel.

She was in slinky black chiffon now. Moon silver studded her swift hair. Clarke Naylor towered over her, very tall, very erect, very serious. He said: "Well, Chloe?"

"What, Clarke?" She knew perfectly well, of course.

"Same old story," Clarke said. "But—oh, hell, Chloe. I—I can't help loving you, can I?"

She whispered: "You ought to fight it, old dear."

Clarke half turned away. "If you're going to play with me again, I— . . . well, I can't take it, that's all. I'm in dead earnest about this, Chloe."

"It was a swell race, Clarke," Chloe murmured tantalizingly. "I'm glad your boat won."

His teeth shut with a snap. "The race is over. And this—this has got to be over, too. One way or the other. I've waited three years, Chloe."

Through Chloe's mind raced a succession of thoughts. Clarke was a grand boy. Clarke's family was unimpeachable. Clarke was a successful young lawyer. In every way Clarke Naylor was eminently suitable. And she was terribly, terribly fond of Clarke.

"Chloe darling," Clarke said in a low strained voice.

Suddenly her face was against the rough of his coat.

"Try asking me, Clarke," she said.

Clarke Naylor didn't ask her. He simply held her close. Presently he kissed her. Her lips were like warm sweet wine.

"You really want this?" Chloe whispered. "Sure it isn't just a Bermuda night?"

His hand went into his pocket. It came out, palm up. Something glittered in the moon.

"I took a long chance," he said. "Does it fit?"

Chloe gave a little cry. "Oh, Clarke, you darling! What a beauty!"

He slipped the ring on her finger. He said, relief in his voice: "All right, honey. You're out of circulation now. Remember!"

Chloe squeezed his arm.

"You remember it, too," she said.

CLARKE left the next day on the Queen of Bermuda. If, he said laughingly, he and Chloe had a date with a church in September, he had to hurry home and make some money. Mary Clifford sailed north on the same boat. She and Clarke hung over the rail and waved good-by to Chloe.

Then the Queen was clear of the dock. Minutes passed. The passengers lining the rail became a vague mélange. Chloe Farrington turned and went down into Front Street, a thoughtful expression on her face. Sooner or later, she had a job to do. And she didn't want to do it at all.

BERMUDA was caught in the blaze of a July morning. Chloe Farrington pedaled slowly along the dusty sweep of the limestone road. She had on a sea-blue linen and sun-yellow espadrilles. A red hibiscus flamed in the soft gold of her hair. Her arms were bare and brown.

The road began to go downhill. Chloe let the bicycle out and went down, hair flying in the wind. She stopped in the shadow of the pink limestone wall of Oleander Inn.

She leaned her bicycle against the wall and walked down the grass path to the inn itself. It was a low-lying pink building with blue trim. The blue door to the bar swung open.

The Barfly was leaning over the bar. He looked like a half-open jackknife.

"Hi, Barfly," Chloe greeted him from the doorway.

The Barfly straightened up abruptly and turned around. A grin creased his homely, attractive face.

"Hi, baby," he said.

Chloe went in and stood beside him.

"At it as usual, I see," she said.

The Barfly grinned some more.

"I'm drinking beer," he said. "What's yours?"

"It's a good beer day," said Chloe.

They carried the beer into the inn's garden and set it on a low table with an orange top. Chloe sat on the grass, one brown leg curled under her. The Barfly stretched his absurdly long length in a deck chair.

From over the rim of her glass Chloe studied him. The Barfly had unruly sorrel hair badly in need of cutting. The Barfly had keen gray eyes which kindled into laughter perpetually. The Barfly's face was open and frank and unsuspecting. The Barfly wore a white polo shirt, open at the neck, gray slacks, and disreputable black-and-white sports shoes. One brown freckled hand with knotty knuckles encircled his glass. The other, equally knotty about the knuckles, rested comfortably on his stomach. Chloe had always been fascinated by the Barfly's hands. They looked so extremely capable. But, in her experience, they had never been put to the slightest practical use.

"Barfly," Chloe said meditatively, "can your nervous system stand a slight shock?"

The Barfly took his eyes off his beer and let them rest on Chloe's face.

"Spring it," he said.

For answer Chloe held out her left hand. Clarke Naylor's diamond sparkled in the blue-and-gold light.

The Barfly stared at it. Not a muscle of his face moved. But a hurt crushed look raced suddenly into his gray eyes, stayed there for a minute, then faded into wistfulness. One hand moved to the arm of his chair, gripped it. The knuckles showed white.

"Oh, Barfly," she whispered, "don't—don't take it like this!"

The Barfly got up slowly, walked down the sweep of green lawn at the back of Oleander Inn, and stood looking at the water. Then he walked back to the table.

"O. K., kid," he said. "All over now." He held out a large strong hand. "Best of luck."

Chloe clung to the hand, pulled him down into his chair again.

"Barfly," she said in a low voice, "we've always laughed about everything, haven't we? C-can't we laugh about this, too?" Her eyes pleaded with him.

"Sure," said the Barfly. "I'll get over it. Just a matter of time. Only it was sort of a shock. Is it the—the fellow you've been telling me about?"

Chloe nodded. "He came down on the Esperance. And—and . . . oh, the devil, Barfly! You knew it was going to happen sooner or later."

"Yes." The Barfly studied the tip of his shoe. "But you're going to miss me, Chloe. I mean you'll miss laughing with me."

"Don't I know it?" she said quickly. "You're a grand guy, Barfly."

A gay, tender tale of golden days, a damsel in distress, and surprise on the heels of an adventure in romance

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"That being the case," said the Barfly, "I wonder why he got all the way around to home plate and I was thrown out at about first base?"

Shadows crossed Chloe's blue eyes. "He's swell and so are you. But you know, Barfly—sometime or other people have to stop kidding around. And Clarke—well, Clarke's doing something in the world. But you, old darling"—her fingers pressed his arm—"you're just a lovable tramp, aren't you?"

The Barfly achieved a smile. "Sure. Nothing but an old bum. Practically on the town."

"No," Chloe said earnestly. "Not quite that bad. But you've been in Bermuda a year. You've nearly gone native. You haven't lifted a finger to do a tap. You've never had a job at home that I can find out about. And every time I try to sick you on to work at something or other, you just grin. You're one big attractive enigma, Barfly. And you ought to be spanked."

"Hey, listen!" The Barfly's grin spread. "Are you bawling me out?"

"You're darn tootin'. You need bawling out. If you belonged to me, I'd build a fire under you."

The Barfly looked at her intently. "So if I hadn't been a tramp I might have made the grade, eh?"

Chloe's eyes went down. "There's no telling. The question didn't arise. You were a tramp, Barfly. And, darn it"—she shook him slightly—"you still are."

"All right, lovely-looking! Have it your way." The Barfly stood up. "How much time before you take off?"

"Until about the end of August. After all, we can still play a little more."

The corners of the Barfly's mouth quivered a little. He turned away and got them under control.

DID you bring your bathing suit?" he inquired.

"But yes," said Chloe. "Do I ever come here without it?"

"Swell." The Barfly reached down and took her arm, helping her off the ground. His hand was warm and strong. "I feel the call of the ocean. It's the sea slug in me, no doubt."

They walked slowly along the road to the cottage where the Barfly had a room. The Barfly popped in and collected his bathing suit. Then he tucked Chloe's arm through his and they cut across country toward the south shore and Horseshoe Bay.

Their path led up a steep hill, and at the very top of it Chloe stopped suddenly and looked back.

Far below them lay the whole gorgeous curve of Bermuda, like a great dark-green scimitar resting on a turquoise coverlet woven by giants.

Chloe drew a long breath.

"Gosh, Barfly," she said, "I'll miss this. Leaving's going to be hard to take."

The Barfly picked up a bit of crumbly limestone, juggled it a minute, then burned it into a snake cactus. "What the hell?" he said. "You're doing what you want to, aren't you?"

TIME seemed to move on golden wings. July blended subtly into August. August raced. Almost before Chloe Farrington knew it, her sailing date was upon her.

Clarke Naylor had written her faithfully. His letters were affectionate in the extreme. And yet, for some time, Chloe had been experiencing a vague feeling of uncertainty. She couldn't explain it.

The day before Chloe's boat sailed, she and the Barfly took picnic lunches and cycled by dirt back roads to the seashore.

"Barfly," said Chloe, "you get my goat. All you ever do is lounge around and grin. Don't you ever want to up and sock somebody or something?"

The Barfly rolled over on his back in the sand. "Nope. When you get my age you'll learn about the futility of effort." The Barfly might have been all of twenty-seven.

"You're just absolutely no-account. About the only thing you ever move is your right elbow." She picked up a handful of sand and plastered his shoulder with it. "Just a barfly, aren't you?"

"Have you," the Barfly asked in measured tones, "ever seen me tight?"

With a start, Chloe realized that she hadn't.

"Maybe you can take it," she suggested.

"Maybe," said the Barfly. "But, as it happens, I don't. Not much, at least. Point is, young lady, you'll learn some day that I'm not quite the worthless character you think. But"—his voice grew a bit husky—"you'll learn it too late, I suppose."

Chloe sat up and rested her chin on her knees.

"You're a funny guy," she said slowly. "We've known each other for months, but you've hardly ever told me a thing about yourself."

He grinned at her. "Well, you know that my name's Bill Campbell, don't you?"

"That helps a lot, doesn't it? When to me you're just the Barfly? I also know you live in New York. Beyond that, all is dark. Well, be the mystery man to the last and see if I care! You might remember, though, that I'm going home tomorrow."

The Barfly's eyes clouded. "Of course I'm forgetting that completely. I'd be liable to, wouldn't I?"

Chloe got up. She was just a little bit annoyed. On her last day he might have been a little more interested and—well, communicative.

"Let's go back to Oleander," she said restlessly. "I have to say good-by to them down there."

They got their bicycles and started back. The rutted dirt road led up a hill. As they approached it, a little colored boy, whose feet scarcely reached the pedals of his bicycle, came over the crest.

Chloe Farrington, her eyes on the

front tire of her own bicycle, didn't see it happen. She simply heard a crash and a sudden agonized cry. Startled, she looked up. The colored boy and his bicycle lay in a tangle. And the Barfly was leaping off his wheel. He raced uphill.

When Chloe got there the Barfly was bending over the screaming child. Blood spurted from a gash in the boy's wrist.

The Barfly straightened up. His right arm shot out, his fingers gripped a light scarf that Chloe was wearing around her neck, and tore it loose. Bending again, he lifted the child to a sitting position. Then he began binding the scarf tightly around the upper part of his arm.

"Get me a small stick," he called to Chloe over his shoulder. "A strong one. Quick!"

Chloe ran to the roadside. She came back presently with several twigs. The Barfly seized one, inserted it in the folds of the scarf, and twisted the scarf into a tourniquet. He worked deftly, swiftly. His hands were like darting brown birds.

"Cold water," he snapped. "From your thermos."

She hurried back to her bicycle in a kind of daze, jerked the thermos from her bicycle basket, and stumbled back up the hill. Without a word the Barfly grabbed it, sopped the water on one end of a clean handkerchief, and pressed it against the child's wrist. Then he bound the handkerchief tightly around the cut. The wound was bleeding less freely now. The boy was calmer.

"Wh-what happened?" Chloe asked hesitantly.

"Fell on a stone and cut an artery, I think," said the Barfly. "We've got to get him out of here."

"But how?"

"Get me my bike," he commanded briefly.

Once again she ran down the hill, and returned pushing the Barfly's wheel.

"Hold it steady, now," he ordered.

She did so. The Barfly put his arms around the little boy and lifted him carefully to the handle bars. Then, without even looking at Chloe, he began walking the bicycle up the hill.

"See you at Oleander," he shouted back. "Wait there for me!"

A second later he had disappeared over the brow of the hill.

"Heavens!" Chloe murmured. "What hit the Barfly? He barked at me. He actually barked at me. And he didn't even grin, much less smile."

When Chloe reached the gate of the inn she stopped short. The Barfly shambled out of it, his hands in his pockets.

"Hiya, sailor!" he greeted her. "I had a bit of luck with that kid. Just as I hit the main road here I met the ambulance. It was empty. Going back to the hospital. So I stowed the little beggar inside. They'll get him there in no time and he'll be all right."

Chloe put her hand on his arm.

"Listen," she said curiously. "What came over you up there? I never saw you move so fast before."

"Afraid the kid would lose too much blood," the Barfly said. "So I had to hurry. I came down the hill with him hell-bent."

Chloe kept her hand on his arm.

"You were swell," she said. A warm light came into her eyes. "Sort of there in a pinch, aren't you, Barfly?"

He shrugged. "It wasn't anything. I know a little about first aid. Come on inside and get a beer."

THE gray hulk of the Monarch of Bermuda lay against the pier at Hamilton. Already passengers were lining her rail. It was two thirty in the afternoon, half an hour before sailing time.

Chloe Farrington stood a little to one side on the dock, scanning the crowd with anxious eyes. The Barfly had promised to come to see her off.

Minutes passed. Chloe glanced ruefully at her watch.

"Darn him!" she murmured to herself. "He might have made some effort. After all the time we've known each other. He's . . . . oh, the devil! I wish I didn't care."

Then, all at once, she saw him. He came up the stairs and into the covered dock, looking in all directions. When

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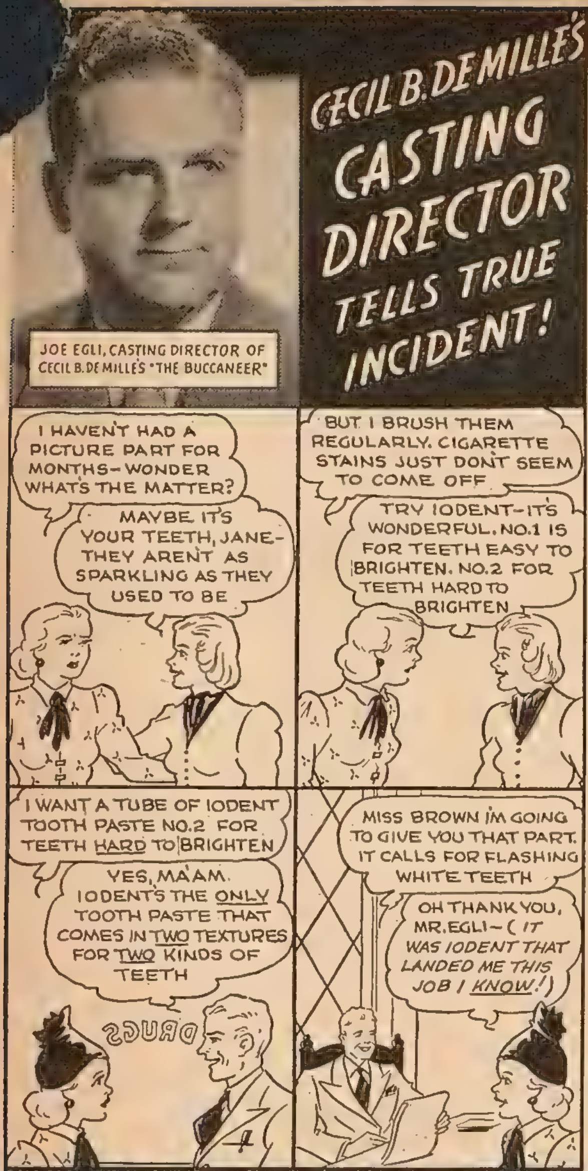
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he found her, he grinned and shambled over in his loose-jointed way.

"Hi, kid," he said.

Chloe's eyes had a hurt expression.

"Oh, Barfly," she said reproachfully, "why didn't you get here earlier? I thought we'd have a little time together on my last day."

The grin faded from the Barfly's face.

"Don't you honestly know why?" he asked.

"I certainly do not. I'm really very sore at you."

He took her hand. His eyes held hers.

"No, you aren't," he said. "At least, you won't be for long. Because you'll realize that this is sort of—sort of a bad day for me. I came late to—well, to cut down the grief."

There was a queer hopeless look on his face. Chloe Farrington felt something tighten around her heart.

"Oh, gee, Barfly," she said, "if I've hurt you by—by doing what I'm going to do, I'll—I'll just never be the same." She pressed his fingers. "Can't we go on laughing, old dear? Right up to the end?"

"Sure, kid," the Barfly said. But he looked away.

"And you'll come to see me when you get back to New York, won't you?"

The Barfly's teeth clicked. "Never. I couldn't take it, that's all. I couldn't stand seeing you being Mrs. Somebody Else."

Chloe's lips quivered. "I'm sorry, Barfly. More sorry than you'll ever know. This—this darn world seems all cockeyed."

"And how," said the Barfly.

There was a sudden commotion on the pier. A voice bawled: "All ashore!"

"Oh gosh!" cried Chloe. "I've got to get on. So long, old Barfly. You'll change your mind and I'll be seeing you. I know I will."

The Barfly's hand gripped with a pressure that hurt.

"All the best, kid," he said, out of the back of his throat.

"Ashore! All ashore!"

SUDDENLY Chloe Farrington rose on tiptoe. Her two arms went around the Barfly's neck. Her lips, warm and soft, pressed his, stayed there a brief second. Then she was running through the crowd.

Presently the Barfly shook himself and moved out from under the covered portion of the pier to a point from which he could see the ship. There she was, up by one of the lifeboats, again scanning the crowd anxiously.

He caught her eye. She waved quickly. The Barfly put his thumb in one ear and wiggled his fingers at her. The old grin creased his face, and he held it there, despite a queer kind of mist that kept coming over his eyes. Then, very suddenly, he turned. The next instant he was running down the steps that lead to Front Street.

Carriages, bicycles, people! The Barfly threaded his way through them, went down to the little green esplanade by the yacht club. It was deserted. Every one was seeing the boat off. The Barfly dropped down on a beach.

A few minutes. Then the Monarch of Bermuda slid past the esplanade. The little motorboats that always accompany her as far as Two Rock Passage raced along at her side and behind her and in front of her. She was like a great gray intruder being ushered out of fairyland.

The Barfly watched her out of sight. For a moment he stared at the empty harbor just off the esplanade. Then he leaned forward and dropped his head into his hands.

NEW YORK was wrapped in fog. The gray fingers of the city seemed to reach for the Monarch as she nosed her way into the dock. Chloe Farrington, standing well forward on the sun deck, shivered slightly. The memory of Bermuda's green and gold crackled and burned in her mind.

Resolutely she tried to put it out. In another few minutes she'd be seeing Clarke Naylor. And it was Clarke's right that she should think about him from now on, to the exclusion of all else. After all, one could take New York when married to a swell boy like Clarke. There should be nothing poignant about the memory of Bermuda. And the Barfly . . . She swung suddenly on her heel and went below to see if she'd left anything in her cabin. She simply would not let herself think now.

The Monarch eased itself alongside of the pier. The engines shuddered and stopped. The ship seemed to droop, like a great beast relaxing. Chloe was one of the first off. At the foot of the gangplank she saw her brother.

"Jack!" she cried, and hurried into his arms.

Jack Farrington was tall, rangy, and five years older than Chloe. Usually he turned a placid sunny countenance upon the world. But just now he looked serious and not altogether happy.

"Where's Clarke?" Chloe demanded.

Jack's eyes shifted.

"I don't know," he said. "He ought to be around somewhere."

"But haven't you seen him? I sent him a cable."

"No," said Farrington, "I haven't seen him. Not this morning."

He wasn't a good dissembler.

"Look here, Jack Farrington!" she said quickly, her eyes sweeping his face. "Something's wrong. I know it. Now what is it?"

"Nothing wrong that I know of," Farrington muttered. "Probably he got delayed or something. Come on! Let's get you through the customs."

She gripped his arm. "Jack, you're worrying me terribly. Is—is Clarke sick or something?"

"No—not that I know of. Listen; if we don't hurry, the whole mob will be pouring off the boat and we'll never get out of here." He put his arm around her waist and drew her toward the customs shed.

Chloe bit her lip and said no more. She knew Jack. He was one of those maddening people who refuse to talk until they get good and ready. She was utterly at a loss to explain Clarke's failure to meet her. It wasn't like Clarke.

On the way to his apartment Jack Farrington was silent. Once home, he took a turn or two up and down the living room, and then faced her.

"Listen, sis," he said. "You're probably going to be pretty sore at me. But I just couldn't stand by and not do something. So I did it. I don't suppose it was any of my business, but you're my sister, after all. And—well, I mean what the hell?"

"Go on." Chloe's voice was strangely colorless. "Tell me everything. I'm no baby."

Farrington paced the room as he talked. And Chloe heard him, white-faced, mute, hurt. It was like a sudden paralyzing blow.

"There were all kinds of rumors," Jack concluded, "and I didn't like the look of things. So I had it out with him. And honestly, Chloe, I've got every sympathy for him. He . . . well, he hardly knows what he's doing just now. He's between the devil and the deep sea. I think the guy's straight enough. But he—he just can't seem to help himself. So I took it upon myself to suggest that he stay away for a while."

After a moment Chloe said bitterly: "And yet he wants to do right by our Nell. Now isn't that just ducky?"

"I wouldn't feel too hard about it," Jack said. "Of course it's a sock in the eye." He moved across the room and dropped an arm about her shoulders. "Only—well, you loved him, or thought you did anyway. I know that's tough."

THOUGHT you did? Suddenly, unexpectedly, his words seemed to start a blaze in her mind. With a sudden movement she got to her feet.

"I suppose," Jack was muttering, "that I crashed in where I had no business to. You've probably got me pretty far back in the doghouse about now. I . . ."

She stopped him with a wave of her hand. Her eyes were shining.

"Doghouse?" she cried. "Jack darling, anything but! Why, honey, you've done me the greatest favor of my life. You've—oh, it's just that something sort of vague has been bothering me for weeks and you've helped clear it up. I know where I stand now. I'm all okiedoke. And I'm on my way. Right now!" She seized her hat and started for the door.

"Here!" said Farrington quickly. "What's this all about? Wh-where are you going?"

"Don't ask, little brother," Chloe called over her shoulder. "Out, that's all. I've got a little job to do. But I'll be back soon." Her heart had sung often, but never a song like this.

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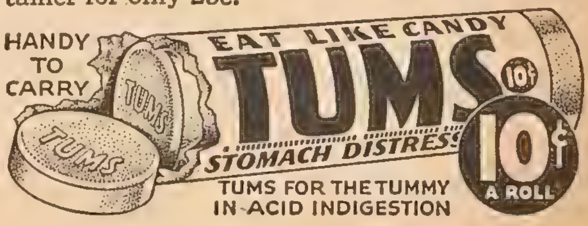

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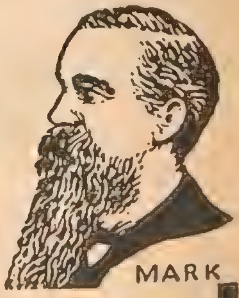

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She paused, however, at the door. There was a quick movement of her right hand.

"Oh, Jack," she said. "Business of rendering unto Caesar. Take care of it for me, will you?"

She tossed something that glittered across the room. Farrington caught it in one hand.

A SMALL dark speck roared faintly along the rim of the Bermuda sky. Grew larger. Took shape. Form. Suddenly it was like a great gray bird. Then, wings over Bermuda. A moment later the Cavalier dropped to the surface of the harbor, churned in toward the airplane landing base at Darrell's Island.

In another few minutes Chloe Farrington, two suitcases at her feet, stood on the dock. A motorboat with a Negro driver idled offshore. She beckoned him quickly.

The motorboat coughed, then lunged in toward the dock. The Negro driver touched his cap and grinned amiably.

Chloe fairly threw the suitcases at him.

"How fast can you get to Oleander Inn?" she asked.

His grin widened. "'Bout five minutes, ma'am. This is werry fast boat."

Chloe jumped in. "O. K. Give her the gun."

They shot away from the dock, leaving a cicatrice of white across the face of the turquoise water.

The blue door to the bar of Oleander Inn swung open. Chloe approached it hesitantly, even a little fearfully. Suppose—suppose—something had happened during her short absence? What if he had left Bermuda? Suppose . . . Oh, the hell with supposing! It couldn't be, that was all. On the way down, as the Cavalier had roared and droned and slugged into the wind, she'd known that everything would be just as before. Known it instinctively. And the gods wouldn't let her down now, at the last moment. Even the imps of fate and fortune wouldn't be that unkind. No. She had a hunch on this. She couldn't lose. She took a firm step forward and pushed open the inside screen door.

The Barfly was leaning over the bar like a half-open jackknife.

Something misty drenched Chloe's eyes. Her lips quivered. She wanted to laugh and cry all at once. But she said in a low even voice: "Hi, Barfly!"

The Barfly spun around. The Barfly's eyes blinked about fifty times in rapid succession.

"Ch-Ch-Chloe," he managed, and darted forward. Chloe had never realized how fast the Barfly could dart when there was something to dart for.

It was a good thing that the bar was deserted, that the gentleman who operated it was in the back room rattling bottles and such things. The Barfly simply folded her in his arms. He would have folded her in them, however, if the bar had been no more private than the Black Hole of Calcutta.

"H-h-how," he stuttered, "did this h-happen?"

"Oh, Barfly!" She spoke with difficulty because her head was being crushed down upon his shoulder. "Things went haywire and I—I just came back, that's all."

The Barfly tilted up her chin with a brown forefinger and his eyes searched her face.

"You mean . . ." he began, and stopped suddenly, as if fearful of asking the question.

She nodded. "Yes. It's all off. Washed up. I might as well tell you the whole thing as quickly as I can. You remember that girl, Mary Clifford, that I used to go around with down here? Well, she went home on the same boat with—with Clarke, and it all must have started there. Anyhow, she made a dead set for him up in New York. And Clarke—oh, I guess he's just one of those people who lose interest in what they think they wanted after they've got it. Well, he fell for her—and there he was engaged to me. A dilemma for the laddie, what? But he was all set to do a Sir Galahad by marrying me while loving her. And it might have come off, too, except that my swell brother got wind of it and sort of stepped in. That's about all, Barfly. Except that, when they condescended to tell me, it knocked me groggy for all of five minutes. Not more, though. I just pulled myself together, tore out and booked a passage on the Bermuda plane, and here I am. I've been jilted, Barfly. I'm a woman scorned. I've been two-timed, double-crossed, given the run-around, and I'm down to my last yacht. And if you won't take me, I'm going to walk out there to the dock, do the prettiest swan dive you ever saw, grip the bottom with both hands, and never come up. And that'll be that. Well, snap into it, Barfly, and say something. I don't know which hurts worse, the pins or the needles."

THE Barfly goggled. The Barfly gasped. The Barfly retained Miss Chloe Farrington in his arms. But his eyes shadowed for a moment.

"There's just one thing," he said very slowly. "If all this hadn't happened . . . oh, you know what I mean. I'm a second-best, runner-up, or what have you. And I—I don't know that I could stand taking even you on the rebound."

By a magnificent effort Chloe got both arms free. She seized his lapels, shook them.

"Barfly," she said, "I'm going to ask you to believe something, and you've got to do it. Because it's gospel truth. That marriage would never have come off anyhow. I know it. For weeks and weeks after I was engaged I wasn't happy. I—I just couldn't seem to feel as an engaged girl ought to feel. But I couldn't analyze what was wrong. And then, when this happened, everything seemed to crystallize for me. My mind clicked. And I knew that I'd have come back to you despite the whole darn world. Because, you big loose-jointed aimless shambling inconsequential idiot, I love you! I love you so darn much I hurt all over. And we're going to get married and laugh for the rest of our natural lives. And if you start making a fuss about it, I—I'll sock you right square in the nose. See if I don't!"

Her eyes, deep and blue and troubled, sold him. He thought, though, that he ought to remind her of something. He said: "But I'm a tramp, kid. I've nearly gone native here. I haven't done a tap since the Battle of Waterloo or something. You better be careful. You might be heading straight for the poorhouse."

She clung to him. "Go on! Hit me! You've every right. I know I had it all figured that you weren't amounting to anything and he was. But so what? Can't a girl change her mind? And, believe me, I've seen how people who seem to amount to something can work out. Listen here, you poor prune! I'm marrying you, and I'd like to see you stop me! And if you wind up as a first-class Grade-A village loafer, it's okiedoke with me. So long as I'm still your wife."

The Barfly grinned the most magnificent grin that Chloe had ever seen him accomplish.

"Yeah," he said. "Well, beautiful, it's time I let you in on something. I'm not exactly the no-account tramp you think I am."

She reached up and pulled one of his ears. "No? Well, you could be a left-handed plumber, for all I care. But explain yourself. After all, if I'm going to marry you I should know something about you. Seems only right."

The Barfly struck a pose. "Hereafter," he said with dignity, "you are to address me as 'Doctor'; and on state occasions as 'Doctor Campbell.' Of course, when speaking of your husband to the ladies' sewing circle, you may refer to me informally as 'the Doctor.' I have no wish to . . ."

Chloe prodded him in the ribs with her left fist. "Come on, Barfly. What is this, a gag? You a doctor?"

"Sure," said the Barfly, still grinning. "What did you think I was, a ship chandler or something?"

Suddenly Chloe remembered. A little colored boy lying bleeding in a dusty road. The Barfly bending over him, and the Barfly's hands, swift and sure, like darting brown birds. And the Barfly's voice, crisp as a top sergeant's. And the little colored boy quieting beneath his touch.

"But, Barfly," she cried, "why didn't you tell me before? I—I never dreamed that—that . . ."

"That I had anything on the ball? Oh, well, I didn't say anything at first because it was sort of fun to let you think I was just a loafer. Then you sprang your engagement, and it knocked me right where I live. After that, what was the use? It seemed like—well, like futile protestation, sort of. I haven't really practiced yet. You see, I was in a bad automobile crash just after I finished medical school. It shot my nerves all to pieces, and they packed me off down here to get pulled together again. Well, I'm together now—and how! I'm all set to go back and start my interneship, and now with you . . ." He broke off. It was as if his gray eyes were swimming. "Oh, gee, kid, am I walking in a dream or are you a dream walking or what?"

"I'm no dream," said Chloe Farrington. "Get to work with those arms of yours again and you'll find out."

The Barfly was no dope. The Barfly just gathered her in as if he had been a roving end and she a loose ball.

And at this point Mr. South, who operates the bar at Oleander Inn and who makes the best drinks north of Cape Horn, appeared at the back door of the bar. Mr. South was no dope, either. Mr. South took in the situation at a glance. Mr. South suddenly remembered urgent business upstairs.

The Barfly got to work. He kissed Chloe Farrington in a manner to indicate that the world was ending in another five minutes and he hadn't much time.

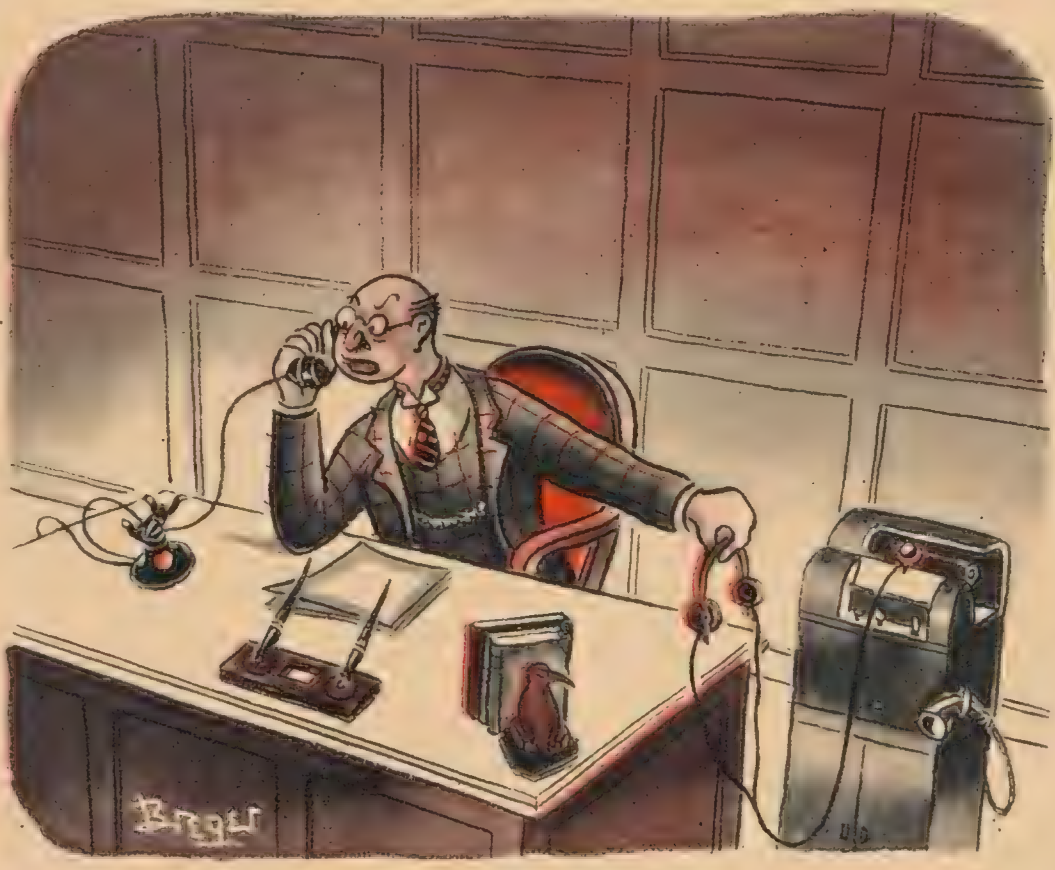
Then, with one arm still around her shoulders, he leaned over the bar.

"Seems as if a slight drink might be in order," he said. "How about it?"

"That's a brilliant idea, Barfly—I mean 'Doctor.' Oh, I'm sorry. This is a state occasion. I should say 'Doctor Campbell.'"

"Excused this once," said the Barfly. "I'm drinking champagne, kid. What's yours?"

THE END



"You'll hef to take it back, the dictaphone, on account it's got a wery tarrible accent!"

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

1—Samuel H. Harris.

2—Killed a king.

3—Upset, which beat Man o' War in 1910.

4—The voodoo cult.

5—Its beak.

6—In Canada.

7—Admiral George Dewey (1837-1917).

8—Cereal and serial.

9—Greta Garbo, who was brought to Hollywood by the renowned director of Swedish films.

10—Because this was the ten-dollar bill that led to the arrest of Bruno Hauptmann.

11—By the other bees air-conditioning the hive with their wings.

12—The balsa (*Ochromo lagopus*), which is known to sprout from tiny seed to about seventy-five feet in five years.

13—Ten.

14—Florida.

15—Stone.

16—The leather of full-grown goats.

17—Males; females; males; females—according to insurance statistics.

18—The distance above the ground in which there is clear visibility; the height which a specific airplane can reach.

19—Because the troy system is normally employed for weighing gold; the avoirdupois system for sugar. The twelve ounces in a troy pound are each equal to 480 grains; the sixteen ounces in an avoirdupois pound are each equivalent to 437.5 grains.

20—

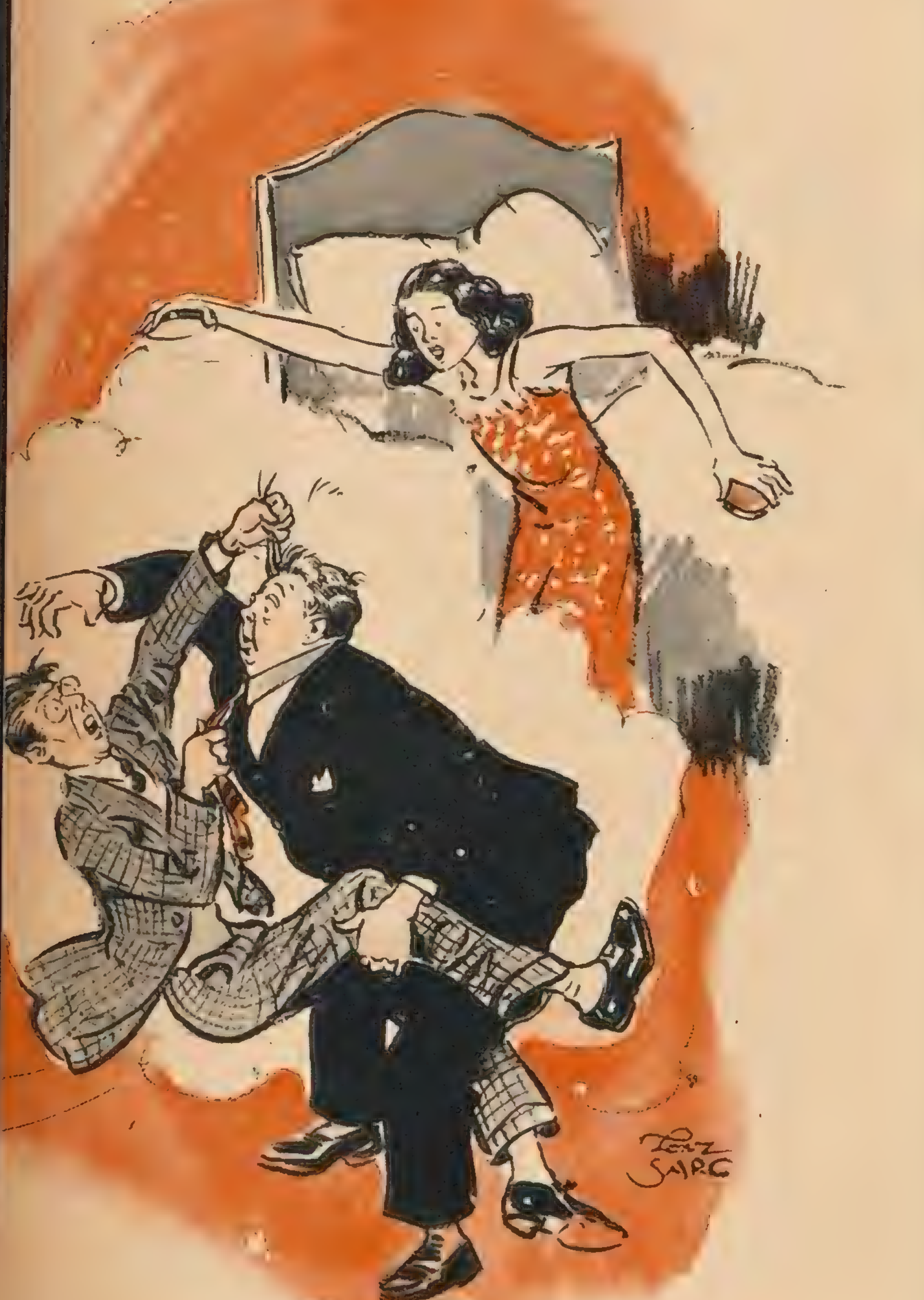
Max [illegible]

THEY SAY IT'S CATCHING

A girl with measles, a careful lover, a knavish trick... laughs! Here's a sly story, full of fun

BY WALTER BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



Miss Wade emptied a box of dusting powder over them.

THERE was once a young man named Stewart Brooks though thank goodness no relation. With Mr. Brooks health came first. He exercised regularly and wore health underwear and never went out without a topcoat in the pocket of which was a pair of rubbers. Winter and summer he wore a knitted bellyband next to his skin so that no sudden chill could strike home and panic the vital organs and he owned a medicine chest which contained a remedy for practically everything except beriberi and dementia praecox. By such precautions he expected to live to be ninety with a few minor alterations.

Well aside from this Mr. Brooks was a nice young man and very popular in Tyre Center which was where he lived for he was a good golfer and dancer and could play on a jug and imitate W. C. Fields and he was entertaining without being coarse. The Chamber of Commerce of which he was secretary thought a lot of him for he had invented the slogan Tyre Center! the Hub of the Universe.

Margery Wade thought a lot of him too. Miss Wade was small and blonde and the best description of her I can give you is that she had that certain thing. She had never been to college and all she knew about life she had learned from popular fiction and the young men who frequented her vicinity. But she cannot of course be said to be completely untutored. And she preferred Mr. Brooks to these other young men which to me argues a certain intelligence for I know what they were like. But still she wished that he wouldn't take a quinine pill to ward off malaria every time a mosquito bit him. For she felt that the man she married ought to be a hero at least in a small way.

Well one night there was a party at the Corbins' and Mr. Brooks took Miss Wade and on the way she sneezed. Hey! said Mr. Brooks What's that? And he stopped the car under a street light and examined Miss Wade with a clinical eye and it was plain that she was coming down with a cold.

Well Mr. Brooks was pretty upset—first because he thought Miss Wade ought to be home in bed and second because she had kissed him and probably plastered him with germs when she had got into the car. And he said so. And Miss Wade said Oh was that so? Well she knew plenty of people who would be only too eager to kiss her even if she had smallpox. So they had a row but finally went on to the party.

Well it was a good party but Mr. Brooks kept urging Miss Wade to go home for not only was there danger of pneumonia but many dire diseases at their onset resembled a cold and he told her about infantile paralysis and other afflictions and asked her if she had pains in her legs. No said Miss Wade but I have a pain in the neck and it isn't from any germ either. And she sneezed a couple of times at him. She didn't pull her sneezes either and Mr. Brooks dodged and scrambled out of his chair and went up in the bathroom and gargled.

But a little later he saw Miss Wade accept a glass of rum punch from the hands of Mr. Henry Sturdy. Mr. Sturdy was Mr. Brooks' chief rival. He was the plump pink good-natured type that at forty becomes active in fraternal circles and I rather like him but don't let him enlist your sympathies for he is the villain of this story. I don't mean that his intentions toward Miss Wade weren't strictly honorable. They were just as honorable as those of any young man toward the girl he would like to marry. And so Mr. Brooks went up to them and said Marge I don't think any one in your condition ought to drink any more punch. What? said Mr. Sturdy his eyes popping. And Mr. Brooks said Marge has a cold. Oh said Mr. Sturdy and then he laughed. Alcohol said Mr. Brooks opens the pores and renders you more liable to get a chill. You let my pores alone said Miss Wade crossly and drank off her punch and Mr. Sturdy grinned and said Go away Stew—you pore us. So Mr. Brooks shrugged and went.

Well the evening went on and when Mr. Brooks danced with Miss Wade he held her at arm's length so the germs could not jump across and at last she got good and mad and stopped in the middle of the floor and slapped his face and told him what he could do. So he did it. And Mr. Sturdy took Miss Wade home.

Well the next day was a holiday and about noon Mr. Sturdy called Mr. Brooks up and said Hello Stew. And Mr. Brooks said Hello Hank. And Mr. Sturdy said Marge is pretty sick Stew and she's been asking for you. What! said Mr. Brooks. Is it serious? Well I don't know said Mr. Sturdy It's—well I guess you better go up there.

Well Mr. Brooks wasn't more than five minutes on the way and as he skidded in between the Wade gateposts he just caught a glimpse of some one who popped out and hung a sign on the front door knocker and then popped in again. And it was some one who popped an awful lot like Henry Sturdy. So when Mr. Brooks galloped up the steps and saw that the sign was a yellow one with Smallpox on it in black letters he did not hesitate but rang the doorbell.

So a maid answered the door and said she'd see and she went and pretty soon came back and said I guess you can go right up. So he went up and there was Miss Wade in bed looking as pretty as a picture with a slightly red nose. Oh Stew! isn't it terrible! she said sitting up and holding out her arms. And Mr. Brooks sat down and put his arms around her being careful to point her nose over his shoulder and said There there darling it won't be so bad and maybe it won't disfigure you very much and even if it does leave your face all lumpy I shall still love you. Oh darling! cried Miss Wade hugging him. And then she suddenly shouted Hey Hank! and in a minute the door opened and Mr. Sturdy came in. And Miss Wade said Now what have you got to say Hank?

MR. BROOKS jumped up and said Well Hank what are you doing here? Why said Miss Wade I haven't really got the smallpox Stew. And then she explained that the whole thing was a sort of game suggested by Mr. Sturdy which she had consented to because she wanted to prove that Mr. Brooks was not a coward. And Hank said you were she said but I said you would come if I sent for you even if I did have smallpox. My hero! said Mr. Sturdy bitterly. Well he is! said Miss Wade and sneezed.

Now wait a minute said Mr. Brooks. It's easy to be a hero when the only competition is offered by Hank. I'll settle with him later. But I'm surprised your father and mother would let you get away with this. They went to New York this morning said Miss Wade. Ah said Mr. Brooks and then he grinned and said Well Hank as a matter of fact I saw you hang out that sign.

Miss Wade said Oh! and sank back and blew her nose. And Mr. Sturdy jumped up and said I knew it couldn't be true Marge! He's too much of a coward. Listen Hank said Mr. Brooks I take care of my health because I want to have the pleasure some time in the 1960s of reading your obituary. But if you don't lay off this coward stuff I'll sock you right into the undertaker's hands today. And he got up and walked toward Mr. Sturdy. But at that moment the maid put her head in the door and said The doctor's here Miss Margery.

So then Mr. Brooks and Mr. Sturdy went out and sat on the stairs and waited glowering dismally until the doctor came out. The doctor's name was Wilfred Bugbee and he had once shaken hands with Bruce Barton but don't get interested in him because he has nothing further to do with the story. As soon as he had pattered down the stairs Mr. Brooks and Mr. Sturdy went back in. At least they tried to but they both wanted to get through the door first and they jostled each other and from jostling it went to shoving and from shoving to punching and Mr. Sturdy tripped Mr. Brooks and Mr. Brooks grabbed Mr. Sturdy's necktie and then they were rolling around on the floor socking each other and I don't know where it would have stopped if Miss Wade hadn't jumped out of bed and emptied a box of dusting powder over them.

Well the maid had heard the row and she came running upstairs and stuck her head in the door and saw two clowns' faces coughing through a mist so she yelled something in Bohemian because she came from there and ran down again. But Miss Wade opened the window and got back into bed and said crossly Well now you two tramps have had your fun suppose you get out of here and let a lady suffer in peace. So they got up and dusted themselves off. And Miss Wade said You're so darn anxious t show how brave you are that I suppose you wouldn't b interested in what the doctor said. Well I've got the measles.

Mr. Sturdy said Measles! And Mr. Brooks said Oh and went over to the window and looked out. Yes said Miss Wade and he says we ought to be pretty careful because while it isn't so serious in children when older people get it there are apt to be all sorts of complications. What do you mean complications? said Mr. Sturdy It's just a kids' disease. Generally it is said Miss Wade but when grown-ups get it it's apt to go into bronchial pneumonia. And you know what that is! Dr. Bugbee kept asking me if I felt any tightness in my chest but of course I feel so hot and feverish anyway that it's hard to tell. I feel hot and tight in my chest too said Mr. Brooks but I guess that's wrestling around and breathing in so much powder don't you Hank? I—I—well yes said Mr. Sturdy surreptitiously feeling his pulse. Look here Stew he said we ought to get out of here and let Marge rest if she's got measles. Go ahead said Mr. Brooks I'm going to stay and sit with Marge and read to her or maybe tell her bedtime stories. And he sat down on the bed close to Miss Wade and began Once upon a time there was a little fat boy named Hank and he came down with the measles so his mama said Now Hanky-panky sweetie I will rub some bear's grease on your little chesty-westy and tuck you all up in your beddy-by and tell you a story. And this is the story. Once there was a little fat boy named Hank and—Oh you're awful funny interrupted Mr. Sturdy but I think it's kind of out of place when Marge is sick. Go on stay and make a nuisance of yourself. I hope I know enough not to try and be funny when somebody feels rotten. I hope you do said Mr. Brooks but I doubt it or you wouldn't have hung that sign on the door. Oh yeah? said Mr. Sturdy and then he said to Miss Wade Well if Stew doesn't know enough to go I do. And he went.

AH said Mr. Brooks taking Miss Wade's hand and patting it now that the entertainment committee has gone we can settle down and be quiet. Do you want me to read to you? Listen Stew said Miss Wade I really have measles. I thought you did said Mr. Brooks because the spots are beginning to come out. Well what shall we read? No but listen said Miss Wade Aren't you really afraid you'll catch it? There isn't anything to be ashamed of in being scared. Hank was scared. Sure said Mr. Brooks everybody's scared of diseases and so I don't see why it's so comic to take precautions against them. Well I won't think it's comic any more darling said Miss Wade and you can wear your old bellyband all you want to and red mittens and a fur hat too and I won't laugh. Because you weren't as scared as Hank was and you knew more about it too. Ah said Mr. Brooks and then he sat down and read to her until she fell asleep.

So by and by Miss Wade got over the measles and she and Mr. Brooks were married. Mr. Brooks continued to wear rubbers and keep out of drafts and he exercised every morning. And sometimes Mrs. Brooks got up and exercised with him. So after a while they had three children named Ethelred and Louise and Peyton.

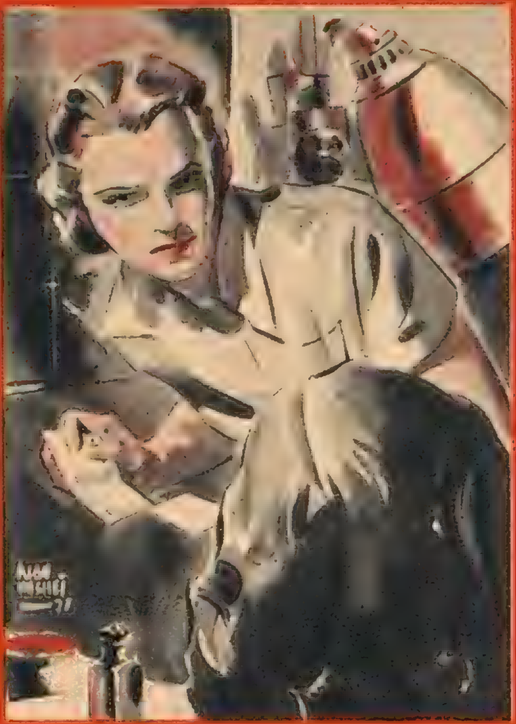
Well one day when Ethelred was six he got sick and Dr. Bugbee came at noon and said it was measles. Oh dear said Mrs. Brooks I have simply got to go to the dentist's and it is Ilka's day out. Well that's all right said Mr. Brooks I guess they can spare me at the office and I will stay with him. But had you ought to dear? said Mrs. Brooks for you know measles can be pretty serious if grown-ups get them. I can't get them said Mr. Brooks I had them when I was ten. What! said Mrs. Brooks and Mr. Brooks who had spoken without thinking suddenly remembered and he said H'm well! and got red.

And then Mrs. Brooks laughed. Darling she said that's lovely! For I always thought you were an awful fool for staying that day. And you're not a fool. Yet nobody but a fool would have stayed. Or a hero said Mr. Brooks. It's the same thing said Mrs. Brooks. I always intended to marry you anyway. And she kissed him and went.

Mr. Brooks looked at the door and said thoughtfully Oh did you? And I guess this is a good place to stop.

THE END

The Works



BY GRACE WINSTON BYRNES

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

DOWNTOWN busses stopped directly in front of the door of Nanette's Salon de Beauté. Business men waiting there in the mornings kept one eye on their tabloids and allowed the other to stray to Nanette's copper-colored head visible through the window of the shop. Nanette's snapping black eyes would flash a smile. She knew them all. The degrees of acquaintance varied.

On this particular morning Nanette arrived carrying a suitcase from which she lifted a softly shimmering evening gown and a velvet wrap with white fox collar. She hung them carefully in a small closet, donned a trim green uniform, added a few deft touches to an already faultless make-up, and took her place at the desk.

Nine o'clock saw the meticulously groomed girls in their places, and patrons arriving.

The telephone rang. "Nanette's Salon de Beauté"; then in a lowered tone, "Oh, hello."

The voice at the other end of the line murmured, "Darling, I'm sorry as hell, but I can't make it tonight. Something unexpected has come up. I'll explain when I—" His tone became suddenly brusque: "I'll let you know later about those contracts." The receiver clicked at the other end.

A look of sullen fury came over Nanette's face. The date made a week ago! Dinner at the Brown Derby and a round of the night spots afterward. He had gone with her to select the evening gown and wrap hanging in the closet.

Well, I'll tell him what I think of him, damn him. I should care who's in his office! She started to dial, but stopped as a woman entered the shop.

Middle-aged, plainly dressed; not a promising prospect. Nanette greeted her with: "Good morning. Have you an appointment?"

"No, I'm afraid I haven't," said the woman in a pleasantly modulated voice.

"Well, I'll take you myself. What can I do for you?"

"My daughter said that I should have 'the works'—whatever that is." A friendly smile lighted her face. "I thought perhaps you could fix me up to look nice—I mean do the best you can—no matter what it costs."

Preparing for the mystic rites of a facial, angry thoughts raced through Nanette's mind: Thinks he's got me so hog-tied that he can turn me down at a moment's notice. Not by a—

The woman was saying, "Your touch is so gentle. This is the first time I have ever had a facial. I've been too busy bringing up a family to bother about my looks."

Nanette rattled off formula number one beginning, "Every woman owes it to herself—"

Now a new thought flamed up: Maybe he thinks he's giving me the air for good. Oh, no, Mr. Alexander Brown. Not this baby!

"My husband works so hard. He has to stay at the office three or four nights a week. But he always phones me. So thoughtful."

The woman relaxed in perfect contentment and embarked on the history of her life. Nanette caught snatches of it as she mentally rehearsed the scene of her next meeting with a certain gentleman.

It was like trying to read with the radio going. With a weary sigh, Nanette seated the woman in a booth and began brandishing the curling iron.

"You mustn't frown that way. It makes wrinkles."

Nanette caught herself up quickly and smoothed out the deep furrow in her brow. In the mirror her eyes met those of the woman seated before her. Nanette studied the placid face. The features were irregular and faint lines had traced their way at the corners of the eyes and mouth. But the face was beautiful from something which shone from within. A wife and mother. Content to be that and nothing more. Nanette thought such women had ceased to exist. Quite unexpectedly she found herself smiling into the gentle brown eyes.

"You ought always to smile. You're so pretty when you smile."

The simple sincerity with which the words were spoken found its way to Nanette's heart.

As she laid the last curl in the soft gray hair she said: "Your husband and children should be very proud of you. You look stunning."

"I hardly know myself." The woman's eyes misted. "This is my twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. I thought no one would remember (daddy never does—I guess men are all alike); but the children had twenty-five American Beauty roses at my place at breakfast this morning. Then daddy wrote me a check for twenty-five dollars and told me to buy something nice for myself."

"How lovely!"

"But that isn't all. Ruth, my daughter, said: 'Dad, you and mother must celebrate tonight. Take her to dinner and a bang-up show.'" She laughed happily. "Then Ruth made me promise to go to a beauty shop and get 'the works.' I'm so glad I found you."

She produced a check. "I should have had this cashed. Have you change for twenty-five dollars?"

Nanette stared at the slip of green paper. The bold handwriting struck her like a blow.

"Just endorse it, please."

The woman wrote "Mary Brown" across the back of the check. "It's perfectly good, I assure you," she observed with a smile. Nanette had no need to be told that. She counted out the change.

"Good-by, Mrs. Brown," she said in parting, "and may you have many happy returns of the day."

"Thank you." Mrs. Brown lowered her voice confidentially. "This is one of the happiest days of my life and you have helped to make it so."

AT five thirty a package came by messenger. Nanette cut the waxed string and removed the layers of paper that enclosed a small box of tooled leather. Within the box, resting on a satin lining, was a bracelet of antique gold set with an exquisite cameo. It was the one she had pointed out to him the week before. There was a card, too, which bore the message, "I love you —Alec."

Nanette gazed at the dainty circlet but she did not see it. She saw instead a woman's face shining with an inner light.

She felt tired and very lonely.

She laid the card in the box, closed the lid, and wrapped it neatly in fresh paper. On the outside she wrote MRS. ALEXANDER BROWN and the address. Then she called a messenger boy.

When he arrived she said: "Here, kid, and make it snappy. The lady wants to wear it tonight."

THE END

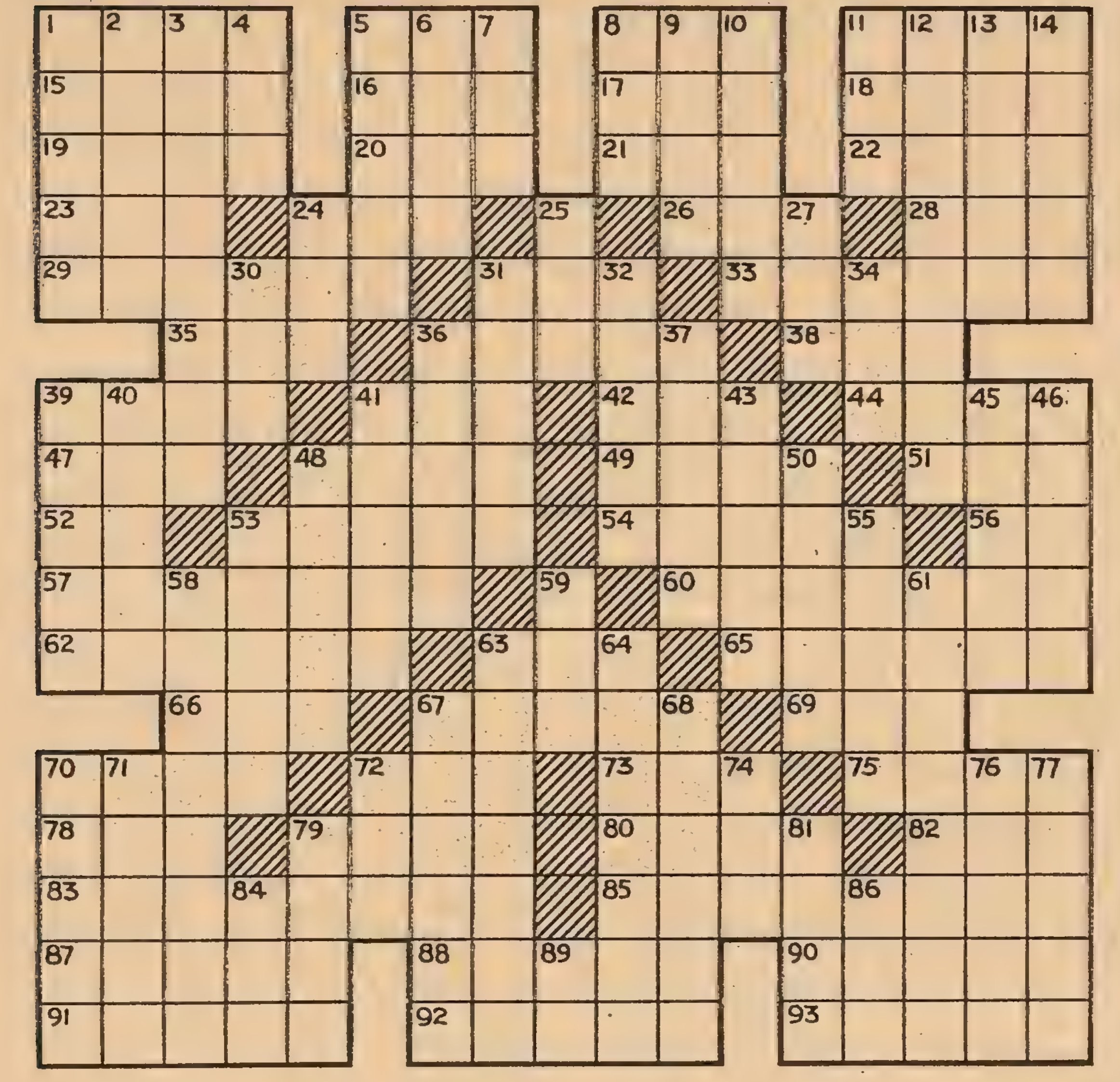
Liberty's SHORT SHORT

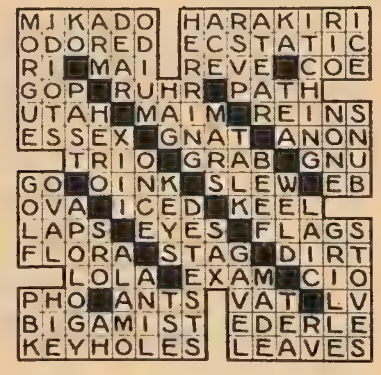
ON THE AIR

Like Liberty Short Shorts? They're on the air three times weekly over WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia; WLS, Chicago, as a feature, That's My Story. Each week three complete dramatizations.

TUNE IN!

CROSSWORDS





MIKADO HARAKIRI
ODORED ECSTATIC
RI■MAI REVE■COE
GOP■RUHR■PATH
UTAH■MAIM■REINS
ESSEX■GNAT■ANON
TRIO■GRAB■GNU
GO■OINK■SLEW■EB
OVA■ICED■KEEL
LAPS■EYES■FLAGS
FLORA■STAG■DIRT
LOLA■EXAM■CIO
PHO■ANTS VAT■LV
BIGAMIST EDERLE
KEYHOLES LEAVES

Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Trust confidently
5 Wooden pin
8 Cyst
11 Vipers
15 Periods
16 Salutation (Latin)
17 Constellation
18 Dunce
19 Small islands
20 Edge
21 Make obscure
22 Persian poet
23 Decay
24 Greasy substance
26 Meadow
28 Greek letter
29 Fishhook attachments
31 Performed
33 Large hawk
35 Cause to be quit of
36 Kind of broom
38 Possesses
39 A vehicle
41 Boggy land
42 Teacher
44 Party
47 Secreted
48 Level
49 Image
51 Viscous liquid
52 Indefinite article
53 Large pipes
54 Brazilian Indian
56 Mother
57 Withdraws
60 Threatened
62 Wears away
63 Insect
65 Sale at second hand
66 Man's nickname
67 Unite intimately
69 Title of respect
70 Steeps
72 Edible seed
73 Veteran (abbr.)
75 Soaks up
78 Measure of area
79 Firm
80 Eject
82 Recline
83 Adorned with pendants
85 More isolated
87 A flower
88 Criminal
90 Step rhythmically
91 Cozy abodes
92 Snares
93 Swiftness

VERTICAL

1 Listens
2 Constellation
3 Moved with quick steps
4 Worm
5 City in France
6 Bad
7 Jewel
8 Sorrowful
9 Seed covering
10 Gem carved in relief
11 Commotion
12 County in Maryland
13 Flat dish
14 Wander
24 Aged
25 Pronoun
27 Tree
30 Cover
31 Small hollows
32 Architectural style
34 Dance step
36 Edible seeds
37 Title of respect
39 Portion
40 Passenger vessel
41 Floats aloft
43 Shipworm
45 Beast of burden
46 Commerce
48 Grew dim
50 Covers the inner surface of
53 People of Medea
55 Foundation
58 Competitions
59 Payment for services
61 Woman's name
63 Sac
64 Surround entirely
67 Made destitute
68 Evil spirits
70 Palm stem
71 Expunge
72 Comrade
74 Metal
76 Portion
77 Became withered
79 Pronoun
81 Spreads for drying
84 Put in place
86 Lick up
89 Note of the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Treet Topics
WHEN SHE SAYS
OOH!
AND YOU SAY
OWW!
AND YOUR BANK ROLL SAYS
LAY OFFA ME!
$
SAY
TREET BLADES!
YESSIR 4 FOR 10¢
-AND TREET YOURSELF TO A PACK OF PERFECT SHAVES!
Treet
4 FOR 10¢
BLADES
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Treet Safety Razor Corporation, Newark, New Jersey

Too Many Wives

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

THE electric change that shot over that night scene was indescribable. It was as if a living volcano had, without a warning rumble, belched forth its great bellyful of red fire against the silver serenity of the desert world. Hell, with scarlet searing menace, had been released. Hell intruding on a highball party!

Florette's guests, about the suddenly puny bonfire before the deserted still, leaped, in Patsy's wake, into unco-ordinated action. The ecstatic music from Chubby's Swing Babies gurgled and died midway on a hot *glissando*. The playboys and girls, so recently spinning with drink, sobered as swiftly as though doused with a torrent of ice water.

"It's Lombardy!" shouted Chubby, panting as he stumbled over the steak grill and made for his alarmed horse.

"No! It's KX!" roared Lank, Patsy's henchman. And the man, looking like the ungainly ghost of Abraham Lincoln in the firelight, ran to his rattletrap Ford roadster—the one car in the party. Four others jumped on the running boards.

Lank's car was slower than Patsy's horse, because it made rough going over the sagy desert. Therefore Patsy was ahead all the way—in a mad gallop that brought tears to her eyes and lather to her horse's flanks. Still ahead and alone in the silver-and-crimson night, she tore into the inferno that was the stable yard of KX.

The great house was a yawning, crackling edifice of flaming beams and gold-red corrugated walls. Beyond hope, it had given itself completely to livid destruction. In its fiery death it was far more beautiful, against the blue-black moon-hung sky, than it had ever been in all its years of humdrum homely life.

But Patsy wasn't thinking of the beauty of this lurid scene as her horse reared and shied away from the snarling, hissing heat and away from a panic-stricken rooster with singed tail feathers who skittered frantically under his hoofs. Patsy experienced only one quick pang of farewell to KX and a tossed prayer of gratitude that her father was spending the night safely at Lombardy. Then all her mind centered on the smoking stables, which had not as yet burst into flames. Her ears were keyed to the shrill fear-maddened whinnies of the horses.

She leaped from her own mount. "Here, you fools," she called, thrusting the reins toward two figures now visible in the smoke-filled yard. But she withdrew her hand almost as soon as she had flung it out. And she dragged her frightened horse well away from the choking heat. Her smarting eyes had seen enough! Ima Dope and Yura Dope had finally done it! They had gone completely off their heads. They were dancing with frenzied abandon in the infernal light. A jug in Yura's hands explained much—perhaps even the conflagration itself.

But Patsy, tying her horse firmly on the far side of the windbreak—so that he wouldn't bolt in natural equine instinct for the perilous stables—had no time to question whys and wherefores.

Now love, the wanderer, finds the way home..and the curtain falls on a drama of hearts adrift

In fact Patsy had little time to think at all. She rushed blindly into the stable, seized the bridle of the nearest prancing, terrified beast, and brought him, plunging and rearing, to open air and safety.

Lank steamed into the yard in time to jump from his quivering car and take the horse from Patsy.

"What'll we do?" "Where's the water?" "Have you got a hand pump?" "What . . .?" yelled the volunteer fire fighters, running about in the yard, shielding their faces from the furnacelike blasts.

"The horses!" Patsy called.

"Please, Miss Pat, you stay—" Lank protested, lunging in awkward gait after her swift little figure. But Patsy was once again in the stifling interior of the barn—an interior that might as well have been filled with dynamite, so ready and waiting for combustion was the tight-packed hay.

Patsy bound an old pair of jeans about her head. She'd torn them from a nail, soused them in the drinking trough. With a strip of her own blouse she bandaged her pinto's eyes—when once she'd managed to reach him, stumbling dazedly through the suffocating scarlet-slitted blackness.

"Baby," she crooned, "it's all right; I'm here! Baby!" Her voice half soothed the hysterical little animal. A whinny of gratitude escaped him before the ripping sound of new fire from a new front whipped his nerves to higher insanity.

"Baby!" Patsy insisted. And now she forced calm authority into her quivering voice. "Come," she urged. "Oh, come!" And her words climbed to a rasping cry in her throat as she tugged at the wheeling, stomping beast.

Only two things Patsy remembered after that. One was a low sullen explosion. The other—which, afterward, she was assured she couldn't possibly have heard—was Dick's voice. It came to her as clear and alone as if he'd been a Wagnerian tenor and the orchestrated tumult of the fire music had been purposefully hushed to let his tones ring through.

"Pat!" it called. "Not *Patsy* in *there!* Pat, *I'm* coming!"

HE hadn't had to come far. Later they told Patsy about it. How Dick's open roadster had shot over the hill and up the roadway. How he'd flung himself into the middle of the milling crowd, which was dragging horses to safety and organizing a pump-and-chemical brigade with the other volunteers now arrived on the scene. How Dick had pushed Chubby back—Chubby and Lank, who had started into the now flaming barn after her. And how Patsy herself at that moment had staggered into the open, great wisps of hay burning on her wet head covering and on the twitching back of her utterly crazed pinto.

It was Florette who told Patsy of the other part of the scene. As perhaps Florette was the only one there who could see even half its significance.

"You practically fell out of that hell, kid. And how you kept hold of Baby no one'll ever know! But you hadn't far to fall. Dick was there with his arms open. He caught you, and Lank grabbed the horse. . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

And that would have probably been that—with no more chapters, if Mrs. Dick and your father hadn't driven up to the scene at exactly that minute. And if you hadn't spoken!"

"I? What did I say?"

"You said—well, make head or tail out of it if you can—you said, 'Don't make me dive, Dick! Please, please! I'll love you f'rever! . . . I have, Dick!'"

FLORETTE had reported as much of the scene as she had witnessed and as much as she could know.

But she still could tell nothing of the turmoil that had begun to boil in Mary Macfarlane Lombard's soul when, driving with old Peter Van Heuten into the KX shambles, she had heard the tone of her husband's voice crying, "Pat, *I'm* coming!" . . . Her husband! Calling in a tone that surely only to the stone-deaf could be mistakable, "Pat, *I'm* coming!"

Mary had also seen the scene afterward, that brief, heart-shaking tableau as Dick caught Patsy in his arms and held her there. The two silhouetted as one against the fiery background. "Don't make me dive, Dick!" Patsy's sweet high voice had risen in childish hysteria. "Please, please! I'll love you f'rever!" And then the voice had dropped. But Mary's nerve-keened ear had heard, "I have, Dick!"

And Mary's nerve-brightened eyes had seen the look on Dick Lombard's face there in the flame-flashing darkness as Dick bent his head over the slender figure of his first wife, whom he was holding so tightly yet so tenderly in his arms. It was a look that Mary had never seen on Dick's face before—a look which she guessed no woman, save perhaps Patsy, had ever seen on Dick's lean, hard, too-often-mocking face. A look that Mary herself had had from only one man—Donald Macfarlane, dead now eight years.

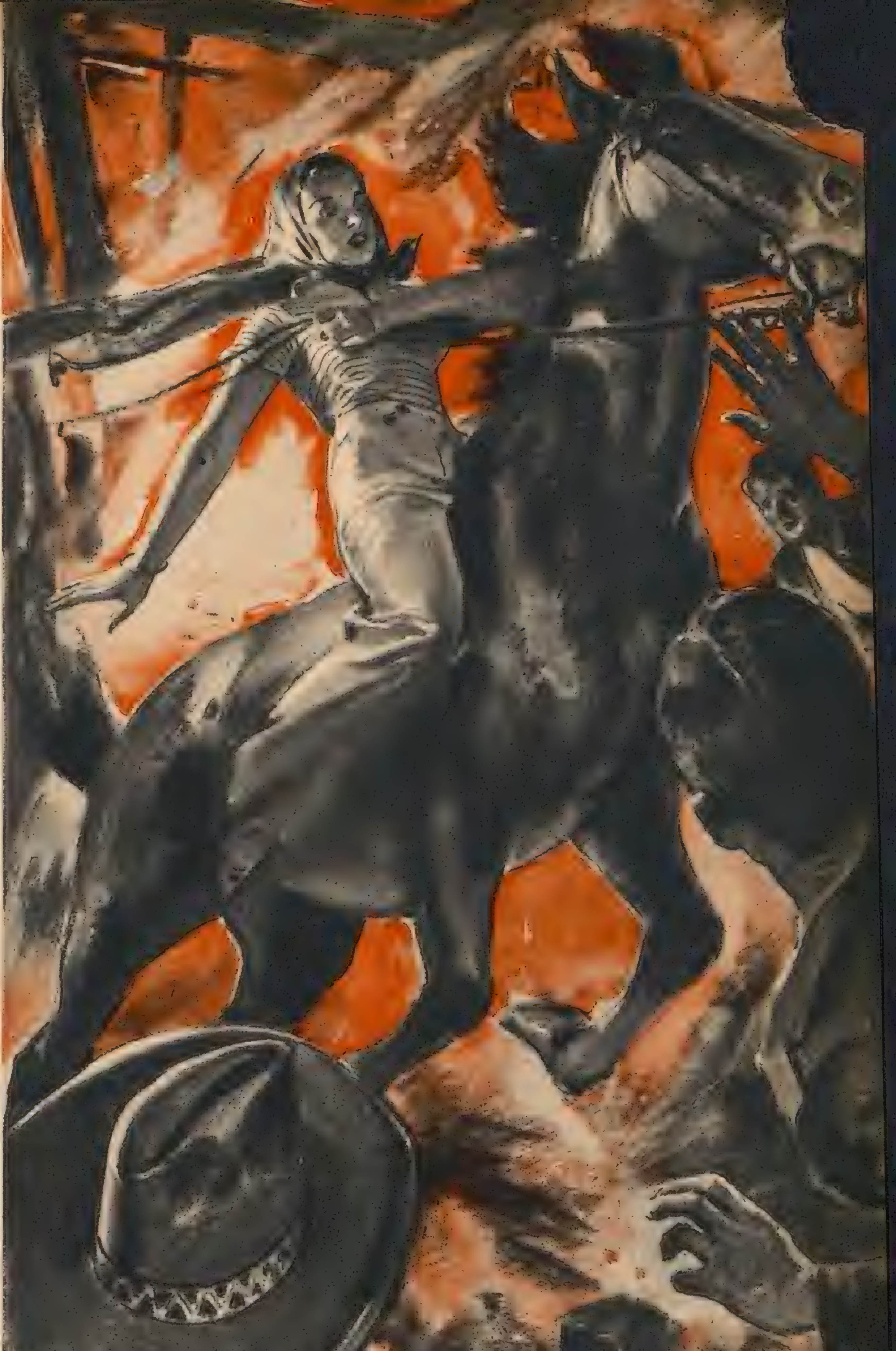
"Oh!" Mary sobbed.

But no one noticed. And by the time that Dick had reached her car she was all solicitous smiles. "We'll take her home to Lombardy, Dick," she greeted him eagerly.

"Of course!" he said, not seeing her nor noticing old Peter Van Heuten who, trembling like a sick child, held open the automobile's big back door.

And that "Of course" was the only thing that Dick said during the slow drive to Lombardy over the state road, now graying and yellowing in the wan radiance of predawn.

Nor did Dick say anything as they installed Patsy in one of the Lombardy guest rooms—the one that years ago she had insisted on decorating herself. And Mary had left it that way because she had liked the red-and-black-spattered floor and had been amused by the rows of valiant

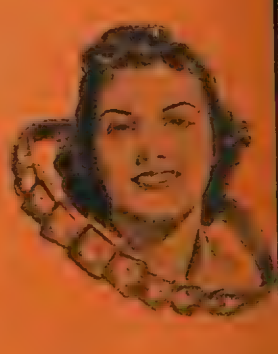


She tore into the inferno that was the stable yard of the KX.

PATSY.

FLORETTE.

LUCIA.



MARY.

I MIGHT HAVE CHECKED THIS BLOOMIN' COLD IF ONLY I'D BEEN WISE AND DONE WHAT OTHER PEOPLE DO — ALKA-SELTZER-*IZE*

At the first sign of a cold, just drop one or two Alka-Seltzer tablets into a glass of water. When they bubble up and dissolve, drink the crystal clear, pleasant-tasting solution. Its beneficial action starts immediately. Continue using Alka-Seltzer according to the directions in the package.

Since it is a recognized fact that most colds are accompanied by an over-acid condition which may be retarding nature in her battle against the complaint, Alka-Seltzer is especially helpful because it acts to restore your normal alkaline balance. And because Alka-Seltzer contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate) it gives prompt relief from the stuffed-up-grippy feeling of a cold. Thus Alka-Seltzer gives relief in TWO ways.

For That Cold—Be Wise—

Alkalize with

Alka-Seltzer

At All Drug Stores 30c & 60c pkgs.

ALSO SOLD BY THE GLASS, AT DRUG STORE SODA FOUNTAINS

Alka Seltzer

wooden soldiers and the sophisticated Mademoiselles from Armentières tagging optimistically along after them around the walls.

No, Dick said nothing that night—save to call the doctor, who came and went, promising to return when a shaken but unharmed Patsy should wake from her opiate-induced sleep. Nor did Dick come into Mary's room, the big, breeze-filled, happy-seeming room that once he'd occupied with Patsy. He didn't enter it, even though Mary had quite obviously made it clear to him only a few hours previous that her months of invalidism were over and that he was more than welcome to join her in everything that married life meant.

No, Dick, after a long grim vigil while the doctor worked over Patsy, went quickly to his bachelor quarters, where he'd slept all that time since Mary had been an invalid enthroned on her sleeping porch, with raised bed, trained nurse, bells, night lights. Ever since their marriage, in fact.

Yes, at four o'clock that morning Dick didn't go into the big double room, but lay down to stare sleeplessly at the pine walls of his bachelor hangout. And to see himself on those walls, storming, riding, fighting, playing, losing and winning, but—like the fool he'd always been—shunning or killing all the things that meant anything in his stupid, badly managed life!

Nor did Mary, his wife, slip into one of the beautiful twin beds that she had viewed with almost girlish pleasure while she had dressed for dinner. Instead of even staying in that room which she had planned would this night shelter two, Mary, pushing aside the new white velvet negligee, flung on her old stand-by woolen bathrobe, her dull but warm pajamas, and made for the sleeping porch that had been alternately her kingdom and her prison, and which now was no more than a place where she might lay her rest-deserted head, and where her staring eyes might watch too many pictures, old and new, advance across the silvering glass panes.

Mary lay there and fought her own battle and won. There was no question in her mind as to what she should do. Not with the picture stamped indelibly on her memory of those two, Patsy and Dick, who so surely belonged together! Mary would never forget that crimson stable-yard scene, the way Dick had held Patsy, the look on his face, Patsy's words, "I'll love you f'rever; I have, Dick!" It explained so much. In a blinding flash it had revealed almost everything to Mary—the reason behind Dick's life since his first divorce, and the psychology beneath his hardness that was so often interrupted by fits of sudden tenderness. It explained Patsy to Mary. The haunted-eyed, sympathetic, but so-sure Pat who had years ago sent Mary back from the brink of disastrous divorce to Donald's arms. . . . Thank God, and you, Patsy, for that! . . . And it had explained the present Patsy, harder-shelled, flip at times, almost bitter, then valiantly gay.

"How could I have been so blind!" Mary said suddenly, and sat up to face the lemon-yellow and coral-flushed Nevada dawn.

Spring air—with still a faint nostalgic whiff of burned grass from distant KX—drifted in the window. The world smelled and looked unreal, beautiful, and — yes — *waiting* for something to happen. It was up to her to do something! Something final!

She pushed her feet into white fur mules, pulled her robe about her, and went to the window. She stood leaning against the frame. "I've got to do something," she said aloud.

But the only answer that came from the waking morning outside was the clear joyous matinal of the meadow lark. And, as if in answer to the bird's high call, the sun, a blazing ball of flame, rose over the distant mountains.

Mary stood in her window for a minute or two longer, drowning in the radiance of this daily phenomenon.

"Of course," she said. "It's all so simple! And I was trying to make it hard."

At nine o'clock that morning Patsy and Dick sat in the sunny breakfast room of Lombardy, making a fair pretense of eating scrambled eggs and toast.

Patsy was being hysterically gay and avoiding Dick's eyes.

Dick, on the other hand, seemed to be suffering from his old trouble—a heavy inability to do anything with casual conversation, or with any other kind for that matter. . . . He knew that they needed to talk together, needed to face things. But how to begin?

Dick needn't have worried. His fourth wife was ready to do it for him. Mary Macfarlane Lombard came into the breakfast room looking lovelier than either Patsy or Dick had ever seen her. And looking very sure of herself.

Dick leaped up, pulled out her chair. "You were asleep—" he began. "I looked in—"

"I know it," Mary smiled. It had taken strength of character, when Dick had tiptoed to her porch, not to speak to him then and there. But she had wanted to face them together.

"You look fine, Pat dear," Mary said, touching the younger woman's hand in a gesture that was both caress and reassurance. And she began at once, after refusing breakfast on the grounds that she had had it upstairs.

"If I'm making a mistake," she said, "stop me. But I don't see how I can be making one, after last night—and after seeing you together here this morning. . . ."

A look of bewilderment crossed Patsy's face. One of premonition dawned in Dick's.

"Mary—" he began.

"Please don't stop me, Dick. I watched you *both* and I know you both feel the same. You love each other, don't you? You never really stopped."

Color flooded Patsy's cheeks; hot tears rushed to her eyes. She began to tremble, and her throat swelled so that she couldn't speak.

But Dick—after one swift glance at Mary and then at Patsy—could. Words were no longer hard for him. Mary herself had pushed away the barrier. "Yes," he said, "I love Pat! I never really stopped. I never will!"

His eyes held Patsy's. And Mary—who had been ready for this—nevertheless choked, feeling suddenly shut out of a world that was, after all, as Donald had once said to her, "only big enough to hold two people."

"Then," Mary continued at last briskly, "there's little more to be said. We'll get a divorce, Dick, as quickly as possible. . . . No, no, don't talk now. I want one! I'll be so happy knowing—"

"But"—began Patsy, tears now brimming and threatening to spill—"*you.* What will—"

"I'll have my work — Donald's work." Mary stood up almost impatiently, as though this scene was too much for her. She bent quickly over and kissed Patsy. "Bless you, darling," she said. "You once gave me back the only thing in the world that counts! Let me do the same for you!" And she was gone.

PATSY and Dick were remarried out on the desert, with no one save Patsy's father and Florette and Chubby as witnesses. Mary had sailed for Hawaii, although they had asked her to stay. "One ex-wife's enough!" she protested. "This is a wedding, not a sorority picnic!"

And, bright-eyed, she'd left them, her head high.

The quiet desert wedding was a disappointment to the Reno news sleuths who didn't scent one whiff of it until it was all over. And, quite honestly, it was also a bit of a disappointment to Florette, who could never get away from her hankering for a splash of limelight.

But as she said afterward to Chubby, after the wedding breakfast and after Patsy's and Dick's departure from Boeing Airport in the plane that was to take them to New York, their point of departure for Europe, "I never felt so *right* about anything in my life as I do about those two!"

"Except about us," Chubby corrected, taking one of her gardenias for his buttonhole.

"Except about us."

WHICH is what Dick—almost childish in the unexpected and undeserved happiness that had been restored to him—was saying to his starry-eyed bride.

"It's *right,* isn't it, Patsy! Always has been. Wasn't I the idiot ever to slip up on knowing it!"

"Weren't we!" she agreed.

THE END

Internal Baths End Years of Bad Health

Brooklyn man says he "feels like a new man now" . . . .

> "I almost feel like shouting the news from the housetops! It is absolutely amazing to think that so simple a thing as Internal Baths could produce such marvelous results . . . You couldn't get me to stop taking Internal Baths for $1,000, now that I've found how wonderful they keep me feeling."
>
> **Leopold Aul**

AT AGE 73

By LEOPOLD AUL

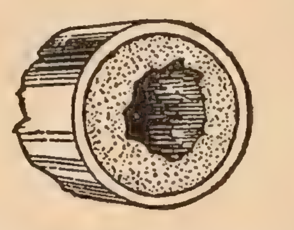
IMAGINE what a thrilling thing it is when a man who has been sinking deeper and deeper into the quicksands of ill health—finds himself suddenly restored to happiness, vitality and vigor as if by an act of providence!

Imagine how a man feels when he realizes that at last he can say "goodbye" to headaches, biliousness and mental sluggishness that have been sapping his energy for years!

Even now it seems too wonderful to be true. And yet, the whole thing came about through a lucky accident—this marvelous experience that changed me from a failing, half alive victim of self-poisoning into one of the healthiest-looking humans you ever saw!

It happened this way: One day when I was feeling especially bad—with a wretched headache and nervous as a cat—I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I was aging.

"Why don't you take internal baths?" he suggested. "They did wonders for me. You're probably suffering from intestinal poisoning and don't realize it."



Cross section of pipe almost choked with rust deposits. The human colon (large intestine) is subject to the same kind of clogging.

What is an Internal Bath?

"What is an internal bath?" I asked. "Some sort of an enema?" "Not at all," he replied. "It is entirely different from anything else.

"Your colon (large intestine) is just like any other waste pipe. While it apparently keeps functioning all right, the inner walls frequently become caked with deposit, just like a rusty water pipe. Germs and slow poisons breed in this hardened waste matter and filter right into the blood stream, causing all kinds of symptoms that you might never dream of tracing to your colon.

Certain forms of rheumatism, frequent colds, and insomnia are often aggravated this way—to say nothing of headaches, biliousness, fatigue and dozens of other aches and ills.

How It Works

"Internal baths bring results so quickly that most people are astonished. By means of the J. B. L. Cascade, five quarts of pure warm water treated with a marvelous cleansing tonic are sent gently whirling through the entire length of the five-foot colon! Poisons, headachy and nerve-upsetting waste matter are completely washed off and floated free!

"Fifteen minutes later your colon is thoroughly clean. A new feeling of vigor and well-being sweeps over you. Your head is clearer—your brain keener—your entire outlook on life is changed. . . . Try it—and see for yourself!"

Naturally I lost no time in securing my J. B. L. Cascade. It was a turning point in my life. Simple as the whole thing was, it actually made a new man out of me. At night I sleep like a child. I rise in the morning bubbling over with pep and energy. My only regret is that I did not learn of Internal Baths long ago!

Get This FREE Book

Find out about Internal Baths—the amazing way to health and happiness. Simply fill in and mail the attached Coupon, asking for a copy of a book entitled, **"Why We Should Bathe Internally."** This interesting booklet is absolutely **Free.** It will open your eyes to many surprising truths and facts you probably never dreamed of before. You owe it to yourself to investigate this marvelous, health-restoring discovery. It may change your whole life. No obligation. **Be Sure To Mail Today.**

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Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on INTERNAL BATHS—together with special information and hints on treatment of intestinal ills.

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Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Four American Seamen Sail into Mr. Whitcomb

PANAMA CANAL ZONE—In November 27 Vox Pop you published a letter written by George Faunce Whitcomb in which he viciously attacked the American merchant marine, and particularly the American seamen.

The undersigned, all American seamen sailing in the deck departments of American ships, are writing in to refute his charges, and to correct the bad impressions undoubtedly left in the minds of many of your readers.

In the first place, his picture of wholesale drunkenness on the part of the crew is distorted, to say the least. Passenger liners don't wait for wayward members of the crew, so any one damn fool enough to deliberately stay ashore past the posted sailing time of his ship would find himself not only left behind but headed for a foreign jail on a charge of desertion.

Do you think that any one is stupid enough to willfully maroon himself, with little or no money, in a foreign port? However, all of us, at one time or another, have helped carry aboard passengers who had "passed out" completely in some gin mill.

Also, Mr. Whitcomb, for plain and fancy drunkenness, the enlisted personnel of the United States army stationed abroad takes top honors by a wide margin.

As to this business of a quartermaster knocking out the returning members of the crew—baloney! A quartermaster in the merchant marine, Mr. Whitcomb, may be a petty officer, but he has absolutely no authority over the other members of the crew. His sole functions are to steer the ship, stand cargo and gangplank watches, etc. (By the way, he stands his gangplank watch at the passengers' plank, not the crew's.) Any indiscriminate punching on his part, and he'd finish the trip in the sick bay.

The rule of the boot and the fist has long since been barred from the American merchant marine. We understand that a few foreign countries still permit it aboard their ships, in order to keep their crews in a proper peonlike state of servility. We had also believed, until we read your letter, Mr. Whitcomb, that the United States Army, old-fashioned as its methods are, had found more humane and modern ways to enforce discipline.

Why all of this hullabaloo about training men in the Coast Guard for service in the merchant marine? It's a ridiculous idea, because the Coast Guard has absolutely nothing in common with the merchant marine. It has no vessels to compare with a freighter or a passenger ship, either in size or in rigging. The Coast Guard is a highly specialized branch of the service, and performs its duties well, but a Coast Guardsman would just be in the way on a commercial ship.

Perhaps Mr. Whitcomb thinks they would promote "Yankee efficiency" on ships by smacking the men around; if that is his idea, it only proves his ignorance concerning maritime affairs. Neither in the Coast Guard nor in the Navy may officers inflict corporal punishment on enlisted men. It is also interesting to note that many ex-service men are now employed in the merchant marine.

This is the twentieth century, and most people are now smart enough to realize that discipline enforced by fear is not discipline at all. When men lose their fear, as they must sooner or later, nothing is left but hate and contempt. The only discipline that ever has been or ever will be worth a damn is that based on respect for a man's fairness and ability.

We think that Mr. Whitcomb's Coast-Guard-for-training brain storm originated in the report of the Federal Maritime Commission. And the Commission is thinking not of discipline but of breaking the seamen's unions by running in a bunch of green kids whose only "training" will have been secured in a service wholly foreign to the merchant marine. This "training" may technically qualify them for the examinations for able-bodied seamen's certificates, but we don't think that even Mr. Whitcomb would care to trust his life with them in an emergency.—*F. M. Lee, A. L. Lowrey, William A. Cafferty, H. M. Petersen.*

ASKS MR. MACFADDEN TO WRITE ON WILD GEESE

STERLING, ILL.—I enjoy Mr. Macfadden's editorials so much and I have an idea. I am sure Mr. Macfadden has heard a flock of wild geese flying South during a black stormy night. He has heard the cry of the leader. Now I wish Mr. Macfadden would write an editorial on a flock of geese going South (the old gander being F. D. R.) and what would happen if the leader changed his mind and tried to turn the flock around and lead them back up North.

Mr. Macfadden could make something good out of it, and the farmers would get it. They're the people who have to be shown. They are selling their vote for a ton of limestone and a bushel of clover seed.

If I could write, I bet I could make something out of that flock of geese. It ought to be duck soup (excuse me mixing my fowl) for Mr. Macfadden's pen. —*J. A. Kilgour.*

OUR MOTIVE: TO SHOW EVILS THAT NEED CORRECTION

SEATTLE, WASH.—I have just finished reading This Football Skullduggery (December 25 Liberty), and it has all the earmarks of a phony. To begin with, our "frosh" friend had no time for high-school athletics, yet he had time to train for and win a Golden Gloves boxing title.

What, if I may ask, is Liberty's motive behind articles like this and Football Stumblebacks in a recent issue? Do Liberty's editors realize thousands of American youths between the ages of thirteen and twenty are reading and believing your articles? There is no doubt that a percentage of these boys, if stories like this continue, will turn from autumn gridirons to other things that maturing brains can think of. Is this your aim?

I too am six feet and weigh one hundred seventy-five pounds, and would certainly like to have five minutes of our bad-smelling "frosh" friend's time to remove any further articles from his system. Each person that I have talked with has been emphatic in declaring it lousy. I feel that I am writing what thousands of other football and ex-football players are thinking. It looks to me like a feeble attempt to further poison the few cynical football minds in this country. Yours for better sports articles or none at all.—*Chris DiJulio.*

WHAT WORD IS IT?

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—The following is a college professor's definition of a certain four-syllable word.

A——— is a circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonority, circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity. Do you think your readers can guess the answer?—*Mrs. Adeline Leonard.*

"I'D BE BALD IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS"

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Yeh know, this may sound like a hundred-mile-an-hour breeze, but I believe it's the toad's warts. If yeh took the Pop from Vox, or vice worser, Liberty would sail into a million or more less ports. It's the current wind and rebuffing gales from this source that swell the sales.

Now don't get me wrong; I'd tell the truth even if I knew it was a lie. I would still think Liberty was the best bargain in magazines even if they had Vox Pop embalmed.

In reference to Edwin Fowler Rowles (December 11 Vox Pop), don't let his feeble efforts at explaining the "musts" of a Vox Pop editor make you break out with the hives. If I were editor, and I knew all the answers to everything in a hundred languages, I'd still feel null and void, receiving the kind of mail you do.

Even if I had the hair of a professional fiddler, I'd be bald in twenty-four hours if I pulled only one hair at a time. *—Divillow M. Robare.*

Veterans of Foreign Wars Behind Peace Move

Kansas City, Mo.—Please accept my congratulations on the article in January 8 Liberty, by Major General Smedley D. Butler, Bring Our Soldiers Home from China!

I believe this article is a real contribution toward keeping this country out of foreign wars that are none of our business. General Butler has been preaching the withdrawal of our forces from China for six months. Had his advice been heeded, the sinking of the Panay, with its tragic loss of life and danger to this country of a war nobody wants, would have been avoided.

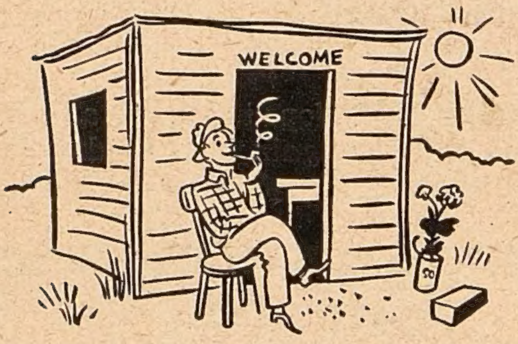
What our country wants most is peace. We want to be amply strong enough to defy aggression. We want the respect of the nations of the world. We don't want our armed forces sent to foreign lands, where their presence may embroil our country in other people's wars. We believe that if we heed the advice of General Butler and othe intelligent and patriotic public citizens we can avoid doing so.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States has recently embarked on a campaign in behalf of peace for America in which we expect to enroll twenty-five million voters. We believe that, due to present world conditions, this will be the most important issue before the American public during the next few years. We are for peace coupled with a national defense program adequate to preserve and protect our country and its people. We want to maintain American institutions and ideals. We sincerely thank Liberty for its courageous and patriotic action in publishing General Butler's contribution outlining an important step toward that end.—*Scott P. Squyres, Commander in Chief, Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States.*

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

Salem, Mo.—Hearing about Mr. Roosevelt's plans for "houses and the more abundant life for everybody," I write to tell you (and him) that after living in a tent for two years I have scraped together enough money to build me a new house. It is 12 x 14, and double-boxed, made from old scrap lumber, and the labor cost me $11.50. I have nail-peg chairs and board table and camp-cot beds. Need nothing more. Any one can do the same.

So you see I have attained both Mr. President's objectives—the house and the more abundant life.—*John A. Spohn.*



MR. LUDWIG IS AN EXILE FROM LAND OF NAZIS

Oolegah, Okla.—December 11 Liberty gives us the much advertised first blast of that Hessian Emil Ludwig's propaganda gush about the hired man we are enduring as a President, who unfortunately has a four-year contract to inflict his childish ideas upon us. I and some others wonder if this Ludwig is a Nazi and his slush is not a step toward making a dictator of our hired man; for, if so, Liberty is being used as a cat's-paw.—*Pat K. D. Patch.*

RADIO "HAMS" IN JAPAN

Columbus, Ga.—In December 25 Liberty, Walter Karig states, in his Why Japan Has the Jitters, that there are no radio "hams" in Japan. He is very much in error, as there are hundreds of radio amateur operators in Japan. They are allowed to use as much as fifty watts power. Also, they are banded together by an organization and may be addressed, Japanese Amateur Radio League, Box 377, Tokyo. For verification of these statements I refer you to the Radio Amateur Call Book Magazine.—*Jimmy Walker, W 4 V X.*

EX-PRESIDENTS SHOULD BECOME SUPREME COURT JUSTICES

Los Angeles, Calif.—I beg to suggest as a timely bit of journalistic enterprise that you publish one or more articles advocating a special enactment whereby ex-Presidents would automatically become Supreme Court justices.

There are many serious arguments that could be advanced in favor of such a provision, although the humorists could get a lot of fun out of it, too.

The article should be prepared with extreme care so as to get the greatest and most serious consideration for the idea, which, so far as I know, has never before been put forward, seriously or humorously—although, of course, we have a distinguished precedent in the case of Taft.—*Ellis O. Jones.*

ONE OF LIBERTY'S "FIRSTS" SPEAKS UP

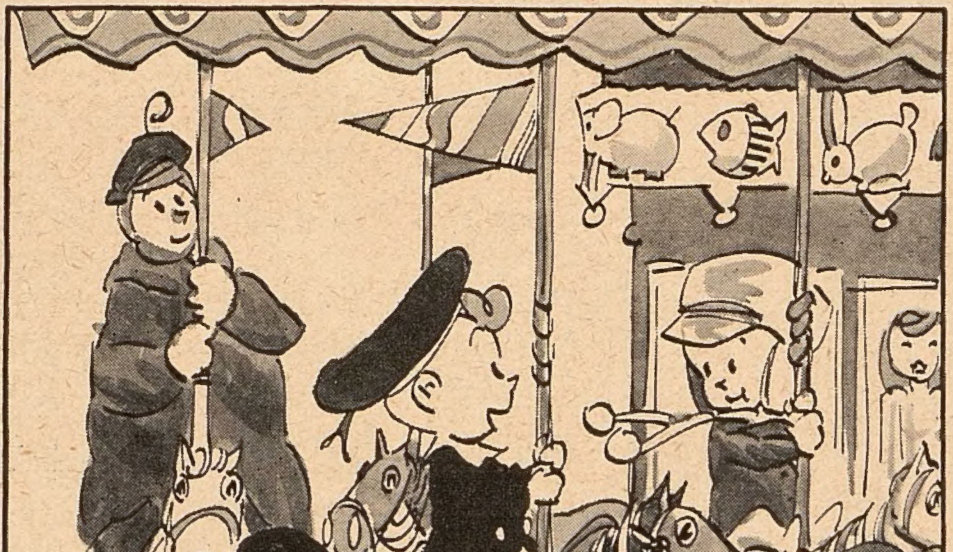
Oil City, Pa.—Answering J. W. B's query (December 25 Vox Pop), I would like to speak up. I have a copy of the issue of May 10, 1924, which was the first to carry the name Liberty. Believe it or not, I have not missed an issue of the magazine since, which ought to be some kind of record. Can any of your readers match that?

After reading J. W. B's note I resurrected my copy of the original issue and went through it again from "cover to cover." I certainly got a kick out of some of the advertisements, and a perusal of the magazine gives a person a firsthand idea of how the "world do move."

I must say that Liberty is consistent in one thing, though. That first issue started right off with a contest, giving as prizes 500 pedigreed dogs.

Some of your readers might be interested to know that the movie reviewed was Mary Pickford's "new play," Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. And a review of Norma Talmadge in Secrets is promised for the May 17 issue.—*L. F. Kinley.*

"HARDTACK"



"I can't understand how the horses break my Uncle Benny—I've been here all day and spent only eighty cents!"

Those Japanese Fishing Boats Again

FOR A LONG TIME there has been uneasiness in certain quarters about foreign espionage in the United States. . . . Some Americans have believed that our government has not taken proper precautions against the work of spies, especially the agents of Japan. . . . Many wild and scandalous stories were told, and the matter was not helped by the arrest of a former American naval officer who was convicted on a spy conspiracy charge. . . . There was the tale, too, about an Oriental firm in a downtown New York office building where all day long Japanese came in and went out with cameras and other photographic paraphernalia. . . . No one who has traveled in the Far East is ignorant of the stringent regulations of the Japanese against foreign photographers. . . . If you take the most innocent snapshots in certain quarters of ports like Yokohama and Kobe, you are clapped into jail. . . . Why, asked many an American, do we in our country complacently permit free picture-taking by anybody almost anywhere? . . . One feature that disturbed many thoughtful persons was the presence of so many Japanese fishing vessels in our Pacific port cities and near the Panama Canal. . . . It was said these fishermen were really Japanese naval officials bent on espionage. . . . In Liberty next week a new accusation is made against these fisher boats and men. . . . Guenther Reinhardt, formerly Chief Investigator for the United States House of Representatives Special Commission on Un-American Activities and a journalist with much experience in foreign affairs, charges that they are not harmless vessels but potential ships of war. . . . Fish or Torpedoes? is the title of his article, one that should be read by every American. . . . The last thing we represent in journalism is "jingoism." . . . We have no desire to "wave the bloody shirt." . . . But we ask the public to read this article and then put the question to themselves: "If Japan, on friendly terms with the U. S. A., takes such great pains to protect itself from espionage, why should the U. S. A., on equally friendly terms with Japan, not protect itself with equal vigor and resolution?" . . . DO YOU EXPECT to find life thrilling at 70? . . . Most people do not. . . . They regard the traditional threescore and ten as a sentence to the infirmities of age. . . . But for fifty years Bernarr Macfadden has been preaching a different doctrine, a message of strength and power and prolonged life, of vitality lasting far beyond that ancient limitation. . . . Today at 70 Mr. Macfadden is a triumphant personal demonstration of the great truth he has advocated so earnestly and so successfully. . . . The Fire and Fervor of Youthful Spirits at 70 is the title of an article he has written for us, an article that is of personal interest and value to every man and woman because it deals not only with adding years to your own life but filling those years with greater happiness, more health and vigor in middle age and afterward; an article that shows what happens when a man practices what he preaches. . . . Another secret of happiness is in next week's issue in a fine article by Frederick Collins about Myrna Loy. . . . Charles Francis Coe, veteran writer of stirring tales, gives us a four-star detective story called Three Men in a Room. . . . Boake Carter speaks out fearlessly on American patriotism and foreign propaganda. . . . Law on the Hip, by Kent Sagendorph, is a startling story of how an American city conquered crime, and incidentally contains the first nomination for Liberty's gold medal for Valor in Citizenship. . . . There will be generous installments of Governor Hoffman's story of the Hauptmann investigation, Emil Ludwig's biography of Roosevelt, Grace Perkins' The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, together with stories and articles by Katharine Haviland-Taylor, Elsie Robinson, and many others.

* * *

THANKS. Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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For Men and Women Who Want MORE MONEY!

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